MEA GLORIA FIDES.

J. H. Ainsworth.

1868

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WATERFALL NEAR RIPPOLDSAU.

MY LAST TOUR

AND

FIRST WORK;

OR,

A VISIT TO THE BATHS OF WILDBAD AND RIPPOLDSAU.

BY

LADY anne VAVASOUR.

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INTRODUCTION.

INTRODUCTIONS are so seldom read, there is generally little use in writing them; but as this Work is written and published solely for a charitable purpose, it is necessary that the Reader should be made acquainted with the object the Author has in view.

Having a small property in the mountainous part of the County of Wicklow, the Author went to Ireland about three years ago, and passed the winter in the neighbourhood of that wild district. She will not describe the distress she witnessed there, for the poverty of the Irish is a tale which has been so often told, that the kind-hearted, generous English, may well be excused for turning from it in despair of effecting any good.

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But there is a class of persons in Ireland renting mountain farms, who are often in great distress, where they might be in ease and comfort, if they knew how to cultivate their land in a more profitable manner. Their ignorance of what it is capable of producing, and the want of regular habits of industry, for making the most of what they possess, induced the Author to believe that a school, under the direction of a master who could teach them not only reading and writing, but the best method of cultivating their farms, would be of infinite advantage to them, and confer happiness and comfort where there is now only poverty and complaint.

The tract of land to which the Author alludes, is between the Seven Churches and Holly Wood: it is nearly a waste,—the few patches of cultivated ground are like an oasis in the desert; and yet there is a numerous population of poor unemployed creatures, (capable of the greatest exertions if rightly directed,) existing upon the produce of these badly-managed scraps of land.

To teach them that they have the power

(with knowledge and industry) of obtaining all the necessaries of life within themselves, is the object of the Author in building this school, which, she proposes, should be a farming school. She would add a few acres of land to it, to be farmed by the boys, and prove to them, by experiment, that the soil is capable of producing many crops of which they have no idea. The English reader will be surprised to hear that turnips are exotics with these poor people, and they have not one enclosed garden amongst them.

When the Author mentioned her wish to establish such a school, she was told it would be the greatest blessing to them, and that if it were built, one hundred and sixty children would attend it. She would have begun it immediately, but found the requisite outlay would be much beyond her individual power, and being soon after obliged to leave England for her health, she determined to profit by the circumstance, and do as many others have done, take up the pen and write. But as in these literary days guides are many, and travels not a few, it is almost impossible to say anything new of countries so trodden by the British foot, and recorded by the British pen.

The Author, therefore, can only endeavour to amuse the reader by her own observations upon the countries she has passed through, and the people who dwell in them. If these prove useful or amusing to the reader, she trusts the purpose for which they are written will not be forgotten,—their want of merit not be too closely criticised; but that he will keep in mind the ignorance and poverty of those for whom she entreats his assistance, and kindly encourage her endeavours to improve their condition, by subscribing something towards the erection of the school, for which she cannot flatter herself that the profits of this little work will be sufficient. Any sum, however small, which he may be so charitable as to contribute, will be most thankfully received for their benefit, by Messrs. Glyn and Co. Bankers, Lombard Street, London; and Messrs. Swann and Co. Bankers, York.

Before the Author left England, she made a model of the school she intends to erect, and sent it to Ireland. She now waits with anxiety the answer of a generous Public ; and she is sure, all those who agree with her in thinking that employment and industry are the great sources of happiness to all mankind, but especially necessary to those born to earn their bread by their daily labour, will not refuse their aid towards this school.

The Author cannot conclude without expressing her warmest thanks to those who have already so nobly answered her entreaty for assistance. But private subscriptions alone being inadequate to such an undertaking, and begging so distressing, she prefers appearing before the public through the medium of this little work.

MY LAST TOUR.

CHAPTER I.

GENTLE Reader! if you have perused the Introduction, which I hope you have, you are acquainted with my object in publishing. And however unwilling I may be to appear before the public, the impulse is, as the French say, "plus forte que moi."

Having already tried the baths of Carlsbad and Toeplitz, I was induced, by Dr. Granville's work upon the Spas of Germany, to go to Wildbad; and embarked with my family, at Hull, for Rotterdam, in May, 1840. All the elements in violent action are awful; but fire and water are most to be dreaded, especially in union. As several of the twenty-eight voyages that I have made across the ocean have been unfavourable, I naturally dislike the sea; and when we arrived at the quay at Hull, about six o'clock in the evening, I looked with fear at the black cloud which darkened the horizon; and heard with a shudder the howling wind that swept over the rising waves of the Humber: and, had I not been persuaded against it, should probably have returned home to wait for better weather.

My prognostication of evil proved to be just; for we had a most dangerous passage, and the first object we saw on the morning of our arrival was a wreck.

The crew had been happily saved, but the vessel lay a melancholy memento of the terrific power of the winds and the waves.

Our skilful Captain brought his good ship, the Emerald Isle, safely into port, after a passage of thirty-six hours.

We were soon assailed by many commissioners with their cards, each recommending his own hotel. Having fixed upon Les Pays Bas, we entered it, rejoicing; most thankful to have been saved from the perils of the sea.

After breakfast we proceeded to get our passports inspected by the Prussian ambassador, which must be done in person. He was surprised to see *three* for *one* family, and said it was unusual, and unnecessary. I thought so too; but the consul at Hull insisted that every man, of every family, must have a separate passport; and, thinking it was a new regulation, of course we submitted; although it appeared somewhat exorbitant upon a large family, the price of each being ten shillings. These passports being forced upon the traveller, it seems hard to make him pay for them.

As there are no towns in England intersected by canals, like those in Holland, they are very striking to the stranger, with the lime trees planted along the streets, and cut according to line and rule, to keep them out of the windows, where, if left to nature, they would certainly ramble: and perhaps it might be as well if they did; for in time, and with a little ingenuity, they would make a pretty cornice to the curtains; and, if they grew high enough to arrive at the second story, would form a canopy over the bed, and the good people of Rotterdam might sleep (though not under the rose) under the lime, and a very sweet tree too. This is not so impracticable as the reader may imagine; for I have seen at Belvidere, one of the country houses of the Grand Duke of Weimar, a salon bordered with the cobia scandia, growing in the corners of the room: the effect was very pretty. And, at Weimar, a drapery of ivy grows into one of the windows of the reception rooms. Both the holly and ivy seemed exotics there, the winters are so severe. After the trees, the looking-glasses attract attention: those at Rotterdam are about the size of a common dressing glass, and placed outside of the windows, at such an angle that everything passing in the street may be seen; so that the ladies, who generally sit at them, may not lose the pleasure of observing their acquaintances: and as it is the custom in Germany for the gentlemen to look up when they pass the house of a friend, and make a bow to the lady, so it may be at Rotterdam. This enlivens the morning while they ply the needle so industriously.

The bridges are a great ornament to the town; and, upon fête days it would be easy to transform them into triumphal arches. With a few evergreens, and " Long live the King of Holland," in dahlias, or some other showy flower, they would be complete. As, however, they are drawbridges, the interruption to the public, whether equestrian, or pedestrian, is very frequent, and to a stranger might be dangerous. I was very near being thrown down by one of them, from not understanding what was going on; for, seeing a woman running up them, I thought I might safely walk after, but in an instant the ground rose under my feet, and I should have fallen, but for the quick eye of one of my young companions.

We soon perceived, while one woman was running up the bridge at one side, another was skipping up at the other. They met at the top, and with the quickness of lightning loosened the bolts, and ran down again: the bridge rose, and the boat passed under it.

There was a toll to be paid: I was thinking how it was to be received, the boat so low, the women so high above it; but female invention never fails. One of the women took off her shoe, hung it upon the hook attached to the long pole she held in her hand, lowered it into the boat, and the money was put into it.

In another moment the bridge was put down, the women out of sight, and we were walking over it, so expert does habit make the human creature, in whatever work he undertakes, though in this case, it was a she. My most noble master, Man! As this was not a fatiguing work, I was glad to see women employed; there are so few active employments for them, without unnatural labour. The cathedral, in all foreign towns, is the first place visited by the stranger, and we hastened to it. There is little to see in a Protestant church, and this one, not having an altar, had hardly the appearance of a place of worship. The marriage ceremony is performed at a reading desk, which the guide particularly pointed out to us. Having two young ladies, and a young gentleman with me, I suppose he thought it would be interesting to them to know how such matters were arranged in his country. Observing nine little green bags, with nine little bells attached to as many long poles, I enquired their use; and was told, they were to collect money for the poor every Sunday.

There are no poor-rates in Holland, each sect supports its own poor, and also those who are of no sect, these are very numerous.

Travellers often get very incorrect information about the countries they pass through, from the difference of language, and the incapacity of those who guide them. If experience had not made me suspicious as to this matter, we might have left Rotterdam in great ignorance of it; for the guide said there was a sale of furniture by auction every Sunday in the market-place; he spoke little French. Upon enquiry, we found it was on Monday this convenient sale took place.

We should also have had an erroneous opinion of the prices of provisions; for upon expressing surprise at the high charges at the hotel, the landlord said, meat was so very dear—veal, for example, was fourteen pence a pound. This did seem a high price, and out of England too; but upon investigation, we found that the Dutch pound weighed two of the English. Potatoes were also excessively dear and scarce, from the quantity used in making brandy; and coals were three times the price of London: two francs were charged for a fire for three hours. Rotterdam is therefore pretty secure from the influx of strangers as residents.

The great feature in a bird's eye view of Holland, is the windmills. In coming up the river, I counted twenty-five within a quarter of a mile; and heard that there were three hundred and sixty-five in Amsterdam, and a still greater number in a little village a few miles from it; in short, a village of windmills. When they are all going together, they must have a lively appearance, with the whirling above, and the grinding below.

A great deal of madder is grown in Holland, which is sent to England; it is a very profitable crop: could we not raise it in our own country, and also grow poppies for oil? A great proportion of the oil used in France is from poppies; and as they grow well upon light land, they would be profitable to the English farmer, who wants a greater variety of crops than he sows at present.

The tax upon sugar from beet-root is cruel to the agricultural population, and the prohibition of the growth of tobacco equally so. It is heart-rending to see a starving population, where, with employment, there might be plenty and happiness.

The waste land, even within a few miles of London, would, if divided into small allotments, with cottages built upon them, and let to the wretched inhabitants of the unhealthy rooms in the neighbourhood of many great streets in London, produce a greater quantity of food, health, and comfort, than many are aware of. The mechanic would do his work much better in his cottage, where he could look out upon his little garden, and think of the pleasure he anticipated in the exercise of cultivating it, after sitting so many hours at his trade. His children would be healthy, and his wife employed in a more agreeable and profitable work than nursing them in typhus fever, —too often the unhappy lot of mothers pent up in unwholesome rooms, crowded with human creatures, sickly and sad for want of air, and the light of the sun.

Rotterdam does not appear to be a literary place; and there being nothing more to interest us, we went to choose our places in the steam-boat, which sets out every morning at six o'clock, and goes as far as Mayence. I had been cautioned, by a friend, not to take the saloon; the expense, he said, was much greater, and quite useless, as very few went into it; but they will try to make you take it.

The first word the man said at the packet office was, "In the salon, Madam?" "Oh no!" The account was made out, and I paid about eleven pounds for four persons, two servants, and a carriage, in the Gottenburg, a Prussian boat.

We entered it at six o'clock the next morning, and set off soon after. The Dutch boat leaves Rotterdam at seven, but it soon overtook and passed us: we then heard the Gottenburg was the slowest boat on the Rhine, but that we should change it at Dusseldorf for the Victoria, a new iron one built in England, and the quickest on the river: this made up for the disappointment of seeing our Dutch opponent pass us in such triumph. I enquired, why not go all the way in the Victoria? I was told there was such jealousy of the English ship, that the Dutch take advantage of an old law, which prevents ships built in England navigating their part of the Rhine, as they found no one would go in their vessels, as long as there was a place in the Victoria.

Now we are upon " the Rhine, the Rhine, the imperial Rhine !" As yet there is not much to be said of its beauty; but we are still in Holland, a low, flat, and, as far as we can see, an uninteresting country. It is surprising, and a strong illustration, amid the thousands of beautiful arrangements of Providence, that, however ugly, unhealthy, barren, or miserable a country may be, the inhabitants love it. There seems a natural attachment to the place where we first saw the light; our earliest and happiest associations are there; those we first knew and loved dwell there; and, however far our destiny may lead us from it, still " the heart turns like the needle true, though turning, trembles too." How often has it happened, after a long absence from home and country, we find many, sometimes all, we loved, are gone! the old dead, the young married, or scattered abroad, seeking riches or fame in a far distant land! How desolate the spot appears we once thought so gay, so joyous! But to enter the house, the very room, in which we were accustomed to see that one so loved, so revered, and find it empty! that dear one gone, and gone for ever! none, but those who have felt it, know the shock it gives, the sudden revulsion of blood to the heart, the sickness of death that comes over the whole frame;——better never return.

The vessel stopped at Emerick, and we were obliged to go on shore for the night. This is the frontier town in the Rhenish Prussian provinces; and the custom-house officers refused to allow any thing to be taken out of the ship, not even our nightcaps. Some gentlemen might think they look better without a nightcap, and they are quite right; some do not wear one, so for them it did not signify so much; one, luckily for him, had his in his pocket, which the officers examined, and were much amused to find nothing else in it.

Many a young man has more in his brain than his purse: it is sad the brain cannot always fill it. How often does talent go unrewarded!

If the rich knew the pleasure of drawing forward retiring merit, brightening the eye dulled by sore anxiety and unrequited labour, they would not lose a day in seeking it; and adding so large a portion of happiness and improvement to their own lives. No one can encourage talent without being in some measure benefited by it: if in the fine arts, the taste is improved; if in science, the mind is enlarged, and the knowledge of the works of an Almighty Creator increased; a much more satisfactory way of spending money than in eating it, racing it, or gambling it away; which may well be said to be a sickening mode of disposing of it,—for as the one makes the body sick, so does the other the mind.

But now, I must return to the officers, who were loud and violent in their opposition to the nightcaps. At last, after much argument, it was proposed that the sacks should be examined and passed; but this reasonable request was also refused: nothing should go out of "the ship!" and they would not allow any passenger to remain in it. In all our travels we had never met with any thing like this, but, on the contrary, great civility in every country. My maid came up with a look of astonishment that amused us: "I think, my lady, I had better take your night things under my cloak." I was considering this knotty point, when a gentleman from the Hague, we afterwards found was a judge and a man of authority, flew to the rescue, and with thundering words and violent gestures, succeeded in delivering the night-caps from "durance vile." Never were sacks brought forward with more delight, or examined, after all, more lightly. After this storm on board, we were glad to go on shore, and to find a clean little inn.

At five o'clock the next morning the baggage was searched; and upon inquiring into the cause of so much strictness the night before, I was told the ship had a bad name; much smuggling had been practised in it—a dangerous thing to be in bad company; but who would have thought a ship's having a bad character would have prevented the passengers from going to bed in their nightcaps! or that there could be any connexion between a ship and a nightcap!

We left Emerick at seven o'clock, and found our pavilion all to ourselves, most comfortable: it is very prettily fitted up, the only complaint we make is, the number of looking-glasses in it; there are in this small room five large mirrors, and we see ourselves and our friends at every turn; you see them before and behind; if you look up, you find an eye fixed upon you, if you look sideways, another again; and it is sometimes so ridiculous, as to cause much merriment.

We rejoice now at having taken this said pavilion; which we owe to the mistake my friend made in calling it the saloon; and I would advise all families, having an invalid with them, to take it; it adds so much to their comfort, particularly the night you are obliged to stay on board.

This is an easy way of travelling, though rather tedious, and you may have society or not as you please; there is an excellent dinner in the saloon, where you may dine, if you like the appearance of the company: we were very fortunate, there were only ten persons on board, and as it is very unwise to come to a country, and not to know any thing of the inhabitants, it is well sometimes to dine with them; and to those who like studying character in the human face, it is very amusing.

We lose a great deal of pleasure and instruction by shutting ourselves up. If that is the object, stay at home; it is less expensive and fatiguing, and in a national point of view would be better.

The English character for pride is so universal, that few dare speak to them, unless they make the first advance, and this their shyness prevents. Shyness has been described as a mixture of pride, awkwardness, and humility, a strange compound, and yet I can understand it. Their pride arises from the high political position of their country: it is impossible not to feel a satisfaction at belonging to that nation which sets an example of so much that is good and great to every other upon earth. Wherever an English gentleman is seen, he looks and feels one of the lords of the earth. Their awkwardness proceeds from their isolated situation; and the retired life of an English country gentleman, the education he receives, which, though excellent as a foundation, is like a well-built pedestal without the superstructure; and the want of that light but pleasing addition, places it in a corner, when it ought to be in the centre. The want of living languages is a terrible drawback to every young Englishman the first time he travels; it deprives him of the best society of the country, and leads him into expense, by throwing him into the hands of those interested in imposing upon him. Their humility proceeds from the want of knowledge of their own powers to please.

My mind has been more especially called to this subject just now, from the circumstance of having met a well-informed gentleman at dinner in the packet: he lives at the Hague, and was going with his sister to Switzerland: he happened to sit opposite to me, and with the politeness of a man of the world, and the kindness of a Christian, he spoke to me in very good English.

It is always delightful to hear one's own language in a foreign land, and I think even more so when spoken by a stranger; he had travelled much, had been in England, and valued it as it deserved. I have gained much information from him upon the improving state of Christianity in Switzerland. At Geneva, where there was much infidelity, there are now many excellent Christians, and a general revival of religion. It is a beautiful country. Strange, that where God has formed so lovely a landscape, man should not see the Hand that made it. In no country that I have seen are the lights so lovely as in Switzerland: the setting sun there, "rosy red" upon the mountains, is far more beautiful than in Italy. In the latter it is a magnificent flood of light; but in Switzerland, every mountain top is painted with the glow of the sun; every shade and every shadow speaks beauty; and yet, notwithstanding all this, Switzerland, after Italy, does not please so much. There is a sweetness in the air of Italy, an atmospheric hue, that bewitches the eye, and fascinates the senses to such a degree, that the heart sinks to leave it to brave once more the chill blast of the "cold pale North." And yet sometimes there is a lovely setting sun in England: the black dismal cloud in the foreground reminds one of the darkness of our present state; the brightness beyond of what we *hope* to be, children of that light the reflecting mind so ardently longs for. And now mine is wandering so far, how shall I call it back again, and shut it up in the little pavilion in the steam-boat on the Rhine? How strange is thought! there is a rapidity, a sort of ubiquity in it incomprehensible. How is it that we are, in thought, everywhere at once? distance and time seem nothing.

If, in a future state, we can move our bodies as rapidly as we now move our minds, we shall indeed be travellers; and we have high authority for supposing it may be so. What happiness in the idea of throwing off our load of clay, to be no longer the crawling caterpillar, doing little but eat, eat, drink, and drink again! How many live for only this, and early die from having lived so!

CHAPTER II.

SUNDAY on board, which we regretted, but our pavilion gave us the power of passing it in a Christian manner: and having, in the course of conversation, discovered that our Dutch acquaintance and his sister harmonised with us in religious feeling, we asked them to join in our service; and we formed a little congregation of persons, I hope, and believe, grateful to the Almighty for all the blessings He bestows upon us.

At eight o'clock in the evening, we parted with our new-made friends; they were going the rest of their journey by land; the lady gave my daughter a book, as a token of remembrance: we may never meet again in this world, but these little occurrences are pleasing in life, and worthy of record: there is a sort of freemasonry in Christianity, which none but those who acknowledge Christ, as their Head, can know. My friend, who I found was a judge, the youngest I ever saw, for he told me he was only thirty-four, related an anecdote of a lady of his acquaintance, which proves the truth of my theory. She was going to Cologne, in the steam-boat, and, liking the study of the "human face divine," she scanned the countenances of her fellow passengers; but none pleased her: there was a restlessness, a look of dissatisfaction and want of internal peace in them all; at last, she turned to the one next to her, and there found what she sought.

She took a Bible out of her sack, and shewed it to him: he shook his head, it was not in his language; but he took his own out of his pocket, and pointed to a verse: she looked at hers, and so they conversed during the voyage. At last, when near Cologne, where she had a house, she pointed to the verse, "Come into my house." He accepted the invitation. Would that all ours were given in the same spirit, and received with the same satisfaction!

At Dusseldorf we changed our boat, and while they were putting the carriage on board, we went to look at the town, which is handsome. But of it I shall say little; every one that opens a guide book, will learn more than I can tell them. We walked down a long avenue of trees (which was the promenade of the town) to the palace. Much like other palaces in Germany, with a large piece of water in front, it seemed a low damp situation.

The nightingale sang sweetly, and that was the only harmony in the place; for, on our return to the town, we saw with true regret all the shops open, even at nine o'clock at night; the streets full of people, with long pipes in their mouths, arm in arm, singing, roaring, and staggering—and this was Sunday; it was a painful sight, and we were glad to return to our new abode for the night.

Those anxious to see the industry of the country, should make an excursion from Dusseldorf to the Grand Duchy of Berg, one of the most industrious parts of Germany.

And now we are in our good ship Victoria, which is of iron, and built in England; I must say something of it. The first entrance into our pavilion did startle me, and would have made a squeamish person instantly sick.

What a contrast between the English and foreign fashion! after passing two days in the luxury of our beautiful pavilion, with its soft cushions, comfortable wide seats, and large windows, from which, if the day were wet, we could see the country; desirable at all times, but when passing the most beautiful part of it essential.

Imagine then the difference! here we are pent up in the *cabin*, exactly the form of a sea-boat, with two very small windows at each side, and those at the end sloping like a ship, impossible to see out of; the seats all round are so narrow, that you are obliged to sit upright, a position particularly irksome to me, especially when fatigued; and not a hook to hang your bonnet or cloak upon.

At the end of this disagreeable cabin there is an arm chair of *state*, with a hard cushion. I could not help expressing surprise and regret that this excellent ship should so fail in this part of it; beautiful and commodious as it is in all the others.

The conductor said it was a sad mistake, but it was the quickest sailer on the station; the Palon, too, I believe, is the finest. We left Dusseldorf at eleven o'clock at night; at ten we went into the saloon to see what was going on; we had not been there many minutes, before we saw a stream of persons, generally well dressed, pouring in like a crowd at a ball. Some I recognised as our fellow passengers in the last boat, and the cockatoo in his tin cage; it was a pity he did not speak any particular language; but every now and then he let us know he was there, by a shrill cry, which I translated for the poor prisoner into, "Oh, let me out, this is no place for me." His master, a young man, sallow-faced, with long black hair falling on his shoulders, seemed to love him, and "ever and anon," would speak kind words, and feed him with sweet food.

After him came three young ladies and a young gentleman: we took them for English, but upon sitting down, they called for wine; this was not English; but what decided the question, when helped to it, they touched glasses, with great formality; four Germans opposite were doing the same. I thought this custom was gone out everywhere.

In a short time, the numbers became disagreeable, and we retired to our pavilion, rejoicing we had it to ourselves. As none of the passengers took berths, (and as there were but six or seven, few could have them,) the whole party in the saloon were obliged to sit up, or rather lean down, all night; lie down they could not, and I am told it was a curious sight, about three o'clock in the morning, to see them supporting each other like Naples biscuits on a dish, and as closely laid together.

W——m had a berth in the fore part of the vessel, but so bad, and crowded with people of an inferior description, he could not stay in it, and preferred stowing himself among the trunks above, although it rained so hard. There was part of a regiment on board; the band played three beautiful airs.

There is no music pleases so much as the German; and even after Italy you turn with delight to the national airs of that national country. The Germans love their country; the Italians feel they have none. With all the beauty of their climate, the richness of their soil, the splendour of their works of art, they feel, and feel most keenly, they have no nationality. An Italian told me once, "There are Genoese, Venetians, Tuscans, Romans, Neapolitans, but *no Italians*. As a nation we are nothing." I might enlarge upon the political state of that beautiful country, if I said all that rushed upon my mind at this moment; but it would not suit a little work like this.

I had settled myself, I hoped, comfortably, on the mattrass brought into our pavilion, (for which, by the bye, an extra charge of two francs for each was made,) and should have slept, but for the noise made by the continual rubbing of the rope of the rudder, which raised such a disturbance in my brain, it was impossible to rest all night. I heard that the builder of the vessel was on board, and wished he would have laid his head where mine was, and heard the rattle it made, and he would have found some means to remedy such an evil. If he would pass a rainy day, as we did, in this pavilion, he would perceive how provoking it was not to be able to see out of the wee wee windows he made to it. As a sailer, the boat is so good, it is a pity it has any defect. I would also suggest, for future English steam-boat builders, an imitation of the beautiful pavilions of other countries, for the comfort of the ladies.

An English nobleman and family came on board at Coblentz. How soon one discovers the relationship of the party ; there is the father and mother, sons and daughters, in numbers as may be, the governess sitting at a little distance, occasionally spoken to with kindness, but the line between them, evident.

There is something delightful in an English family when well regulated ; so much harmony and love in it, so quiet, so little noise or bustle, it always commands respect : they left us at Binden while we were at dinner, and so quietly was the carriage taken out, that we never heard it, and were surprised to find all gone when we went upon deck; just so we missed all our companions the night before, all vanished with the morning light, and left us with our original party from Rotterdam, much to our satisfaction, always excepting our friends, the judge and his sister.

There are powerful echoes in several places between Coblentz and Mayence: the gun was fired for the amusement of the company, and I could not help thinking what a sound it must have been, when Buonaparte's cannon thundered down the Rhine. It was enough to kill the nervous.

Until I heard this gun, I had no idea of the powerful effect of an echo, and was no longer surprised at the terror of the Midianites, when Gideon and his three hundred horns rattled among the mountains. What a strange and varied effect sound produces upon the human heart!—joy, sorrow, terror; then, at times, it soothes even to melancholy;—an Eolian harp on a sweet summer's evening, with just wind enough to sweep along the strings, and melt the sound in air; then swell again, until you scarcely believe yourself an inhabitant of earth.

It is pleasant to be borne away by gentle zephyrs beyond the sky, even for a moment, though the next may strike you upon the ground, and make you feel you still are mortal. The finest thing in the way of sound I ever heard was the King of Prussia's band of horns, which played every night at Toeplitz, during the time he was there. Kings ought to be happy, they have so much enjoyment at their command, and such enormous power of doing good to their subjects.

CHAPTER III.

THOUGH an old sailor, I am a bad one, and cannot reconcile myself to the wind even in the poop; generally placing myself in the middle of the ship, before the companion, and on the ground, which is so much more agreeable than a high stool.

I had not been there long before I found I had a neighbour at the other side of a pile of trunks which separated us. A respectable-looking Englishman drew near, and accosted her.

"How do you do, Mrs. Connor? I did not expect to see you so far from home." I turned my head, and saw a decent-looking woman rise and make a low curtsey. "I hope you're well, sir. I'm proud to see your honour indeed; and, sir, it's more nor I expected to see myself here. Let alone, you sir." The first word told me from whence she came, and I listened with pleasure, hoping to have some amusement. "How is Mr. Connor? is he with you?" "He's finely, I thank you, sir; but sure he must stay at home to mind the childer and the shop." "How many have you now?" "Eleven, God bless them, as fine craturs as ever stepped." "The Irish have large families; it would tempt one to think that poverty tended to population." "Well, sir! indeed I believe you're right; for I'm sure they're poor enough. But there's a blessing attends large families. My husband says, God never made a mouth, but He made something to put in it." "If they are industrious." "Ah, there it is, sir." "Many a rich man would give half he is worth for one of your little ones. Would you part with one?" "Would I part with my child? Ah, sir, it's joking you are." Smiling, "I only said it to try you; I know the affection of the Irish for their children. How does trade go on now in Ireland? I hope, better." "Indeed, sir, it's hard to say; sometimes it's better, and more it's worse. But I hope you'll come and settle there: sure there's elegant places for a mill all round our place; and many's the one who would be glad to see you again."

"The Irish are a kind people; and when I went over to that country, I certainly did think of establishing a manufacture there; and there are, as you say, many places in your neighbourhood would be good sites for a mill: and if there were railroads, as in England, a manufacturer would soon make a fortune; but I dare not venture upon it." "Ah, sir, and why not?" "Because, Mrs. Connor, the country is not safe for an Englishman; he durst not risk his capital where, in one night, the whole might be destroyed." "It's true for you indeed, sir. Well now, sir, isn't it a murdering sin, that so beautiful, so elegant a country should be ruined by them murdering villains, the ribbon men?" "It is very unfortunate that so fine a portion of the British dominions should be in such a continual state of insecurity and terror to the quiet and peaceable. The murder of Lord Norbury, that quiet, inoffensive nobleman, has done Ireland more mischief than anything that has occurred there since the Rebellion. It deterred many a man, like myself, from going there, and decided me to lay out my money upon a safer speculation." "There now! see that! oh the murdering thieves! And was that the reason, sir, you didn't come again, as you said you would?" "It was indeed, Mrs. Connor; and until that country is in a more settled state, no Englishman will venture his capital in it." "But the Parliament is to come back again, they say, and then don't you think, sir, we'll get 'the rights of it?' and poor ould Ireland would be the finest country in the wide world, if only the quality would come back and live with us. Sure Dan says he'll have them all back, and Dublin as full of lords and ladies as ever it was, instead of going to spend all their money in London, and spaking in a house." "I really do not know whether a repeal of the Union would be better for you or not: I fear there would be the same faction and party spirit formerly so violent. Certainly it would be the means of keeping the nobility and gentry more at home, and that must be an advantage; still you have an ugly way of *murdering* people and concealing the murderer; so I fear those who *can* live out of Ireland will never live in it."

"That's just it, sir; they'll never let on to tell where the boy's hid, when the police are after him: there's more knows who shot Lord Norbury than you think, and he'll never be found out, unless the finger of God is upon him. They say murder is discovered soon or late; but I know one that happened many a year ago, and though every body knew who did it, he never was tried: they said he confessed it to the priest; but he's dead and gone now, any way."

The inclination to resist the laws, and to protect the criminal, is a secondary cause for so much crime; forming a strong contrast between the English and Irish character. In England the people assist the hand of justice; in Ireland, they oppose it. "I hope the potatoe crop was good last year; that is of the greatest consequence to Ireland."

"Indeed, in some places, it was bad enough, the poor craturs, they are dilatory, and do not put them in, in time; I often think that's one rason they are so bad at times; and then they can't get seed soon enough: but the worst of all is they can't get work. Ah, sir! isn't a pity to see fine strong young men lying about the ditches, and nothing in life to do, but sometimes run of a message, if they are so lucky as to meet with any one to give them sixpence for it; and hundreds and hundreds of acres lying waste all round them, that would bring as fine crops as any in the world, if they knew how to manage it; and to see the craturs dying of hunger, when they might have plenty, and paying at the rate of ten guineas an acre for their bit of potatoe ground, manured for them to be sure." At this he turned sharply round, and looked at her for an instant: "It is the most incomprehensible thing to an Englishman, Mrs. Connor, how it can happen in so productive a country as Ireland, that every year there are accounts of hundreds dying of hunger. I do not suppose that, in any other country in the world, such a thing happens; the English are constantly applied to for charity, for the *starving Irish;* the accounts received from that country are most heart-rending."

"Ah! sir, the English do not know half the misery of the poor Irish; they do indeed send their money, God bless them for it! and it stops their mouths, poor things, and saves them from dying at the *time;* but in some parts it's just the same next year: it's *employment* they want, constant, regular employment, to bring up their children industrious."

"Very true, I am in hopes the National Schools will do much good, and the poor rates." "God send they may, sir! but for the schools, you may just think yourself, that it is little good teaching a boy to read and write, if he has nothing to do but that after; and where are they to get money to buy books, when they want bread? My husband says it would be better to teach them some way to get their living: they soon learn to read, what they want first is to learn to work."

"There may be some truth in that, for I observe, when the Irish come to England, they can do nothing beyond the lowest and meanest work; and the irregularity of their habits prevents Englishmen from employing them, except upon pressing occasions, and at much lower wages."

"How can they learn any thing, sir, when they see nothing?"

"Well, I hope better days will come for poor Ireland; it is a fine country, and when I was there, I received great civility and hospitality." "I hope your honour will come and lodge with us again, and taste a bit of our bacon; sure, sir, the pig is greatly improved since you were in it." "I am very glad to hear it, the pig is a valuable animal to the cottager." "Oh! sure, without him they could not live, it's he that pays the rent." "I wish they would keep him in a sty, and not let him ramble about, trespassing upon his neighbours, and making quarrels." "Oh, they think nothing of that, they are used to it."

Here the conversation dropped, and I fell into a train of ideas, upon that unfortunate country, when I heard the female voice again.

"They say the Queen is coming to Ireland, sir; do you think she will? Oh if I was a queen!" "What would *you* do, Mrs. Connor, (seeming much amused,) if you were a queen?" "What would I do, sir? I'd ask the rason why my people died of hunger? and I'd order one of my fine carriages, and I'd go and see what *was* the rason; and if she'd come to ould Ireland, there isn't a man wouldn't lay down his life for her; and if she'd only take the trouble to look at the thousands and thousands of acres that are lying idle, like the gossoons themselves, nothing to do but to grow weeds: and if she'll just ask some one that understands it, what was best to be done, and *order* it, she'd soon see the differ." "Upon my word, you would be an active queen." "And why wouldn't I? Now, sir, don't you think, if I was a queen, I wouldn't be *answerable* for the *bad* that was done in my country, if I didn't try to prevent it?" "Yes, but a queen cannot prevent many things that are done." "Well, sir, I'd just go and see about it, for they might not tell me the *truth* you know; and my husband says, ministers lead crowned heads by the *nose*, and let them hear nothing, and put their fingers in their eyes, and let them see nothing: now I'd see and hear myself, or I'd know why. If she was to go into one of the cabins, and see six starving children and a mother lying on grass for a bed, on the ground, and the father hardly able to walk, to beg a potatoe, to keep them alive, and all sick from bad food, as I have done many and many a time, do you think she would not ask what was the matter?"

As I had seen this, and *more* than this, in the short time I was in Ireland, I listened more attentively; the man put his hand in his pockets, and drew himself up. "You draw a melancholy picture of English subjects, Mrs. Connor." "Your honour won't doubt my word, for you have seen something like it yourself." "I have, indeed, *too much*, but I do not know what is to be done for them."

"All they want is work, sir: they say there is to be a railway across Ireland, and the ships are to sail from that to America; that would be the making of it; there would be plenty of work, then." "I wish they would do this; it would not only save much property, but many a life that is now lost, and much time; besides being a great advantage to Ireland:—but tell me, where are you going so far from your family?"

"Me, sir; I'm going to a place they call ——, well now, if I don't forget the name! but I have it written in my pocket, something slang bad. Oh! Schlangenbad, I know it, that's it, sir; but they tell me, there's snakes in it; now do you believe they'd let Christians bathe with snakes?" "Oh, no! you need not fear the snakes, they will not hurt you. But are you going all alone?" "No, sir; my sister, who married in England, has been badly a long time: she is going to try the waters, and I am going to nurse her; I hope you are not going for your health, sir." "Why no, not exactly, I have commercial business in Germany; the Germans are beginning to look about them; they will soon manufacture most things for themselves. I fear trade in England will fall off; she has seen her best days, and if she does not find some new country to take off her manufactured goods, there will be many a hand idle."

"Ah! sir, the English are a rich people, not like poor Ireland," "They are a *speculating* people: in your country I remarked, if a tradesman got enough in a few years to live on the interest of it, and perhaps trade a little in furnished houses, he gave up his business, set up a car, and lived, as he would say, like a *gentleman;* the Englishman goes on to the end of his life making money."

I found too much good sense in this for amusement, and was just going to change my position, when the lady cried out as if something had been pent up in her mind for some time, "Will your honour be pleased to answer me one thing? I know you'll tell me no lies: is it true, that this ship is made of iron?" "It is indeed, Mrs. Connor." "Well now, that beats all I ever heard; that iron will swim. I thought that they were making game of a poor Irish woman."

"Oh, no! they find iron is the most convenient material for making steam-boats for shallow rivers; they draw so little water, and the Rhine is very shallow in some places. I heard the conductor say they once had but four inches of water to spare; that was coming near to the ground. This is a fine vessel, and does much credit to the builder: it is divided into three compartments, to prevent the danger of sinking, in case it should strike against a rock, when it would crack like an egg shell; so if one part filled, it would still float."

"Well! sure enough, it is lucky they thought of that; but I wish I was out of it; I don't like the shaking: the sofas shake, and the chairs shake, and myself is shaking all over; I'd rather be at home in my own little place, only for my sister, poor thing!" It was now near dinner, a moment of great consequence at all times, but particularly looked forward to with impatience on board; and we descended to make the necessary preparations. It went off as usual; but the builder of the boat being present, many civilities were acted, and much conviviality went on, under the patronage of champagne and the captain, at the other end of the table. Of all pains taken by mortals, champagne is the most agreeable, and not the least salutary; hypochondriacal people should all take it, when the fit is coming on: it has a wonderful effect in dispersing the incipient disease.—We soon after arrived at Mayence, and I lost sight of Mrs. Connor and her sensible friend.

CHAPTER IV.

THE poet who says he finds "the warmest welcome at an inn," may be right; although there are exceptions to every general rule, and we have travelled far enough out of the beaten track, to have found more than one to this, by the way side. Both in Switzerland and Italy, the innkeeper has been indifferent to taking in a large family, with small accommodation, and great trouble to himself and the "good woman;" a right and proper term for all wives, who you know, gentle reader! are generally good, if they have good husbands.

Inns, however, are hospitality itself at Coblentz; they have tasted the sweets of the traveller's money too often, not to receive him well, and make him pay for it. All along the Rhine they are dear; and they are becoming so on every road where an Englishman sets his foot. I shall say nothing of this town, for every guide will tell you what is in, out, and around it; and what is out, is more interesting than what is in; the Rhine, with its rafts, and the bridge, with its boats, are peculiar features.

Arrived at Mayence, or Maintz, at half-past three o'clock, the 26th of May. We have, now, passed the only beautiful part of the navigable Rhine, and a most tortuous river it is: the number of islands between Carlsruhe and Strasburg, is one hundred and fifty; and a bird's-eye view gives it a curious appearance of land stolen from the water, and water creeping upon the land. There is little to be said of Mayence, except that it is clean, and that is much; there are many good houses, at least outside, but, of the inside, strangers in general can see but little: the cathedral is a mixture, both of architecture and material; the old is rich, of a deep red stone; the new, pale, not with age, possibly with fright, at the comparison that may be drawn between it and its ancient companion; the two towers, so dissimilar, look most unlike brothers in masonry. I need not tell the traveller, there is a statue of Guttenberg here; to commemorate him, and the origin of printing, a fête will be celebrated at Stuttgardt, and other places, in the autumn. We know nothing of fêtes in England; fête days are no longer kept; and even village feasts are "going out:" "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy;" and poor Jack is often dull, when he might be merry; our Jack has more reason to be merry than any other in Christendom, and yet he is often the dullest: perhaps it is the effect of climate.

I am, just now, looking at an enormous raft, sleeping on the Rhine, which has stopped; for what reason I know not, but imagine it must sometimes rest on its long voyage, like other things: and here is a little world just now before me—two hundred people, upon this floating habitation, living weeks, months, upon it; having little communication with the world, except to deliver their charge, the raft, and the cattle upon it, (there are sixty head,) to the persons appointed to receive them at Amsterdam; where one or other of the three hundred and sixty mills will saw up the raft, and distribute it in portions to individuals; and this once united and powerful body will be taken to pieces, and given, some to the winds, and some to the waves.

It would be curious, if possible, to follow the fate of a tree felled in the Black Forest, from whence many of them come, to the last slip of it. How various the hands through which it passes, if we take it, from the Great Western, now cutting its way with such success to a far distant land, once unknown, to the meanest article in a cottage. The people upon the rafts are a peculiar people: born and educated in the woods, the whole business of their lives is cutting down and conveying the trees by their little streams to the great river; where sixty or eighty men at each end row and guide the enormous monster, with houses on its back. They steer it with great ease through the bridge of boats, which opens wide its mouth to let it pass.

I should like to have conversed with these people, and inquired how they went home again.

The riches the Rhine conveys, both up and down, are enormous, and the number of passengers the steam-boats carry increases yearly.

The mills are another feature of this part of the river. I think there are fourteen near the bridge. The inhabitants of Mayence are civil to strangers, —we meet smiling faces everywhere; that alone tends to raise the spirits, and makes one feel satisfied with one's self; a matter of much more importance than we are aware of.

It is astonishing how much our comfort depends upon the countenances of others. We are perfect cameleons, and take our colour from the cloud on the brow, or the smile on the lip, of those we live with. This makes the cultivation of an even placid temper, rather inclining to gaiety than gravity, of infinite consequence to mankind. The severe, morose disposition is at direct variance with Christianity.

CHAPTER V.

There is a railway, just finished, to Wiesbaden; and we took advantage of it to see that watering place once more. We had been there seven years ago; and it is always pleasant to return, and take a peep at an old acquaintance. It is greatly increased in size, like most other places, but it pleased us no more than formerly.

The houses are good, the streets wide and handsome, but the surrounding country is uninteresting, though rich; the rye was in ear, and one crop of hay was cut, and led the end of May; so much earlier is this climate than England. Unless for health, I would never go to Wiesbaden; and for that it would not be necessary, for there are so many baths, in Germany, good for the same complaint, that you may generally choose the one you like best, by going farther; and you may fare better instead of worse; for the farther the traveller goes from the beaten track, in a country not absolutely uncivilized, the better he will be treated, and the less he will be called upon to pay exorbitant charges.

After walking about until we were tired, we returned to the railway station, as most people do, in a hurry, for fear of losing our places back again; and, finding we were before our time, sat watching the clock until it struck the hour for the bell to ring, when all rush out of the room and into the carriage.

Railways are excellent timekeepers, and make the dilatory look about them, and take some note of that old gentleman, so often neglected by the rich and idle, who might do so much with him while they have him, before he leaves us for eternity; where we must give an account of how we treated him when in our power.

The next day we went by the same convenient conveyance to Frankfort, to take a third view of that fine clean town. The cathedral is worth seeing; there is a curious clock, and calendar four hundred years old. If it could tell of all the events that had happened, even in Frankfort, every hour it struck, it would form a curious diary of the mutability of human life.

The Emperors of Germany were formerly crowned here. The custom of planting trees in the streets and squares is delightful, where there is so much sun; the limes are so sweet, it is a treat to open the window. With what rapture we hail any thing of nature in a town! "God made the country, man the town." But towns are useful, though, generally, they should be considered as great shops, where you go not only to purchase goods, but ideas, for man learns much from his brother man; so we must not quarrel with the town, though it is so disagreeable as a residence. Those who love quiet and the scent of the lime, will go here, to the Hotel de Hollande; I had, already, been at the two great ones, and recommend this to quiet people.

The Grand Duke Hereditaire is here; we saw him driving four horses abreast; it did not look well; and gave the driver an air of anxiety, and a coachman-like appearance, that was ungraceful; the arms spread out, to guide the horses, and they so much wider than the carriage, that it was out of all proportion. The horses were dark grey, and stepped well, of course much above their work, which gave them an air of gaiety and happiness, not always falling to the lot of their poor brothers in harness.

No animal suffers like the poor unhappy horse; but, if railways increase at the pace they are now doing, and Mr. Wagner's electro-magnetic machine can be made to go upon common roads, the horse may return to his primitive state of liberty; and perhaps be taught and shown by future generations as lions and bears are now: gentlemen will hunt upon magnets—ladies will ride upon some delicate little electrified machine, that will set them off in a canter, and the motion be regular and steady. No fear of bumping or jumping, but one may run a race, and arrive at the winning post, without fatigue.

As this was the first carriage we had ever seen, with four horses abreast, we stopped to criticise it;

when our Dutch friend and his sister came up most unexpectedly: he said, the prettiest style of driving, was three horses abreast; the centre one to trot, the two others gallop. It is so natural to do as others do, (at least with human beings,) that I should think it would be difficult to keep the centre horse in a trot, with the others galloping at each side of him.

From the cathedral we went, naturally, to the burying ground; only a step from baptism to marriage, and to death, the end of all things in this world. There is nothing shews the character of a nation more than their treatment of the dead. In all towns, the church and churchyard are the first visited. What a contrast! the one at Frankfort, to that of our parish church in England!! I cannot think the English love and respect those who have gone before them, less than any other nation; and, yet, look at *our* churchyards, and *theirs*.

At Frankfort every grave, great and small, was planted with the most beautiful flowers; the finest geraniums, mixed with every other flower of the season; and they seemed to be changed according to it; it was better kept than Pere la Chaise in Paris, which I have often visited. The last time I did so, a most melancholy circumstance happened. We heard a shot near us: one of our party ran to see what was the matter, when he found a fine young man lying on one of the graves; he had just shot himself through the heart. He was quite dead! The gensd'armes soon came up, and, upon enquiry, we heard that he was an officer of the Gard du Corps, one of the many victims to that baneful, detestable vice, gambling. He had lost all he had the night before, and came to die upon his mother's grave. What a termination to a life, that might have been valuable to himself and others! Our guide, *here*, who, happened to be a very gentlemanly person, took us into the dead-house; a place where the dead are kept, until they are buried; the room is made comfortably warm. Ten brass thimbles are put upon their fingers and thumbs, and these communicate by wires with a bell, so that if the least stir is made, it strikes an alarum; the person who watches, is in the next room, a glass window between, and he can see all that passes; in case of any one recovering, he is put into a warm bath,—a bed is placed close to it.

The whole arrangement is complete; and in cases where poor families have many children, and but one room, it is a great relief to know that the body will be taken care of much better than it could be at home, and be placed out of their sight. How is it, no animals can bear the sight of their own dead? Many have been buried alive in France, from the haste of the living to get rid of the dead. I remember an instance of a man in Paris dying, as was supposed, and who, according to the law, was on his way to the grave in twenty-four hours after the apparent death. He worked for a brassfounder, who attended his funeral. Just before the coffin was lowered into the grave, the master thought he heard a noise of knocking, and desired the coffin to be opened. The moment the lid was taken off, the man sat up, tore off the linen which bound his head, passed his hand across his eyes, looked round, and exclaimed, "Oh God!" He was taken home, but speechless: he never spoke after, although in perfect health; but began his work as usual; however, his companions were so terrified at his being dumb, they all refused to work with him. This happened a year before the last French Revolution. One day during the firing, the poor man, not knowing what was going on, went out of the door to see; a shot at that moment sent him really to the grave he had so lately escaped; a happy release from his melancholy and isolated situation.

In Italy the hasty burials are awful. A dead-house for the poor would indeed be a blessing in that hot, often unhealthy country.—From the place of the dead, we went to a place of amusement for the living—the Mainlust, a garden, where we saw many hundreds of well-dressed people, sitting at small tables, taking refreshments, or walking about, while a band played most beautiful airs, and in a style unknown in England, except in the first society, and even then rare. The Germans are a most musical people; and that must be one reason why they live so harmoniously together, when they have nothing particular to say to each other; and how often, in family circles, conversation "flags!" —music, "sweet music" is their resource: time does not hang heavy, and they never seem dull;—nothing so true, as that occupation is the secret of happiness. One of the great evils of the education of our young men in England is, that it gives them no occupation; and when they enter the world, all the Latin and Greek they have spent so many precious years of their lives in learning, they find useless in society. Many have almost forgotten it; and those who have some smattering of what has been flogged into them, dare not make use of it; if they did, few would understand their learned quotations, and all would dislike their pedantry: whereas, the man who knows one living language besides his own, though he may know nothing else, gets before them. The scholar feels bashful and awkward; vexed to think his education, and the enormous sum it has cost his parents, avail him so little; he shuns the society that might be so useful to him, and in which, with language, he would shine; he flies to the gaming table, where he finds a tongue he, unhappily, too soon understands; the excitement delights him; the occupation kills the time he does not know what to do with; and his soul, which the Almighty formed for nobler and better purposes, is sacrificed at the shrine of fortune. How many young men, of large possessions, have been ruined before they were aware of it: and from this cause, have passed the latter days of their lives in repentance, that the morning of life was so ill spent; while all this misery might have been saved by a Christian education; by teaching children to occupy themselves with the wonderful works of God, instead of the miserable, allegorical, mythological works of bad men, in barbarous times. Ovid, and his tribe, are unfit studies for the young of these more enlightened days. It is only wonderful if they are what they are said to be, that still more mischief has not been done to those to whom they are given as examples of all that is great and noble in literature; and how nonsense verses can raise the minds of men, born to inherit the kingdom of heaven, is a problem to be solved by those who teach them. It is a great happiness to the thinking part of the present generation, that a change is taking place, in public opinion, as to the education of our youth; and that the young clergy are drawing the minds of their flocks to the contemplation of the wonderful works they see all around them, but which, from ignorance, they can neither understand nor appreciate. The last visit we made in Yorkshire, we met a young clergyman, who told me he intended giving lectures to the young men of his parish upon these subjects. The microscope, that surprising discoverer of the minuter parts of the creation, gave him so much pleasure and instruction, that he, with true Christian feeling, wished to communicate the same happiness to his parishioners.

Would to God that all our clergy would employ themselves in the same way! How dearly loved and respected would the clergyman of that parish be who gave up, even, a small portion of his time to such instruction! and how differently would the minds of the labourers be employed, when going through the various tasks of the field, if they had learnt even the smallest workings of the ways of God! Then every insect, every flower, would have an interest for them. Their evenings' spare time would be spent, not in the alehouse, drinking, swearing, and singing horrible songs, or slandering their neighbours, but as a Christian's time ought to be spent. And their money! how much better would that be laid out!

There is no individual on earth has half the power of a clergyman, as has been often remarked. You have only to walk through a country village, to know the sort of minister there is in it, by the state of barbarism or civilisation you find there. The lord of the manor, be he ever so rich, can do nothing, in comparison to the clergyman. What an awful responsibility, then, have they! when at the great day they will be asked, What have you done with the flock I gave you? Most sincerely and heartily do I wish, the one I have just alluded to, may succeed in all his undertakings, and that his health may be equal to them. If this little work ever meet his eye, he will remember our conversation; but he could not know the pleasure it gave me to hear one so young, speak and act so well. The poet says, "The proper study of mankind is man;" the Christian will say, "The proper study of mankind is God;" and where on earth can the human mind find such a study? so beautiful, so various, so ennobling, so heavenly! When the mind is brought to that state, to "see God in the clouds, and hear Him in the wind," every thing is interesting—the greatest and the smallest in nature; and perhaps in the minutest, He is greatest. But when we come to contemplate the wonderful work of the redemption of man, it is beyond the power of the human soul to imagine such infinite love; and being so different from our worldly feelings, many cannot believe it. Alas! poor human nature! when we think how little we do to shew our gratitude to that Saviour who died for us, and how much we do against him, it is indeed humiliating. If we only obeyed that one, that last commandment, "Love one another," how different would the state of mankind be in this world; and in the next, what a difference! And is it so difficult? Yes, impossible without His aid.

How I have wandered away from the dead in Frankfort: let them rest in peace, beneath the flowers their affectionate friends have planted over them with so much care. Some placed a wreath of immortelles upon the grave of a young friend, who died in Paris. There was a melancholy pleasure in it: she lay far from her home, and her kindred. Some cling to a mysterious connexion between soul and body, after they are separated, and would not, if they could help it, be buried any where but close to those they love, however improbable their ever meeting again. If it is good for them, He will unite them, to part no more; and if not, He will conform their minds, so as not to suffer. We regret those who are taken away early in life; and yet we ought not, for we know not the misery they are saved, perhaps even to ourselves. If we had more faith, and trusted more to Him who knows so much better what is good for us, we should submit with more humility and patience to His decrees.

It is interesting to see the manners of different countries, and contrast them with our own. We sat down at the Mainlust, near a father, mother, and four children; they had all come out, as Matthews says, "to be happy."

I looked on with much pleasure to the mixing of wine-water and sugar, by the father, for the children; the baby lay asleep on the nurse's knee, covered with a green veil: there was a maid for the older children, and neither maid nor nurse were forgotten in the wine-water; they had their share, sat at the table, but you saw in an instant who they were. No aping the dress and fashion of their lady; no waste of their wages in silks and ribbons, flowers under their bonnets, and flounces on their gowns; they were neatly, plainly, and *well* dressed; they had neither cap nor bonnet, for it is not the custom to wear them in many parts of Germany; but their hair was neatly braided and well brushed. I could not but contrast it with the ugly curl papers, the flying flounced cap half off the head, often of a very dingy hue, in England. I remember our English coachman once remarking, upon his return to London after a winter in Paris, "I am ashamed of my country-women, they seem so dirty and ill dressed." Every class would be respectable and respected, if they knew how to respect themselves; it is only when they affect to be what they are not, that they become ridiculous; those above laugh, those below envy; and so, poor things, they get no "commendation."

> "Men would be angels, angels would be gods:
> Aspiring to be angels, men rebel;
> Aspiring to be gods, so angels fell."

CHAPTER VI.

HAVING seen all worth seeing at Frankfort, and gone to the bank for that nuisance—money, which, for the benefit of young beginners travelling, I say the less they carry about with them the better, as, in changing, they always lose, and if they have it, are induced to spend it in trifles, so tempting on the Continent,—we returned to Mayence—to the bridge of boats with its fourteen mills; and the enormous raft, which remained, just where we left it, opposite the Hôtel de Hollande. This hotel we found dear and bad. At six o'clock next morning, we stepped again into the steam-boat, and arrived at three in the afternoon at Manheim, finding nothing to interest all the way either on shore or river.

Manheim is a clean, handsome town, and becoming the residence of many English families, particularly military men, who find it so difficult to educate their, oftentimes, large families, in that most expensive country for education—England. We were told fifty were resident there the last winter.

Taking the subject in the great, it is for the general good that the English should travel and sojourn, a *little* while, on the Continent. It improves the people of the country in which they stay; gives them a taste for that cleanliness and decency peculiar to England, and a better opinion of the Protestant religion; for in what country where they have made their resting-place, have they not contributed, and largely contributed, to the Catholic poor? But to make the Continent a *residence*, is dangerous to the young, particularly if they enter much into the society of the country; it makes them dislike England, and shrink from the reserve and coldness of an introduction to English acquaintances, after the fascinating smiles and flattering compliments of those we call foreigners. It requires a strong head, a good education, and a small complement of self-esteem, to stand such a test, and be reconciled to those who receive you, as if you were a poisonous animal to be kept at a distance. It is surprising to see the difference of the reception we meet with from those we have known abroad and at home. None so true-hearted as the English, when once acquainted; but in the present state of society, the difficulty is to become so. You may bow to many, yet know none; but on the Continent, they are thrown so often together, and in such out-of-the-way places, that formality and reserve are impossible, and would be ridiculous if attempted. The climate is another great ally in the formation of friendships. Instead of passing the evening at home in summer, with their noses against a dusty pane of glass in a parlour window, they go out to enjoy the evening air in a garden, where they eat their ice, and listen to the band of music, or the nightingale. I never heard so many of those sweet birds congregated together as in the garden at Meiningen; and there the inhabitants walked about close to the palace in perfect freedom, without ever touching a flower, or thinking of doing mischief The English, unfortunately, "see with their fingers," and that is a species of seeing proprietors do not approve, and to prevent a repetition of it, they shut their gates. It would be better if the young were taught "not to meddle with what does not belong to them," and then they might, like the French, be admitted to a sight of the fine arts; which would improve their taste, and give them a subject for thought, above the low conversation of an alehouse, or the horrid crimes in a police report, one of the least improving, not to say the most injurious, literary pursuits upon which the working classes can employ themselves; so that it would be well worth the consideration of a minister, in his *leisure* hours, whether such reports do not, in a great degree, tend to demoralize the people. If "example is better than precept," it must also be worse. We find in our little village neighbourhood, if one man destroys himself, another is sure to follow; so it is with other crimes; and those who commit one, comfort themselves with the idea that they are no worse than other people: as corporate bodies venture to do things of which an individual would be ashamed, for every brother helps the other.

We rested on Sunday, and went to the English service, performed by an English clergyman. One of the greatest changes on the Continent, in the last twenty years, is, that now there is an English clergyman in almost every town where a few English reside; and it is indeed a comfort to have an opportunity of offering up our thanks to Him who preserves the traveller by land and by water. The laquais-de-place told us the man who opened the door was a Jew, and, as a gratuitous remark, "a bad man, and worth nothing:" he said "it was bien drole a Jew should open the door of a Christian church." As usual, all the shops were open, and ladies buying as if on a week-day. This was very revolting to our feelings, and disgusted us with the clean town of Manheim.

In the evening we walked to the château, an enormous building, and from the red stone and white stucco, not pretty. The grass grows luxuriantly in the court, and the grass in the garden was kept for hay. In England we shave too much, and continue it too far from the house; here they shave too little, and not near enough. That happy medium, so difficult as it is so rarely met with, would improve both countries, not only in the matter of shaving, but in other things. In a well-kept place in England, a pretty little wild-flower dare not shew its face: the moment it peeps its head above the blade of grass, the gardener comes, with his merciless scythe, and cuts it down; off with their heads—so much for daisies! But here the wildflower runs wild; the thistle raises his prickly head, under the very eye of royalty, with a daring unprecedented; and the whole botanic tribe enjoy a freedom and ease quite unknown in our aristocratic parterres.

I was thinking of the great liberality of allowing all people to walk as they liked, but lamenting the deprivation of privacy to the owner, when my young friend espied a little gate, and immediately tried it, but it was locked. Ah! I am glad of it, there they have a private garden, and upon looking farther I saw a green-house. The Grand Duchess, being French, could hardly live without a garden. As I had the honour of knowing her at Rome some years ago, I thought of paying "my homage;" but dressing and ceremony (though I know there is little with her Royal Highness) on a journey are troublesome; so we decided upon proceeding on our route. But before I step into the carriage, I will tell you how near I was being in a very unpleasant predicament, with respect to the Duchess, from not reading the whole of a note I received from her Royal Highness, or at least not with that attention it deserved, having been presented and invited to her house. Seeing she accepted the invitations of the English, from meeting her often, we thought it necessary to do as others did, and invited her Royal Highness with all proper ceremony, and received, as I thought, an excuse, as the answer commenced by regrets, &c.; some visitors entered at that moment, and I laid it down. They departed, as visitors often do, after a dozen unmeaning questions and answers, which put the note and its contents out of my head for some time: no person had been invited, and of course no party made. Some days after, the note fell under my eye, and, taking it up, more to see how it was worded than for any thing else, I found to my amazement and great fright, though it began by excuses, it ended in saying she would come, the latter part of the evening. But two days intervening remained; imagine my pleasure at having escaped such an awkward position, inviting Royalty and not being at home to receive her! However, we soon mustered ninety-five of the *élite* of Rome; and the party went off, apparently, to the satisfaction of all—a happiness not always attained by those who entertain, who often get little commendation. In drawing a great number of persons, commonly called *friends*, together, they generally catch a few foes amongst them, who contrive. having nothing else to do, to do a little arithmetic, in the way of *subtraction*, from the merits of the proceedings, however anxiously the host and hostess may have exerted themselves, and poured out the contents of their purses, to please them. Such is the world, and we call them *friends!*

So, after half a century of thought upon this subject, the conclusion arrived at is, that though large entertainments may be necessary for those in public life, they do no good to those in private.

We left the fair and wide streets of Manheim to proceed to Heidelberg. The castle is a very fine ruin, beautifully situated, and well worth the time of a day to see it. What a pity it is a ruin! and yet, perhaps more interesting as it is. It was destroyed, in part, by the French, in Louis the XIVth's time; the remainder afterwards by lightning. There was one corner I should like to have lived in: I could soon have made it habitable; it would be something romantic to live in a ruin on the top of a hill; and if I could have continued to live without eating, or have sold some nostrum, to cure something, or every thing, the human frame complains of, I might have made a fortune, particularly if I could have contrived a long grey beard.

Gentle reader! if you are a philosopher, or perhaps a chemist, can you tell why women have not beards? It was once answered, because they could not hold their tongues long enough to shave; but I think you will agree with me, that that must be a libel. And, since the law says truth is a libel though it may be a truth, it ought to be punishable.

Although most people know all that is to be known about Heidelberg, it would be derogatory to the dignity of the great tun not to mention it. This emperor of casks, then, was made by order of Charles Leopold in 1751, and intended as a fit and proper emblem of the great riches and fertility of the country around. It contains 236 tuns, or 283,200 bottles; enough to content any corporation of bipeds. It has been three times filled; and now, like many other things once full and courted, is empty and sad. It is thirty-eight feet long, and its diameter eighty-four feet; it has no hoops, and gives one more the idea of the hull of a ship than any thing else. These monstrous things are more an emblem of folly than sense! There is a little figure behind, rather startling at first, until you find he is in plaster. He is intended to represent a fac-simile of the buffoon, Clemens, who drank fifteen bottles of wine a-day, jolly man! It would be difficult to find his match in these temperate days. He was rather an expensive toy to keep; and it is a great blessing buffoons are not the fashion now, though in the times gone by they might have been useful. They had the liberty of the tongue, we have the liberty of the press, and take the liberty of using it; but if it is so *valuable* a liberty we should be careful not to *abuse* it.

So, after discussing sufficiently the great tun, and his little master, for I suppose he must have been the master, as no man could drink like him, " we went our way" to the chapel. And now I come to describe another figure of a man, but very different, both in dress and character: he is the priest, doing his duty in the confessional, with his head out, listening to what he is told; and really looked so like nature, from above, that it was difficult to believe it art upon a nearer inspection. Things, as well as people, appear so different at a distance, from what they really are; so this grave man, in russet brown, who was a fright to us from above, was a joke to us below.

There are a few English living here; (for where are they not?) perhaps, for the convenience of the university. It must be a dull residence, and with few resources. Manheim is better, but greatly raised in price, since the English chose it for their abode. We returned there in the evening, and early next morning set out post for Baden Baden, sending a servant and baggage by the Rhine to Effezheim, a few miles from Baden. We staid one night there, quite long enough to decide not to like it, although the country about it is very pretty, and just at the entrance of the Black Forest; but Baden, like other places, has had its day; and now the evening comes on, many who go there to be cured are disappointed, and those who intended to be gay, leave it sorrowful; their purses light, their heads heavy. The gambling table can change with magical skill the balance of power. There have been some melancholy suicides at Baden. An awful circumstance happened there, a year ago: a gentleman, who was playing, sat quite still, until his money had won all at the table; they looked at him with surprise, and found him still motionless: they spoke, no answer,—touched him, to make him observe he had won everything, but he took no notice; they soon discovered he was dead,—his soul had fled where money was no use, at the very moment he had gained so much. What a death, and what a scene followed! They immediately disputed who was to have the money: the banker claimed it as his; the relations of the deceased demanded it, as his heirs; a lawsuit ensued, and it was decided in favour of the relations.

On our way to Baden, we stopped at Schwetzingen, where the Grand Duke has a chateau, and the most beautiful garden I ever saw in any country, both as to rarity and extent. It contains a hundred and eighty German acres, and is adorned with cascades, fountains, obelisks, temples, Chinese bridges, Roman antiquities, Indian pagodas, a Turkish mosque, and a temple of Minerva. The fountain of birds is a curious idea: they have enticed a poor screech-owl from his dark abode, into the centre of the fountain at noon-day, and shut him up in a large iron cage; above him, and all round, are birds of every description, from the gorgeous peacock to the little tomtit, all in league against him, and spouting streams of water from all sides, upon the poor prisoner. Dazzled with the light, he cannot see; puzzled with the sound, he cannot hear; with half-spread wings, and open eyes, he spouts his share of the water, in rage and despair. It is possible, the inventor of this fountain had mankind in his eye, and wished to give a specimen of the treatment they sometimes receive from their fellow men.

The temple of Apollo and the bath are built of marble, formerly found in this country; there are several rooms in it richly ornamented. The temple of Botany is in the form of an old oak scooped out; it has a portal and cupola curiously done: the goddess, in white marble, holds the system of Linnæus in her hand; near her is a vase of plants; perhaps the reader will be able to name this goddess, for I either never heard it, or have forgotten. Above the arches of the Roman ruin, is a beautiful view of Manheim and the surrounding country. There is an obelisk in a little vineyard near the aqueduct; when this part was laid out, they found a human skeleton, as well as that of a horse. In the right hand was a sword four feet long, in the left a piece of iron and a piece of bronze; no doubt part of the shield. The spurs and a piece of metal which formed part of the bridle, make it likely to have been a knight killed in battle: the head was found three feet further on.

A dying Agrippina is just opening a vein in the bath: it is well marble is white; this, coloured to the life, would be dreadful to look at, but in white scarcely gives the idea of what it is. So it is with statuary in general: we look at and admire it, as a wonderful piece of art, without annexing any other idea, or thinking whether it is dressed or undressed.

But those who see them for the first time, and with an *artless* eye, see nothing but the want of drapery; much has been said upon this subject, but it is one can never be decided, because all cannot be artists.

The aqueduct and Roman ruin are imitations, which destroys, in an instant, any interest one might have taken in them seen at a distance; so unpleasant is falsehood, even in such a form. At equal distances from Agrippina, are Mercury and Minerva. Why the artist placed these two personages together, I know not; and I am sorry to mention, my friend Minerva is without drapery. I never saw her in any country in such a state of, I cannot say, *deshabille*, for she was not "*habillée*" at all. The only excuse to be made for her is, that she once formed part of a group, when Paris decided that most difficult question, which was the prettiest. Her companions, it is said, are at Dusseldorf; perhaps she separated from her friends in a moment of jealousy, knowing her merits were greater than theirs. But she should have recollected, it was a matter of physical beauty; and though her wisdom would have been more fascinating to some, Paris, like many a one of his form and gender, preferred the beauty.

There are a great number of busts too tedious to mention; but the most extraordinary building in a northern land is the mosque: it is an oblong figure with an Arabian portico; the entrance is full of sentences, taken from the Koran; the expense of this must have been great. The stranger should mount one of the minarets, to see the view, which is so fine. We now come to the Roman burial place; but I do not intend to take my reader through all the alleys of lime trees, just then so sweet, nor the horse chestnuts with their beautiful flowers, the dark green pine, or light green larch, nor over the bridges, lest he should grow weary; but let him sit down on the ground, and he will see two Latin inscriptions, to let those who come to visit this place know, that it is supposed a battle was once fought here, and that various knights, Roman and Teutonic, fell on the field. When that part of the garden was made, a mound, seven feet high and three hundred long, was removed; a row of skeletons, laid in good order, their heads high, the faces turned to the east, were found in it; under these bones were bucklers, lances, shields, urns with ashes, vases of glass and clay;

but notwithstanding all these warlike symptoms, some think, this was a peaceable dwelling of the Romans, who colonized this part of the country.

Volumes have been written by antiquaries, some deciding a thing was this, and some that; whilst another will give you half a century of arguments that it cannot be either one or the other; and perhaps, if truth would open her mouth, and say what it really was, she would tell us all were wrong. Will the day ever come people will dispute about the battle of Waterloo?

There is a lake here, and various statues of gigantic size; you have fine water, earth, and air, all figuring away in sandstone. The Rhone and the Danube are not forgotten, each with the attribute of their country. Just here, a stag with ten antlers, hunted in the Hartwold, breathed his last; the spot is marked by the figures of two stags pursued by dogs spouting water.

The orangery is 600 feet long, and forms one section of a circle, in front of the chateau; it was built in 1784. The corresponding building, on the left side, contains the dining and drawing-rooms; it was built in 1755, and cost 60,000 florins. There are two hydraulic machines to supply the garden with water; and green-houses with many rare plants; a nursery, with 200,000 trees. This was laid out by one of the Marquesses of Baden.

The expense of this garden must have been immense; there is an orchard with 200,000 trees. Charles Theodore laid out much upon it, and appropriated 66,000 florins a-year to keep it in order; but the present Grand Duke seldom visits it more than once a-year, and has greatly diminished this allowance: but he is exceedingly liberal in his order that strangers should receive every attention. Although my readers may say I have been prolix in my description of this delightful garden, if they should visit it they will think I have not said enough, and rejoice to pass half a day admiring the great variety of amusement collected together in a comparatively small space; although, as a garden, it is so large, and also noting how much may be made with skill and money, of a flat sandy plain. Were I obliged to choose a residence between Manheim and Schwetzingen, I should not hesitate to prefer the enjoyment of this garden; but it would only suit those who love retirement. I should also think it a much less expensive place. It is but a short drive from Manheim.

We met a great number of oxen and cows in carts that day, and every one had a large bouquet of flowers at their heads. I do not know if it were a fête day, they have so many fêtes in a Catholic country, but it looked gay and pretty. The peasants of the Continent make use of flowers much more than those in England. Every fête day, whether of saint or sinner, is a signal for culling the prettiest flowers of field or garden; bouquets, garlands, crowns, and wreaths, are put in requisition, and made according to the taste of the hand that wreathes them, and the fashion of the country. There is great pleasure in this occupation. I have seen many a little busy hand and smiling face in haste to finish their work, and enjoying with satisfaction the anticipated pleasure of the following day, when their taste would be admired by friends of their own rank and age.

I know no pleasure so great as to relieve the working class, who are born to earn their bread by their daily labour, from the continual care and toil of it; to give them an innocent amusement; to let them look forward to some day, or days, in the year, when they may forget their laborious lot in life, and be happy. The want of public gardens near the towns in England is a serious evil; the working class have no place of recreation; the alehouse is the only resource for the men; the women and children have none; a walk up and down close streets is all their recreation; while on the Continent every town has its garden. At Weimar and Meiningen, the tradespeople have little gardens out of the town, with a building of some sort, more or less costly, where they go in the evenings, or leisure days, with their families; cultivate them themselves, and gain health and information by their work. I have often wished such an example were followed in England; and I am sure it would pay a proprietor of land near a town well, to form little gardens, of a rood of land, or more, according to the demand; lay them prettily out with fruit trees, flowers, and vegetables, and a hut, or some sort of little temple, to drink tea in, and afford shelter in case of rain. There is not a person who could at all afford it would not take them; indeed it would be economical, though they paid five pounds a-year for it; for it would prevent the wish to go to the alehouse on the part of the man, and give an agreeable employment to the women and children. All young ones delight in a garden; and a little premium, or a crown of flowers as abroad, to reward the young gardener for the earliest vegetable, fruit, or flower, would give great interest to his labours, and be a far better way of employing his time for exercise, out of school, than playing with idle boys in the streets, learning bad language and bad habits.

CHAPTER VI.

Wildbad, June 4.

HERE we are at last, after a fortnight's perambulation by land and by water. There is a great satisfaction in coming to the end of one's journey, particularly if no accident has happened, and one can say "All right" at the end. We can say so, as far as accidents went; if I come to speak of losses, then I cannot say all right, inasmuch as losing one's property is all wrong; and we contrived, in the short distance between Baden and Wildbad, about forty miles, to lose a shawl, which that busy body, nobody, who does all sorts of mischief nobody knows why, or how he contrives it:—he, they say, took, but where he put it he never "let on," as we say in Yorkshire.

The other loss was of a different kind, and we knew the body who took that; but many a thief comes off "scot free," because you can't catch him, and so did he. Now the case was this: part of the road between the "said" Baden and the "said" Wildbad is very bad: they say it is to be better; when things come to the worst they mend for a simple reason—as nothing stands still on earth, and as they cannot grow worse, consequently they must grow better.

Coming down a steep hill, full of stones, the drag could stand it no longer, and broke, like many other things worn out with fatigue; and when the poor drag was no longer able to support the weight of the carriage, so steep was the hill that two strong men behind with great difficulty kept it back.

Fortunately, at the foot of this hill was a village, and the first enquiry was for the blacksmith. Vulcan takes care to have busy workmen in every quarter; sends them into bed late, and takes them out of it early; luckily for us, for we were late.

Having found the blacksmith, the next enquiry was for a drag—in such hilly countries they are always plentiful—it was soon added, and we "went our way" to Neuenburg, where we arrived at the fashionable hour of eleven at night.

The next morning at ten o'clock we were safely set down in our new abode at Wildbad, and in the hurry of unpacking, the one appointed to take charge of those matters, never thinking of such nimble-fingered gentry in so simple a country, took no notice of the postilion's occupation, or missed the newly-acquired drag, until too late to remedy the evil.

We mentioned our loss, some time after, to our landlord, who looked grave. "'Twas strange, 'twas passing strange," he would "look to it;" but we never had the pleasure of looking at it again.

Now, though I have mentioned we had arrived at Wildbad, we were not yet in it, but ten minutes walk out of it, as the house that Dr. Fricker was so kind as to take for us was exactly (as near as I can calculate by Shrewsbury clock) that time from the town.

Dr. Granville seems to be the first English writer upon these baths; his work has induced many to come and try them. Indeed before it came out, they were little known to any but the people of Wurtemberg. They come regularly and quietly every year to enjoy their bath, and certainly the most agreeable of any I have ever tried; but whether they will continue to enjoy it, now that strangers, and especially the English, have found it out, is very doubtful, as they generally, like the soldier fish, turn the inhabitants out; and as, from Dr. Granville's work, they seem to be making acquaintance with every bath in every corner of Germany, it is to be feared that, if something does not stop them, the poor Germans will not be able to take any bath, or drink any of their numerous waters, in peace.

The only alternative they will have will be to come to England and take ours. I dare say we have many quite as good, which, if farther off, would be more considered by us; but we are such dear creatures in England, that no stranger dare come near us.

It might be a good plan, now that travelling "is made easy," to advertise moderate prices at our watering places, and try to get back a *little* of the great sum that goes annually out of England into the purses of foreigners, and make an exchange. If we were as civil and obliging to them when they come to our country, as they are to us when we go to theirs, they might like to come and look at us at home; and it would be a pleasing variety to both. Those who never leave the Albion Isle, would see they were not the hobgoblins their fancy has made them; and they would be convinced that England is not the dull and gloomy land they have been taught to believe it. A better acquaintance with each other, and reciprocal kindness between nations, as with individuals, is always useful.

The first thing that surprised us here, was the house we were to inhabit, which looked anything at that time but habitable; with the loose stones round it, and the large coach houses on the ground floor filled with wood, &c. However, upon entering it, we found all clean and new upon the first floor, which consisted of five rooms and a kitchen.

Mr. Kepler, the proprietor, received us at the door, and had ordered every thing necessary for us. Two hours after, we were sitting at luncheon, with "Galignani's Gazette" on the table, and felt as much at home as if we had been there for many weeks.

And now, for the first time since we left England, we feel at rest; for what with swimming over the water, and flying over the land, we have hardly touched the ground. Those who travel post as hard as they can, from one town to another, know little of the country, and not a great deal of the town; for the hurry to see every thing in the shortest possible time, confuses the minds of many, so that at last they can hardly tell you where they have been.

It has often happened upon conversing with those who have been in the same places, I have said, "You remember so and so?" "No! but I staid a very short time there." This is bad economy, both of time and money.

CHAPTER VII.

THE situation of this town is most romantic. The river Enz runs through it from south to north, and is shut up between a chain of mountains, extending from south-west to north-east, and varying in height from twelve hundred to fifteen hundred feet above the valley. They recede in some places considerably, and in others advance, so as to cause the river to wind very much. In some turns of it, there is only room for itself and the roads at each side. The mountains are entirely covered with wood; generally the Pinus Sylvestris; few Scotch firs, and fewer larch. There are some large and most picturesque oak, and other deciduous trees, but they are rare; the roots grow in the most fantastic form, often covered with moss and wild flowers; and the stones, for these are scarcely large enough to be called rocks, peeping through them, form a beautiful study for a painter.

The walks for many miles round the town, in every direction, are charming; the peeps you catch at the different openings are striking, and you stop with pleasure to gaze upon so singular a scene, and to listen to the murmuring of the little river below; while the calm stillness of all around,

Friedel, lith. 252, Tottenham C^t. R^d.

THE BATHS, WILDBAD.

soothes and enchants. On one side, the little village of Kalmbach, embedded in the forest; on the other, the wee wee town of Wildbad, with all its sources, baths, and bathers, just under it; and all along the river, innumerable little wooden farms, for both hay and corn. These form quite a feature in the valley, and a very uncommon one. The people are obliged by the government to erect them, as Wildbad has been twice entirely destroyed by fire, from the old custom of making the lower part of their houses the repository of such combustible matter.

The higher you rise in the mountain the deeper the shade; this is delightful in hot weather, which prevails to a great degree in July and August, though this summer has been very cool, and often refreshed by showers. We had one violent thunder-storm, which did enormous damage all along the valley of the Rhine, to Baden and its neighbourhood; but here it flashed and rattled harmlessly by. The inhabitants say, "However the thunder rolls, it hurts not Wildbad."

In some parts of the forest the red pine predominates. On the top of the heights are vast plains, extending south-west towards Wilden See, (Wild Lake), and north-west towards Dobel, in the direction of the valley of Ayach.

The west of the mountains being entirely covered with wood, there can be no view from them, and the sun sets so rapidly it is soon dark. I was told by a lady who was here last September, that the candles were lighted at five o'clock in the middle of the month; this makes the winter appear sadly long to the inhabitants.

There are violent currents of air down the valley, which is four leagues long, and these contribute much to clear the atmosphere, and render this a healthy place; which the doctors say it is in a remarkable degree. There are no stagnant waters in this neighbourhood, therefore no bad air; for though there is a miasma surrounding the Wilden See, and not far from where the Enz takes its source, it is too high to be felt at Wildbad; but its being surrounded by mountains makes it cold in the mornings and evenings, and in the middle of the day in summer very hot. The snow often lies in the hollows of the mountains from the month of November to the end of April; but in the valley it soon melts with the heat of the sun, and much less falls there. The temperature is very variable: the thermometer fell sixteen degrees in one day this summer. The south wind, which comes from the valley of the Murg, hunts the storm down the Enz, and so little do you see of the sky, that it pours upon you before you are aware of it.

This is a most interesting country to the botanist. A great variety of plants and flowers cover the ground in every direction. In the beginning of June the Spartium Scoparium gilds your path.

The quantity of bilberries is immense; the women and children gather them most rapidly, in little boxes open at the end, and the bottom cut half through like a wide comb; in this way a basket is soon gathered, and without touching the fruit with their fingers. It would be an advantage to the eaters and collectors, if all small fruit could be gathered in the same neat and expeditious mode. I have brought one of these little boxes with me, and any one wishing to establish a company for *neat and expeditious, and punctual fruit-gathering*, shall have all my assistance and goodwill. I will not make any bargain, but leave it to the "*generosity*" of the company!! I have seen but few cranberries, a great quantity of foxglove, and acres of the Epilobium Angustifolium. There is a great variety of mosses and lichens; the bearded moss hangs upon the pine, long and pointed, like stalactites in a cave, and not unlike in colour.

The Black Forest, in which my readers are aware Wildbad reposes, is a chain of mountains, or rather thick masses of isolated pointed hills, beginning south-west of the Rhine, in the neighbourhood of Basle, and extending north-east to Dourlach and Pforzheim; its length, from Sackingen to Pforzheim, is twenty German miles, (one German mile makes nearly five English;) its breadth to the south, between Mulheim and Blomberg, is ten German miles, but it recedes towards the north, so that its breadth is only six miles between Baden Baden and Wilderstadt. The whole superficial measure is ninety square miles.

As many of these conical hills approach nearly the height of the Alps, and as the highest point in Wurtemberg, the Katzen Kopf, (3612 feet above the sea,) which divides this country from the Duchies of Baden, is in the neighbourhood of Wildbad, it follows that the snow falls sooner, and remains longer on the top, than in the plain. On the Feldberg it hardly ever melts, especially on the north side; and the climate of those valleys is very severe, which causes the weather in the whole neighbourhood of Wildbad to be so uncertain, and generally cold.

When the north wind blows down the valley it is excessively cold in winter, although it has sometimes happened the snow has not remained more than fifteen days on the ground. The month of July and half of August is generally the time of the greatest heat, and we are told it is sometimes almost insupportable in the middle of the day. But we have been fortunate this summer, for, except a few days, the heat has been moderate, although there is often an oppressive feel of want of air. It is both hotter and colder here than at Stuttgardt, although nearly the same degree of latitude, and also surrounded with mountains but only 770 feet above the level of the sea. The mean temperature of June, July, and August, is

14° 76′ of Reaumur, at Stuttgardt, and rises to 25° 95′ in the hottest day. In winter it is down to 0° 65′, on the coldest days. The quantity of rain which here falls is double that at Stuttgardt; in general, the mean temperature of the year, to the south-west, in the Black Forest, is nearly the same as that of the north side of the Alps. But on the east, which is the Wurtemburg part, the temperature is some degrees lower. As the spring is often late here, vegetation is rapid, and, as far as my observation of the climate goes, it is much finer in summer than in England. There when all was rain and cold, here it was fine and warm, except for a few days.

As to this being a healthy climate, Dr. Heim says, "It is neither better nor worse than other places in the neighbourhood. Complaints of the chest are very rare at Wildbad; this proceeds from the balsamic exhalations from the resinous trees of the forest. The water is exceedingly pure; many persons come here for no other purpose but to drink of the 'limpid spring.' If goulard is put into it it does not turn white, as in the water of other springs. The warm springs, though close to the cold ones, have no effect upon them. I have seen very few cases of gout here; but in the neighbouring villages they are common." Dr. Heim says, "Several species of sea-weed are to be found in the forest, and a large collection of ferns." Those we see at every step; but I cannot "speak to" the sea-weed.

To the botanist—the lover of nature—this forest has a thousand charms; and he might pass many months exploring it with great interest. He might either walk or ride, and he would always find a little inn where he might dine or sleep, and rise in the morning with confidence that he would not have his purse emptied by an exorbitant charge.

I have said so much of the climate, as some persons have thought this would be an eligible place to live in for a year or two, as it is certainly a cheap country to the inhabitants. But the winters are too long, and too severe, to make it agreeable; and the want of provisions, as there is no market, would be intolerable. But a summer passed as I have described, would be much more instructive and agreeable to the stranger than gambling at Baden, or lounging at the watering places, already overrun with idlers. He would be forced, in some degree, to learn German, as they do not speak French. Those who come for health cannot enjoy this country in the same degree. I often wished I had strength to run up the mountain; explore every nook and cranny; perch on the top of the highest tree, like the eagle; and pierce with my eye the inmost recesses of this vast and beautiful forest. I have travelled far, but have seen nothing like it; it is unique. Fortunately for the sick at Wildbad, gambling is not allowed, for nothing is found to be worse than the excitement of play. While either bathing or drinking the waters, the mind should be kept perfectly quiet, free from work or care of any sort; indeed that is half the cure; numbers come now to Germany whose health is injured, and in some cases destroyed, by over work at the desk. Long sitting, long fasting, and much thinking, seem to be more injurious to the health, and require a longer time to cure, than over-working the body.

No extra gain can ever pay a man for the loss of health and life before his natural time for dropping off; and it is surprising, that those employed in public offices, counting-houses, or any sedentary labour, should not divide their time, so as to give themselves at least two hours in the day for exercise. To say it cannot be done is absurd. If the work is really so heavy, that a man must continue at it twelve or fourteen hours a day to get it done, an additional hand should be put to it. The saving expense is no excuse, where there is such a benefit to be gained as a continued state of good health; and the work would be better done.

When the mind is on the full stretch for so many hours a day, it loses its power: its elasticity is gone, and in many cases, justice, absolutely justice, is not done; for he who administers it is not himself; his mind is gone from over fatigue. This class of persons, and the young girl kept hard at work at her needle, often both day and night, are most to be pitied. The poor girl, shut up in a little back room looking to a dead wall; the face growing pale, the mind growing melancholy; no day let out but Sunday, and then perhaps a lover meets her; he may be true, and may be not; and here, the hardness of woman's lot on earth commences.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE first bath I took was in the Catherine's bath, which is a very large basin of water, divided by wooden partitions into several baths. The roof of this goes up to a great height, like a chimney; and the partitions not reaching near the top, every sound in the neighbouring bath is heard too distinctly for the comfort of the bather.

I had been but a few minutes in this bath, when the noise in the next of men's voices echoed to the roof, and in a little time came a rushing sound of water against the wooden wall, which I could not understand; presently the water came over the wall, and sprinkled me with chilling drops. I changed my position, went from side to side, but still the water followed me, and the noise of laughing and merriment increased. To retreat was the sole resource left, and I lost that day's bath; the next the same thing occurred; and, thinking they were workmen cleaning the walls by a new and approved method, I left it, hoping this was the last of their operations. However, I had hardly entered the water the third time, before that reasonable hope fled, and I was again the victim of some unknown proceeding in the next bath.

As it was impossible this should continue, I complained to good Dr. Fricker, who ordered me the Fursten-bad, or Prince's bath; and upon enquiring into the mystery of the sprinkling, I discovered it was the mode of taking the douche, or shower-bath, at Wildbad, which is exactly the same operation upon the human frame, that a gardener performs with his garden engine against his fruit trees, and with the same force and energy.

The change to this new and peaceable bath was, indeed, agreeable; and as this is the one mentioned by Dr. Granville as being so charming, I must describe it. Imagine then a room about eighteen feet long and twelve wide, a low arch at one end (not extending the whole breadth), and a staircase of fourteen steps, four feet and a half wide; at the other two large windows, high above the staircase, to which there is neither rail nor balustrade of any kind, so that an invalid might fall over (but I suppose they never do!): nor is there the shadow of a shade of a screen, to protect the modest stranger from the scrutinizing glance of those already in the water below. This is most unpleasant to the English ladies, unaccustomed as they are to bathe in company; but still worse is the coming out, to mount that terrible staircase, "dripping like a *drownded* rat."

There is but one dressing room to this social bath, also without curtain or screen, so that the dressing is even more unpleasant than the bathing. I was fortunate in having this immense bath all to myself for the first month, and was in hopes this exclusive privilege would continue my time. But one ominous day the Doctor came to say, "He was very sorry, but I could no longer take the bath alone; a lady demanded it at the same hour, and there was a law to prevent monopoly. The bath held eight persons; and unless the sum for the whole was paid, no one individual could have it." This sounded terrific to have eight ladies bathing! but he consoled me by saying, there was only one, and she was quite "*comme il faut*," a Russian lady related to princes, some of them banished to Siberia.

Oh, then! this must be the lady we heard a few days ago, making so strong a remonstrance against bathing in company; and, as two negatives make an affirmative, they say, I thought, perhaps, we might agree. When we became acquainted, she told me just the same arguments were made use of to reconcile her to my company. Habit and education are too powerful to be easily overcome. I lost my bath, the first day, after this arrangement, and though at the door, turned from it, and came home. But as this could not continue, the wisest thing was to make the best of it; and the next day, I hurried to be there first, and was comfortably settled, up to my neck in warm water, when the door opened, and Madame appeared, supported by her maid. I wished at that moment, for the pencil of Cruikshank: tragedy was so strongly depicted in her countenance, and I am sure, (if I could have seen it,) comedy in mine. She began, at the first step, to beg my pardon; and at the last, to complain of the number of them: here was a point we agreed upon at once. Then the water was too cold, and the roof too high (it was twenty feet); though the bath was so large, she could not find a place to suit her; at last, she sat down, and I could not help smiling, at our floating robes looking like great white fishes. There is something in a smile that attracts at once, particularly a foreigner: she smiled too. I made a remark upon the absurdity of a presentation in the water: when she said, "Madame, je suis charmée que vous parlez français." The ice was broken! she commenced a most agreeable conversation; time flew like lightning, and, at parting, we both hoped to meet again.

The next morning I was ordered to take the douche in the Wildbad way, and just as my Russian friend was in the middle of a most interesting story, the woman with her terrible machine came in to fire water at my poor head. The first blow nearly knocked me down; but the look of pity and anxiety of my Russian friend acted so strongly upon my risible muscles, that I burst out laughing, to her great surprise. A sketch of us now would have been perfect, and the bathing woman, not the least in the picture; for she was six feet high, with a face of an extraordinary length, and eyes that looked both ways, but with a good-tempered mouth, that redeemed all. There is more in a mouth than the eye thinks! Every second day is as much as patients can bear of this watery operation, which is said to be most efficacious, though it weakens at the time very much.

Yesterday, my friend, Madame de M——, did not arrive, and I took the bath "all alone, and by myself," which I found solitary; and so, having nothing else to do, I began to think of her, and to conjecture who she was and how she was, for illness prevented her coming, and I was sorry for it, first upon her account, and then upon my own. There is something selfish in every thing we do, poor creatures as we are; and it is always agreeable to know "the life and conversation" of those with whom we make acquaintance. It is most *particularly essential* on the Continent; and the more agreeable they are, and *comme il faut* they appear, the more necessary to find out their life and *adventures*, as they are the more likely to become intimate. It is most cutting to good feeling to discover, after the intimacy is made, that your quondam friend is exactly the person you ought *not* to have known. Such things happen constantly abroad, perhaps more frequently to the English than any other nation: their own being so reserved, so cold, so calculating in society, they are charmed with the pleasing, flattering manners of their continental neighbours, who, pleased with themselves, try to communicate the same feeling to others. So that, before you have been half an hour in their company, you begin to think you must be much more amiable and agreeable than ever you were before, or that your merits have been greatly disparaged in your own land. This unfortunately, though natural, is too fascinating to young English ladies, just "come out," starting into life, from the chrysalis to the butterfly; from the moping school room, to the shining ball room, and there to find, if there is either beauty or grace, such adulation; so much compliment and flattering, that the poor little soul, tremblingly alive to anything so new, too frequently becomes either a confirmed coquette, or falls a sacrifice to some adventurer, perhaps unsuitable in age, rank, habits, feelings, and every thing else. Not being able, with all my thinking, to fathom the lady, though I could easily the water I was sitting in, it being only eighteen inches deep, I began to consider if I could think of anything that would be useful to you, my gentle reader, as *one* great object of this little work is to be useful, if I can. So from the pretty butterfly, which seems only to exist to feed the feathered tribe, thought flew to the little busy bee, working hard to make honey for men and bears, who kill it for its wealth; and, as I know of a simple and effectual way of saving a weak swarm, I will tell it to you. This then is the manner: take an equal quantity of honey and brown sugar, mix them well together, put the mixture upon a plate, cover it with a large piece of silver paper, take it with a sheet to the hive, set it on the sheet, upon the ground, and place the hive over it, tie it up tight, and carry it into a warm room,—set it on the hearth, close to the fire, and leave it there all night. The bees will soon come down, pierce the paper, and take as much honey as will support them all the winter. Next day, place them in the coldest part of the garden under a north wall; they will sleep till spring, when they should be moved to a south aspect: in this way, a weak swarm is better than a strong one, and will cast earlier in summer.

CHAPTER IX.

AS far as expense goes, bathing is "made easy" in this country. This Prince's bath is only forty-two kreutzers (three of which make a penny) before twelve o'clock; but if you take it after that hour, you only pay twenty-four, and four kreutzers for attendance and use of linen, except the "roquelaire," which, as it is different from the bathing dress in England, I will just mention, for the benefit of those who wish to take one with them, and so save trouble and expense. It is a very wide dressing-gown, with large long sleeves, made of white calico,—this is more convenient, and more easily thrown off, than our comparatively tight-fitting dress. The gentlemen wear the same form of robe; and as this is the Prince's bath, which seems to imply that princes, like mankind, are both male and female, so both sexes use it, though not, as at Baden, near Vienna, at *the same time.* There the ladies and gentlemen use the bath as they would a club house in England, (if they allowed the ladies admittance, which at present there seems no chance of;) and they lounge in the water, instead of the arm-chair. I am told, (for I have not enjoyed the pleasure there seems to be in this mode of passing the morning,) that the ladies are dressed in the most becoming style. Instead of the ugly oil-skin bathing cap, or white towel, tied round the head, the hair is dressed in the newest fashion; flowers, diamonds, or other ornaments, applied according to the taste of the head-dresser, whether man or maid. The "roquelaire" is of any, or all, the colours of the rainbow united, to produce harmony and effect upon the lords of the creation; who, in duty bound to return the compliment, mount their best head-dresses, and, if in the cavalry, wear their helmets, as being the most becoming, and likely to produce an effect upon the eyes, and perhaps the hearts, of the younger and more beautiful of the perambulators in warm water. Thus they walk about, or sit, for many hours in social converse; but as both bathing and talking are exhausting, each person has a little table swimming before him or her, upon which are placed such refreshments as may be chosen by the possessor (for the time being) of the floating wooden convenience.

But these aquatic philosophers, while they are eating, are not confined to the society of their friends *under* the water only,—they have friends *above* water too; for there is a gallery round the bath, and those who know the haunts of their acquaintances, come there, and are pretty sure to find them.

The length of time the physicians order their patients to remain in the bath, sounds incredible to those who are not accustomed to it. In some parts of Germany, from ten to twelve hours is not uncommon, and I *once* heard of twenty-four. The doctors seem to be of opinion that the best mode of curing or getting rid of a disease, is to drown it; but it appears there are some disorders that take the water so kindly they will not be drowned, and live as merrily in the body they have taken possession of as ever.

Our British descendants of Æsculapius think *poisoning* is the most approved method. Certainly, if the malady could be *approached* by the poison without touching the body enclosing it, this might be a speedy proceeding; but as it must first pass through it, their brethren on the Continent think this a very dangerous experiment, and express themselves strongly upon it. When a serious case comes under their care, they calculate the distance of the cure according to the quantity of poison, whether calomel, (which they have a horror of,) arsenic, prussic acid, or any other deadly drug that has been taken internally in this land of liberty for poisoning her Majesty's subjects.

Many years ago, during one of our tours on the Continent, one of my children was attacked by a violent fever. The first physician of the neighbouring town was sent for, and he attended her during a long illness. I was little aware of the great mischief of calomel until then; but his daily exhortations against it, and lamentation at the English mania for it, quite convinced me of the sickness, misery, and death it entails upon those who are in the habit of using it. He often said, "If he were young, he would go to England, and devote his life to the task of endeavouring to convince the medical school there, of the destruction to health, and ultimate death, it produced." Since then, all the physicians I have consulted on the Continent have been of the same opinion; and as there is a fashion in medicine, as well as other things, it is to be hoped this calomelomania will go out, and that the safer hydro-mania will flow over, wash it out, for ever, and "leave not a wreck behind."

The poor here bathe for nothing but the trouble of drying their own roquelaires. This is as it should be: they have many advantages, as there is a book sent round to all who are out of the pale of that worst of maladies, poverty, and a handsome sum is annually subscribed for their relief. This has another great advantage—strangers are never troubled by mendicants; no one is allowed to ask for any thing, and if a beggar enters your house, upon a complaint being made, he will be deprived of relief by the authorities.

The first bell for the bathers sounds at four o'clock in the morning, and rings every hour until ten. At each chime the baths are emptied, and filled by a succession of persons, sometimes amounting to twenty, in the common bath. At the entrance there is a list of the names of the different sets of bathers. No one is admitted except those on the list, and it is requested that any person acting contrary to the rules should be complained of to the "bad physician," (which sounds to an English ear in a different sense from what is intended, namely, bath physician.) Some persons take what is called here a closet bath; I went to see one, but never desire to be *in* it, for "it was a very dismal place," and the reader may imagine how dark, when I mention that a lady once bathed in this closet, and did not see there was a man sitting in the corner, until she had got down the steps. Time had passed quickly, and the poor man had forgotten his hour was come, until he was frightened at the sight of the lady. The confusion among the "bad meisters" and the "bad meistresses" must have been great at such a rencontre.

CHAPTER X.

WE live here, as is our general habit every where, very retired: as yet the company is not numerous, and as we are a quarter of a mile from the town, it must be something more than commonly interesting to induce us to make a sortie thither after the seven o'clock walk to the bath, particularly as we are surrounded by the most beautiful walks, winding up the hills and down the valleys. Sometimes we stray along the merry little Enz, that sparkles with joy at getting rid of the load of wood it has been supporting and transporting for so many days, and now, left to itself again, ripples in crystal clearness over its stony bed. Sometimes we take a race up the hill by paths leading Peripatetics to the most picturesque and fantastic trees, some of "*heroic*" size, with roots of corresponding magnitude, starting from the neighbouring rocks, and uniting so closely with them, that you stop with surprise to study how they can have grown in "such wise," and wish for a pallet and a brush to record the fact on the spot. Many a time I have stood contemplating with delight the sports of this gigantic vegetable part of nature under peculiar circumstances, and looked with wonder (though wisdom never wonders) how curiously they accommodate themselves to their situation. A plant shut up in a room, with only a small hole, which admits a little light, will make its way to that spot, and at last peep, like a poor prisoner, out of it. Here the trees are not confined above, but below; the rocks dispute the property of the soil with them, and being the stronger, keep possession, with all the vigour of power and primary right; for the best friends of the poor tree must acknowledge it was but an interloper. But still it keeps its hold, and year after year winds itself closer and closer round its hard-hearted neighbour, until it becomes so identified with it, that you can hardly distinguish one from the other; the stone becomes mossy like the tree, and the tree rocky like the stone. So in the human race, those who "live and love together" become alike in habits as in face; husband and wife are frequently alike,—whether their likeness brings them together, or their union, as in the tree, creates the resemblance, I leave for philosophers to decide.

I have just heard, my new acquaintance and companion in the bath, Madame de M——, was born a princess: whom she was married to I have not been able to discover; but it is satisfactory to the feelings that this knowledge of her birth has made no difference in my estimation of her. The title of princess is held by a great number of his imperial Majesty's subjects in Russia, and implies neither royalty, as with us, nor even high rank, as in most countries; but the title, like the fortune of our English gentlemen, is a passport to society. "Allow me to introduce you to Mr. So and So, he has a large fortune!!" as if there was something *electric* in the property, whether in land or money, that must produce an instantaneous feeling of ecstasy upon the hearers, or shed a glory around the possessor, visible to all beholders.

When nothing better can be said of any one, the kind world says they are good-natured, as a sort of apology for their being nothing else, although there is hardly a man in society would accept the cognomen of the good-natured man. And yet there can be no comparison, in the compliment, between him and the rich man, or in the way they will make in foreign society—a good education and amiable manners being all there looked for in a stranger. Many a wealthy citizen has been surprised to find how little impression his riches has made upon the society he courts, or how they laugh at an expenditure so unnecessary to happiness, and so infinitely beyond their own, that they never think of competing with him, or returning his hospitalities. I can never forget a calculation being made of the cost of a dinner, given by an Englishman to a mixed company of Continental and English subjects in Paris, and which the former declared was so insufferably dull, they wished they had the twenty-five francs it cost for each, as it would have been more useful to them, less mischievous to Monsieur, and have been accepted as a greater civility. If all foreigners were of the same opinion, the English would receive little commendation for their expensive entertainments; and yet they like to come to their houses, and are keen observers of who open them, and who do not. I remember once being told by a gentleman in Bohemia, "Madame does nothing for society;" a curious remark, and one an Englishman would never have thought of making. It is wise to seek the best society in all countries; the highest, unfortunately, is not always the best, although in this instance it was.

The late King of Prussia, the most unassuming and unaffected monarch, and his amiable wife, came every evening to the saloon, at seven o'clock, during their stay at Toeplitz; chatted with those they knew; the Princess danced; the King walked about, and never allowed a lady to stand while speaking to him; he returned home at nine o'clock; the Princess de Liegnitz, half past ten. One night, in coming out, she turned to me and said, "I fear my people have forgotten me, the carriage is not come." Our's was at the door. To offer it to her Royal Highness was the natural impulse of the moment, and I yielded to it. She said, "I am very much obliged," and the next moment was driving home in it.

It is not an every-day occurrence to have it in our power to offer the wife of a King a set down! I merely mention it to show how entirely they threw off the state of royalty—the pomp and vanity of this world, during their stay at the baths. And so much did this good King dislike state, that he did not allow the Princess to have two footmen behind her carriage. One day, when walking, he saw her driving in her carriage, and two footmen behind it. In the evening he mentioned it, saying, "I always go with one." She said, "I was not aware of it; I suppose one got up behind in the street, for I set out with only one." Although descended from a family as ancient, or even more so, than that of the King, the Princess was not his equal in rank. A happy marriage it was for him; she made an admirable wife, and though he never gave her the title of Queen, he was watchful that every one should pay her the greatest respect; and he loved her as well as one could, whose heart was buried with his first wife in the grave. He used to spend hours at a time in her tomb, and to the last moment of his life she was engraved upon his heart.

CHAPTER XI.

IT is so natural to become attached to inanimate objects,—mountain, tree, or river, that I begin to like this little stream, there is so much variety in it. I always know when the wood is coming down, by the rushing of its waters. Yesterday they sounded louder than usual, and hearing voices in agitation, we stepped out to see what was the matter, and found the longest train of large wood we ever saw, had suddenly stopped in its progress down the river, which seemed to cause great anxiety in those guiding it. They sent to the town for the man in authority, who came in haste to witness this uncommon disobedience in the, generally, softly-gliding raft. We were standing on the opposite side, and I looked with interest at the difference of feeling and action in such an emergency, between our country and the Continent. He looked on in silence for a moment; then clasped his hands, and, with a look of despair, ran away. We waited to see what next, and in a little time came, one after the other, brothers of the forest, with their silver-buttoned jackets, and long leather boots, to the amount of twenty-three. The man in authority then began to "give tongue," and angrily did he reproach those whose business it was to prevent such a disaster. Each man had a long pole with a hook at one end, and having patiently borne the anger of their head, began, under his direction, to apply them with such force, and in such manner, as to dislodge the offending load, but not to persuade it to wend its way farther down the river. At this moment, a number of women, also with long poles, arrived; and with the zeal and energy that woman exerts in all she undertakes, their united force conquered. And what will such union of moral and physical strength *not conquer?* Then men jumped upon the raft; and in less time than I can describe it, the whole was out of sight; leaving us to think of the great beauty and fitness of these little streams for the use they are put to. It is surprising to see how these long rafts swim down with so much ease; taking every sharp turn, and shooting every fall: it is an interesting sight, and to an English eye, very uncommon.

The full season does not begin at any of the baths in Germany until July. There are few persons here yet of English, only a stray man or two, whose names we know not, but whose dress and manner stamp them English. Once upon a time, it was impossible to mistake one's countrymen; but now, with bushy beard and fierce moustache, one dare not say "This man's a Briton," either ancient or modern. As nature gave a beard, it is wonderful art ever thought of cutting it off; and yet there is an association of want of neatness with it, not pleasant; and when it is worn long, 'tis too Jewish to become a Christian. But of all beards upon the human face, the Russian is the most savage and inhuman. I have seen a coachman from that icy land driving his master's carriage at Carlsbad, looking

> "Like nothing on earth beside."

It will depend upon the ladies, whether beards will be tolerated in England or not. I observe abroad they are chiefly confined to the unmarried. In France it is becoming the distinguishing mark of the Carlist; and their acknowledging it, shews more courage than prudence, under existing circumstances.

There is a library here, with a fair share of English books, and Galignani's paper we have every day; a great "agrément" where there is so little to do. Much anxiety is expressed here at the rumours of war between France and England. War abroad is bad enough, but at home, horrible; and women of every rank should do all they can to prevent it, for the evil of it falls upon them. If the soldier is killed, he dies upon the field; the more he has killed of his fellow-creatures, the more honour is awarded him. He is gone, if worthy of it, to heaven; his pains and penalties are over, and he is in bliss. But his wife and children!—they are left to mourn his loss; to bear the loss of fortune and friends, for the latter too frequently follow the former; to pine in solitude, unknown, uncared for! The happy wife! protected by her gallant husband, her society courted, her influence entreated, becomes, in a moment, the wretched widow, the miserable mother, too often, of penniless children. Neither house nor home to receive her, she wanders with them from place to place, where best, and least expensively, she can educate them; often, too often, at the cost of severe deprivation of the common comforts of existence. And such is the lot of woman!

I wish I had five hundred pounds to spare, I would give it for an essay upon the best practical mode of governing mankind; so that every man, woman, and child, should be comfortably clothed and fed, and, at the same time, educated in such a way as to raise their minds to the wonderful works of the Almighty. But first, they must have food. How are we to teach a creature weak, both in mind and body, from hunger? We must feed him to give him strength to understand our lessons. And how is this to be done? It appears to me not so difficult;—give him employment!

When I look at the valley now before me, cultivated to the very edge of the forest, like a garden; see the industry employed upon it, so that every inch of ground is made available to the support of life, whether human or animal, and think of the thousands, nay, hundreds of thousands acres, now lying waste in that unhappy country—Ireland, it makes me sigh with regret. But when memory recalls the nakedness, hunger, and disease brought on by it, and bad food; the vice contracted by idleness and ignorance, that I have seen there, the blood rushes from the heart and sickens the brain to faintness.

CHAPTER XII.

I WENT to sleep, thinking of England and her distresses,—how glad all nations would be to have a kick at her, if she were down,—and woke in the morning to the recollection that bathing was my business here, and hurried once more to the Fursten-bad. There I found my Russian friend up to her neck in water. After the compliments of the morning, and enquiries after her health, she commenced her usual agreeable conversation, and in a moment I was (in imagination) hunting in the neighbourhood of Moscow, of fiery fame. Madame de M—— comes from that singular town. By her account the hunting establishment must be enormously expensive there. She said, from thirty to forty horses were kept for the huntsman alone, and in all one hundred and fifty horses, in a country establishment. They set out at six o'clock in the morning, and returned at eight at night.

I mentioned the great number of servants kept in Russia; that I heard Count Orloff had six hundred, and not one of them slept in a bed.

"Oh! I dare say, my brother has five hundred, but they are not in the same house, they are at the different country-houses, they are 'all service.'

We give them nothing but bread, and that costs little; it is five times as dear here as it is in Russia. I have thirty servants at my own command at home; they are at every corner,—if I speak one enters. We have no bells as you have."

"But," said I, "how unpleasant! they are like spies upon you, hear every word you say; you cannot go in or out without their knowing."

"Oh, but they do not speak the same language; we always speak French, that they may not understand."

"But do they not learn it at last?"

"Yes, by dint of hearing it spoken, they pick up a little, but never enough to understand all that is said."

This accounts for the Russians speaking French so well; in fact it is their language,—they only speak Russ to their servants and slaves. Their fortunes must be enormous; they build houses as we should build cart-sheds, and of such large dimensions as would surprise an untravelled Englishman. But they are constructed of wood, and that costs little; few sons like what the father has built, so they erect one for themselves, and when they are tired of it build another somewhere else. No window-tax shuts out the light of the blessed sun, and darkens the abode of the half-civilised Russian, as it does that of the highly-cultivated Englishman; but then their houses must be newly furnished every year. This did appear an unnecessary extravagance. I asked what became of the old furniture?

"Oh! that is sold for almost nothing, or the upholsterer takes it in exchange for a trifling sum."

No one thinks of letting their house, or a part of it, as they do in France, unless they go away for some years.

All the necessaries of life are excessively cheap in Russia, but luxuries enormous. They have the finest fruit, the rarest vegetables, all the year round. Their winter gardens must be beautiful, they have a continual spring; this, in so severe a climate, must be most delightful, and we might have the same if our glass was not so heavily taxed. We might then have the pleasure of a winter flower at home, instead of seeking it abroad, as thousands do. We might be induced to live at our country places, if every country enjoyment was not so taxed that, between disgust and inability, we fly far from the land of our birth, and seek economy, peace, and death, in a foreign clime. The English love their country,—they are proud of it,—but too often are driven from it by dire necessity, which need not be but from the unfortunate circumstance of an embarrassed government, who lose millions every year, spent abroad. Better win their countrymen home, by gentle indulgences; conceding trifles, they would gain by giving up.

When will England act upon the broad policy of general good,—have done with her bitter bickerings, her heart-burning jealousies, her petty, miserable, contemptible, internal squabbles, which lower her character abroad, and ruin her happiness at home? We have men of sense, talent, and honesty, at the head; then how is it they are so shackled by vested interests, old customs inconvenient for the present times, or fear to do right, because it is new? Must this generation die of starvation or crime, because the government dare not help the one, or punish the other? There are crimes of a deep dye near their head: they will do well to root out the offenders, *themselves*, rather than let them be blown to pieces by an outward explosion.

All this shot across my mind while Madame de M—— continued *talking* of her country, and I *thinking* of mine. When she turned to me, with a look of surprise at my thoughtfulness, to say she hoped now we had made an acquaintance, though not legitimately introduced, we should visit, and requested, as she was an invalid, I would call upon her that evening. Civilities having passed on both sides upon this compliment, she continued her discourse upon the beauty of the gardens at Moscow, and the manner they were kept. Mowing, sweeping, and washing, seemed to be carried to a greater extent than even in England. One prince formerly employed two hundred and fifty of his serfs to do nothing else: the grass was like velvet, not a dead leaf allowed to rest a moment upon it,—and in the green-houses every flag, every nook and corner, washed every morning.

"But now," she said, "that sort of thing was going down,—travelling was more the fashion, and their fortunes were spent in foreign countries."

Little seems to be done for posterity in Russia: she was greatly surprised to hear of our country houses in England descending from father to son for centuries, and that in general there should be only one, when the Russians had so many. But surprise amounted to horror, when I told her the landed property was entailed upon the eldest son.

"Then the mother and children always live with him?"

"Oh no!"

"Comment, Madame! are they turned out to seek a home for themselves? what pride, what injustice! With us the fortune is equally divided, though there is a law that the eldest son should take the land, as with you; but it is always evaded by disposing of it, and purchasing another estate, and so getting the power over it. The parents may give a little more to the eldest, if they choose; in this way there are houses enough for all the children, in general more than they want."

The Russians can have little idea of the attachment of an Englishman to the home of his forefathers; but she has given me a much better opinion of the happiness of the private life in her country than I had. She commiserated the English ladies greatly for their dull life, and thought our country houses must be intolerable. Every nation has the same feeling for us, in that way, and thinks we cannot be happy in such retirement.

A Hungarian lady once asked me to tell her *truly*, "if there was such a thing as a happy couple in England?" and when I assured her the contrary was rare, she looked at me with a face of incredulity, "*C'est possible, mais*." She had a friend who passed some time in England, and he said there appeared little courtesy upon the part of English husbands to their wives, which produced a degree of incivility and quick retort unknown in her country. I tried to prove to her there were no husbands in the world so faithful, so true, as Englishmen. "It may be, I do not understand your customs, but we pity English very much."

A discussion followed upon the error of passing a judgment on the inward feeling by outward appearances. I also observed neither our language nor our habits admitted the flattery so common on the Continent,—that it became absolutely necessary to the happiness of the ladies, the very food they lived upon. It was difficult to hint, that we considered ourselves offended by such flattery, and even lowered by the name of liking it. Comparisons are always odious, and never just. Every nation, as well as each individual, has something peculiar to itself,—some merit the other does not possess; and it would be more amiable, agreeable, and Christianlike, if we both, nationally and individually, dwelt upon the merits instead of the demerits of our neighbours. One great charm of society on the Continent is, the general habit of seeking the good points, rather than pointing out the bad ones, of those they become acquainted with. If the manners are pleasing, "Madame is charmante;" if a subject is broached upon which they agree, that is discussed, the disagreeing points kept out of sight,—the evening passes in harmony, and each is pleased with the other. They may never meet again, and life is too short not to make the most of the good we meet with in it. It would be wise in those who "teach the young idea how to shoot," to give them a lesson by some "new and approved method" of finding out the amiable traits in a character—dwelling upon them until the impression becomes so deep, that neither time nor circumstance can obliterate it.

According to our appointment, we found ourselves at Madame de M——'s door, in the Hotel Bellevue, at seven o'clock. Servants are seldom in the way at those places, and we knocked, according to custom, at the door of the sitting room. It was opened by a tall young man—the Baron de M——. Madame received us with all the cordiality of an old acquaintance, and introduced us to her daughter, a young lady of fifteen. The Baron was also presented in due form, and I observed he had the use of only one hand,—the other he kept in his coat pocket. The table was covered with cards. I was anxious to know what game they were playing: "Only Patience, I can do nothing else; my poor hands suffer too much to allow me to work." I thought it a good game at all times, especially under such circumstances. The Baron turned to me and said, "Madame did not seem to suffer." An Englishman of twenty years old would not have thought of making such a remark. The weather is not the general subject of conversation on the Continent, as it is in England. It takes a wider range; and the manners and customs of different nations become a more interesting topic. The young Baron was very loquacious, and discoursed most learnedly upon the jewels of the different princesses of Europe; seemed well acquainted with their relative value; and which princess had most diamonds or pearls. The Russians are rich in possession of precious stones, and Madame de M—— could appreciate his knowledge. But as I take little interest in jewels, and think spending large sums upon them remarkable waste of money, I was glad the subject changed to their own country; and she gave me a description of the happiness of private life in Russia, I had no idea of.

She said her mother had twenty-three children; she had three brothers with ten children each, and one with seventeen. (Thinks I to myself, this beats even Ireland.) Her eldest brother was quite like a patriarch among them; they all looked up to him as a father. They seldom sat down less than thirty to dinner, all relations. In the evening, the young people danced, or played childish games; the old know so well how to enter into them, on the Continent, and charm the young by their kindness. The mornings were spent in visiting, always in a carriage; it is not the custom to walk, and the distances in Moscow are much too great. It took three-quarters of an hour to drive to her father's house. Their dinner hour was four o'clock; this is much later than Germany, where the hours are from one to three. She had seventy-five cousins, all living in the greatest harmony, and, by her account, leading the most joyous, light-hearted life. But one thing she greatly regretted. By the laws of her country, no two cousins could marry, however distant; if a relationship could be made out, that was an insurmountable objection. There are such laws in Catholic countries; but a license can be purchased from the Pope even for uncle and niece to marry. To simple-minded, unlettered people, it is an enigma, how money can make that which is wrong right; and if not wrong, why *purchase* what is right? *Q. E. D.*

But there is another class of persons who are not allowed to marry in Russia. If a gentleman and lady stand sponsors for a child at the altar, they cannot become man and wife, as they are supposed by law to stand in the relation of brother and sister to each other. Although our own laws deal in so many absurd fictions, we have not yet arrived at such an acme of absurdity as that; although there is no knowing (if anything could be made by it) but we may yet see an act of Parliament setting forth the necessity of more fictions and more mystifications than even now, to clog the pen and load the tongue of the honest, upright man of law. And yet, with all its errors and *horrors*, it is more honest and upright than in most countries.

There was one thing for which she envied us very much,—the proximity of England to Germany; it would take her a month to get home, while we could be there in a few days. She had been three years seeking health at the various spas of Germany, and found more benefit from Wildbad than any other bath.

A comparison arose between the German and the Russian wife. She said, "I should be very sorry to see my daughter married in Germany; although I wish my son would take a German wife." This surprised me, and I was all attention to hear her reason. "The German ladies are excellent economists; they are brought up to do everything in their own house; they are at work all day, while the husband is smoking below; very convenient for him, but miserable for those not accustomed to such a life: if my daughter were married in Germany, she would be little more than a '*femme de charge.*'"

The great number of servants employed in Russia, and their small pay, is quite eastern, and allows the lady of the mansion to live in ease and luxury; and the servants, under a kind master, have little to do, and are content with the certainty of being always maintained; but in many cases, the masters are violent and irascible, and, having the power of beating their dependants, their lives do not run so smooth as they might be. I remember, when we were at Carlsbad, hearing of the servant of a Russian complaining he was so often beaten he could not stand it; if his master would be content with beating him only *twelve* times a day, he would bear it; but beyond that, it was impossible. A curious picture of Russian power on one side, and forbearance on the other!

The little regard to comfort or common decency is another striking feature in the habits of those northern people. At the same place, and the same summer, a family of distinction arriving late in the season, when they could get little accommodation, made no scruple of putting the ladies' maid to sleep *upon* the table, and the cook *under* it. Gentle reader! I will not tell you of what sex the cook was.

The young Baron was very vivacious during our conversation, and, like all foreigners, seemed to be at home upon most subjects. I longed to describe our English households,—our happy medium between eastern indolence and German notability; but feared to touch upon the subject, as I knew she had heard of the waste and extravagance of some English houses. She had once descanted upon the absurdity, positive madness, of our high wages to head servants; the liberty allowed them; the laughable fashion of their dress for their situation; and the extraordinary coolness and indolence with which a master and mistress in England give up their authority to them. As she described it, where there is a maître d'hotel, the master dare not look into his cellar, without a grumpy look, *at least*, from him; if he has a coachman, he is shut out from his stable; the head gardener will not allow him to employ a labourer without leave from himself. The lady is no more in her house than a mere speaking puppet, to order dinner; and, if she were to look into the economy of her household, she would be assailed by every epithet in the vocabulary, indicating stinginess and meanness.

Although I knew this was an overdrawn picture, I also knew there was so much truth in it, I dared not venture upon the discussion; particularly as she dwelt so largely, and with so much reason, upon the impropriety of giving enormous wages to servants; while the well-educated gentlemen, sons of the oldest families, even of the nobility, were obliged to be content with an income smaller than that of their fathers' menials; and to sit down every day to a dinner those would scoff at.

She once almost startled me, by asking, rather in a brisk manner, whether it were possible that noblemen gave their gardeners three hundred a year, while the minister of the parish had but eighty pounds? And she was told, the cook at a club in London received one thousand "livres sterling," double the salary of the prime minister of most of the German courts; and five times as much as many of the officers of state. "It is not surprising the English leave their country to live abroad, and enjoy the ease and pleasure we have, at so small an expense. We *enjoy* our incomes; you *waste* them upon a thankless set of people, who, like the giant in the fable, 'grind your bones to make them bread.'"

Nations have no more idea of the effect of their habits and customs upon other nations, than an individual has when he enters a room full of company for the first time, of what will be thought of his appearance and manners. A judgment will be passed upon it at the first glance; favourable, or the contrary, as the case may be; and, in all probability, he would be as much surprised at the conclusion drawn, at first sight, as to his character, from his visage and bow, as England, if she knew the opinion of those who draw *her* character from the faults and peculiarities common to nations as well as individuals. Perhaps it would be as salutary to the one as the other, if we knew a little more of what is thought of us, both nationally and individually; if we considered it with calmness and good sense, which always tends to improvement, although it might give a pang to our pride in the one case, and to our self-love in the other.

CHAPTER XIII.

THE quantity of wood that is brought down by this shallow little river, Enz, is immense, and must be seen to be believed. They raise the water by little sluices, until it is high enough to float the trees, which are first peeled, and then tied together with a sort of rope made of small fir trees, which is quite a trade in the upper part of the forest. The smallest trees are placed first, to make the raft narrower in front; three men, with long leather boots, much above their knees, stand upon the fore part, and with their long poles guide it. They are up to their ankles in water, their extra clothes hang upon a rail on the raft, and so they go down to the Rhine, shooting every fall, turning every angle with the greatest ease, until they come up with the great monsters on that river. Some of the trees are sixty feet long; I measured one eighty; and we have counted eighteen of these lengths. When they wish to stop it, they run one of the middle lengths against the bank, and they soon become a vandyke. They go with great rapidity. The firewood, which is split and cut into lengths of three feet, goes down in part of itself, as if it knew its own business, and, like a good and faithful servant, would perform it. But the idle and dilatory stop on the way; these attract others, (it is wonderful how catching idleness is,) until at last the river is fringed with them the whole way. After leaving them many days to their own cogitations, men come with long poles and sharp hooks, and soon send them down after their brethren.

These little rivers are of immense value to the people of the country, as they carry down all the wood of the Black Forest. This slides down the mountain upon little single wooden railways, looking like spouts at a distance. The wood employs all the men of the forest; they get sixteen pence a day, which is high wages for this country, but in winter it is sometimes so cold they cannot work. There is a great trade in charcoal here; they are loading it now, and they contrive to put enormous loads in their light and slight waggons, with wheels not larger than the fore one of our carriages in England. But the perch is moveable, and they can make it any length they please; it is of so simple a construction that every farmer can repair his own, and make any thing of it. If he has a perch, a pole, and four wheels, that is enough; with a little ingenuity he makes it carry stones, hay, earth, or any thing he wants, by putting a plank at each side. When he wants a carriage for pleasure, he fits it up for that purpose; his moveable perch allows him to make it any thing. I counted seventeen grown persons sitting side by side, looking most happy, in one of them, drawn only by a pair of small horses, and in this hilly country. If the farmers in England would adopt these light waggons, instead of their own expensive heavy ones, it would be a great saving, and the roads would not be ground into deep ruts, as they are now.

We have no notion of economy in England compared with the Continent, and the English attach a strange idea of want of dignity to any thing approaching to it. With all their knowledge, they have not yet arrived at such a height of it, as to see and admire the extraordinary economy of our Great Creator, to observe how valuable He makes the most unpleasant, as well as the smallest, portions of matter to man; how nicely He adapts one thing to another; and how continually and beautifully the composition and decomposition go on—destruction and construction, in a constant and interminable round of succession. But it requires education, feeling, and religion, to understand His ways, and they are not given to all; the schoolmaster, however, is now both abroad and at home; the minister is up and stirring; and it is devoutly to be hoped, that a more enlightened mode of government, both in and out of the Church, will succeed the dark superstitions of the olden time, or the violent and unchristian ways of a later date.

I have already mentioned the great use they make of flowers here, to ornament their streets and houses on fête days. But they put them to another, more touching to the heart. We were often surprised to see the number of garlands hanging round many of the carriages leaving Wildbad. All classes seemed to be favoured in the same way, more or less. We found it was a tribute of friendship, a parting gift, and the formation of these garlands contributed some small addition to the purses of the makers.

This sort of things appear trifles; but they are in fact matters of great consequence, insomuch as everything that draws heart to heart, and mind to mind—that contributes, even in a remote degree, to unite human creatures in kind and affectionate remembrance to each other, *is* of consequence.

"Flowers are one of the many beautiful gifts of God to man."

The cultivation of them improves his health and raises his mind, if he *thinks* about them. The beauty of them pleases his eye and ornaments his dwelling, and keeps him at home. In the working classes, much might be done in the improvement of their morals, habits, and manners, by encouraging them to pass their few leisure hours in the cultivation of flowers. The difference between two families, one loving flowers, the other loving gin, at the end of twelve months, would be very striking.

It may be said, all cannot have gardens. True; but all may have a few flowers in their windows, and many more than they imagine; for a little wooden balcony could easily be made outside of every window; and the very circumstance of tending these flowers, would induce them occasionally to open the windows, and give air, that best tonic, to the poor, exhausted, typhus-fevered inhabitant. But here the window-tax comes in, especially in towns, as a monster of evil, to debar the human race from what God and nature have declared absolutely necessary to their existence and well-being. The number of windows to the houses on the Continent must be remarked by all travellers. The cottages in this forest are one line of windows, giving light and life to all within; and by the adoption of the stove, all are kept warm and comfortable at a small expence. If stoves were used in England for the poor, it would save them a great outlay, and, in all probability, would prevent many an illness. As they need not fear cold, they would then open the windows. If all my readers could witness the state of the rooms inhabited by the poor, within a stone's throw of the splendid shop-windows of magnificent Regent Street, they would shrink from it with horror. They would be tempted to break through the walls to give the fainting creatures light and air; or transport them to the heath-covered mountain, and let them rather lie under the natural rock, than within the walls of the unnatural, pestilential prison they were found in.

To the *ladies* of the creation, flowers are a boon beyond all prize; and if the *gentlemen knew* it, to *them*, through their wives. The lady who is fond of her garden, and delights in the cultivation of it, will not seek expensive pleasures abroad. Home is everything to her, and if her husband is wise enough to encourage her taste, he is a happy man. Women feel deeply little attentions; and, in all probability, there are few who would be bad wives, if they had kind, affectionate, well-judging husbands.

They bed their horses here with moss or sawdust; and their mattresses are stuffed with a dried grass, which makes very good bedding. I observed all the cushions in the steam-boat on the Rhine were filled with it. They are a very industrious people in this forest. I never saw children work so young; little creatures you would not think could lift a broom, sweep the streets; and every one has some employment out of doors Early in the morning, as we walk to the bath, we see this wee wee working class pounding a sort of sandstone to clean the steps; and there is a quickness and independence about them I have seldom seen in those so young. This arises from the mother doing all the work of the little farm. She is out all day; the house is neglected; the children live in the streets or roads; the infants are put into a little waggon, which is drawn by those a little older; and the baby is given a little bag of flour, about the size of a nut, to suck, during the absence of the mother, to keep it quiet, and prevent the cravings of hunger. This is highly injurious to the child's health, and destructive to its teeth, which are generally bad in Germany. Such an unnatural system, and the hard work of the children so early in life, tends to produce very delicate, sickly-looking women; and, however they may boast of the healthiness of Wildbad, and the valley of the Enz, the stranger would hardly believe it from the appearance of the women: they are the most delicate-looking peasantry I ever saw. It is melancholy to see the "fair sex" worked so hard: they mow all the grass; they dig the land; plant the potatoes; carry out the manure up the steep hills upon their heads; and I observed they put it round the plant, when several inches out of the ground, perhaps to keep in the moisture upon these steep ascents.

Returning one day from a walk in the forest, we met one of these poor women, labouring up the hill, with the usual heavy load upon her head. I always looked with compassion upon these poor creatures, and turned to see how she managed so great a load up the steep hill, when I saw, with pain, in addition to her load, she had an enormous goitre. It is the terrible disease of these narrow valleys, though here I have seen but few; and it is said they send them away for fear of frightening the invalids. Having known a cure made in England of one of our tenants' daughters, by strong salt and water, constantly applied for a year, I stopped to speak to her, and though I could make little of her patois, she soon understood what we said, and was very willing to try it. I desired she would call in the evening to learn the manner of applying it, which she did; she cried much, poor creature, and said at times it seemed to burn her like a fire. How little we know the happiness of health until we lose it!

I was introduced yesterday evening to Dr. Avend, Physician to the Emperor of Russia, who is here for his health. After the introduction, he said, "Ah! Madame! do you venture to walk so late, and take the bath; it is seven o'clock." My friend took out her watch, and said, "Not yet, it wants five minutes." He continued: "You should never walk after seven; these baths are not to be played with, and instead of being cured of the rheumatism, you may take it home with you." This was high authority; of course I bowed to it, and returned with the party. The Doctor walked a little way with me, and appeared a good-natured man; he is also a talented one. Do they often go together? I leave the talented reader to answer, perhaps yes, perhaps no! At all events this Doctor is a great favourite of the Emperor; and I feel much obliged to him for his opinion, and for nothing, which in Russia would have cost sixty francs; the very lowest fee, Madame de M—— says, is thirty francs, so enormously are the physicians paid in Russia: perhaps that is one reason the Russians leave their country so much when they are out of health,—*doctoring* is so expensive.

The Russians and the English are the two great travelling nations, and they are the only two who travel in the large heavy family coach, though the latter seem to be giving up that heavy machine, which one cannot see out of. One of these carriages arrived two nights ago, and there was an immediate wager to which it belonged, England or Russia: the former gained it. The English have little idea how every thing they do and say is discussed by foreigners—they mark and remark the most trifling circumstances; every thing seems of consequence, even the dress is noted in the memory. Madame —— was "mise à merveille" or "comme un ours," and while they are going in and out, walking or talking, just as they would if they were at home. They are little aware of the construction put upon every word and action, particularly in countries where they are not much known. The want of "risibility of the countenance, and flexibility of the body," is the first thing that strikes; and it may be a question whether the general acquirement of these agrémens in society might not be useful, inasmuch as the first would increase our own happiness, and the last the contentment of our neighbours. All persons like to be respected: "preferring one another" is a Christian principle; and there is a pleasure in the feeling of a well-regulated mind, in shewing deference to others, as well as receiving it one's self; and if we do not pay it, we cannot expect to receive it. The outward attention and respect paid by foreigners to women, and the inattention to her of our lords of the creation, is evident to the most unobserving. I could give many examples of my own experience of this; but were I to mention them it might be called vanity —however, one is vivid in my imagination.

We were once in a hurry to get our passports, and knowing there is nothing like "making a page of your own age," that is, doing your own business, I drove first to the English, then to the Austrian ambassadors': my own "countryman" received me in *dishabille*, civilly, however, though hurried in his movements; the passport was signed, the gentleman bowed and retired to his den, leaving the lady to make her way out as she could. I then proceeded to the Austrian ambassador, and was shewn into his room, where he was writing. (I ought to have mentioned the Englishman kept me waiting some time.) Monsieur received me with the grace and politeness of his nation. When he found we were going to Italy, he enquired by what route, discussed the merits of them all, gave me much information, and when the passport was ready, accompanied me to the head of the stairs, presented it, and with many good wishes for an agreeable journey, and as many obeisances as if we had been at Court, we parted: one was an unpleasant *business*, the other an agreeable visit, and manner made the difference. If it is true that *action* is three parts of speaking, *manner* must be three parts of diplomacy.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE Germans are a regular people; they do the walking, talking, dining, supping, all at regular hours. They rise at five: this, however, is conducive to health; but it may be questioned whether they do not injure it by the great quantity they eat. The number of courses, and the variety of dishes at the Table d'hôte, are very tempting, and taken so early as one o'clock, make them heavy and sleepy after. They do exactly the contrary from the English; for their last meal, the supper, at seven or eight o'clock, is very light. It is considered highly dangerous to bathe soon after eating; two or three hours should intervene before the bath is taken. As it may be interesting to some of my readers, I will give the rules and prices of the different baths at Wildbad, which is pronounced Wilbad by the Germans, although the meaning of the word is, as we should call it, Wildbad.

There are then, first, the common bath rooms, where more than one bathe together; of these the Fürsten-bad, or Prince's bath, is the first class. This is the one described by Dr. Granville as being so delightful; and as far as the water, the principal part of a bath, goes, he has not said too much, although I must always object to the unscreened staircase. The price of this is forty kreutzers in the morning, eighteen in the afternoon.

In the second class is the Männer-bad, (bath for men); second bath room, first division, eighteen kreutzers in the morning, twelve in the afternoon. The Frauen-bad, or Ladies' bath; Neues-bad, or New bath; Katherinenstift, Catherine's bath; are all the same price, eighteen in the morning, and twelve kreutzers in the evening.

Those who bathe in the first and second-class baths, pay the bath-master two kreutzers for assisting in dressing and undressing; two more for washing the bathing-dress; and two for the same favour done to the towel. If a roquelaire is provided, four kreutzers more are paid every time for the use of it.

The third-class division is only six kreutzers in the morning, and four in the afternoon, with two for attendance; persons who take this bath bring their own linen.

Single persons or more may have a common bath-room to themselves, if the authorities give their consent, and the number of visitors bathing does not prevent it, on paying the amount due for the whole number of persons the bath is capable of accommodating.

There are closets and bathing-tubs for those who like that manner of bathing, at twenty-four, and eighteen kreutzers. If there should not be room in the common bath-rooms of the second class, and patients are directed to use a closet-bath, they only pay the price of the second class.

The first bath which visitors are requested to take in a closet or tub, "all alone and by themselves," may be had gratis; this is very liberal, and a pleasing preparation for the common bath. Those who wish to have a douche, or shower-bath, pay six kreutzers more for the apparatus, and four to the bath-master in addition to the bath.

Persons wishing to bathe in the separate room, adjoining the Manner-bad, (the draining water of the latter), pay one kreutzer to the bath-master; and those who will go in, out of season, from October to April, must pay for the firing of their bath.

Every visitor must inform the bath physician of his intention to use the baths, who will arrange the days and hours, and give him a card, specifying the number of them he is to take: this must be paid for in advance, and given to the bath-master, who will take care of it. If you take only one bath you must have a card, even though you have it gratis. Any one prevented from using his card for the time appointed, upon his immediately applying to the bath-master, will receive a notification, testifying he has not used the card, and he will receive another, or the money if required.

There is a notice at the entrance, of the names of those who bathe at each bath, and the hours they have chosen. None are admitted at those hours, except the parties in the list; and it is requested that notice be given to the bath physician if any one should be found acting against the rules.

The poor have the baths free of expense. There is a book sent round to all visitors, and they are expected to subscribe. The money is divided amongst the poor; none are allowed to beg, and if any are known to do so, they are deprived of the benefit of the subscription. This is an excellent regulation, and prevents the visitor from being continually tormented by idle beggars, or shocked by the melancholy objects so commonly seen on the Continent, particularly at Naples, where they were a real pest when we inhabited that lovely but most neglected country.

There are more lame people here than at any place I ever was in. Many who could not put their foot to the ground when they came, now begin to walk. The sudden recovery of some appears extraordinary. An English gentleman came here two summers with his son, but without much apparent good effect; however he brought him a third time. He walked out one morning (leaving his little boy at home much as usual) in very low spirits, fearing all that had been done was useless, when upon returning to the house what was his surprise to see the child *walking* to meet him. He recovered from that time.

The poor bathe very early in the morning; the lame are carried in chairs, women carry the women, and men do the same by the men. The poor in all countries help each other, especially in Ireland, and it is pleasant to see it. Who in their senses would change such kind feelings for all the riches on earth?

A bathing and a water-drinking place are two very different things; one is all gaiety and gossip: parties of pleasure, music, and sometimes dancing, are the occupations of the water-drinkers, all of which are recommended by "able physicians," and said to be (by *philosophers*) as beneficial to the mind, if taken with *proper feeling* and in moderation, as the water is to the body. One thing is to be observed about the Germans very different from the English in their recreations: they begin at five o'clock and end at ten. The midnight hour with them is the hour of sleep—in England it is the beginning of the revel; and what in one country is recreation, becomes dissipation in the other. The detestable and unnatural late hours of England will soon put an end to all society amongst rational thinking people.

When at Carlsbad some years ago, before it was much known to the English, the hours were those I have mentioned; it is to be hoped they are not altered now. While I am upon the subject of that king of watering places, I will mention what perhaps is not generally known, that none who have had the misfortune to break their bones, or are inheritors of that dreadful malady, insanity, should drink the waters of the Sprudel.

During our stay there, one gentleman, who had broken his arm two years before, was obliged to leave it, as the bone was dissolving, and the arm would soon have been broken again—the solving powers of the waters are so great. Three unhappy suicides took place: two were Englishmen, one of whom we were acquainted with; the third was a Saxon nobleman. The physicians, if acquainted with the circumstances of predisposition to insanity, always send the patient away. The Sprudel has a powerful effect upon the head, and in many cases is said to affect the memory. No one should do so rash a thing as to bathe or drink the water of any spa, without the advice of the physician of the place: many persons have been sent away by them from Wildbad this summer, who came from England expecting a cure. It is difficult to know the right spa, until they are tried, and that takes more time and money than most people have to spare.

I have been twice at Carlsbad, and believe the Sprudel to be the most dangerous water in Germany, when taken unadvisedly.

Wildbad is chiefly a bathing place; few are ordered to drink the waters, though Dr. Tollati, one of the physicians here, (who speaks English well,) says, when he orders them, it is in great quantities.

Here, instead of the much-dressed walkers of Carlsbad, you see the muffled head, slippered feet, closely-wrapped body of the bather, hurrying out of sight, and into bed. A proceeding, gentle reader! it is very possible you are about to put into execution, and if so, it would be only civil to say good night.

CHAPTER XV.

THE heat of this place is becoming very unpleasant; it prevents our going out in the day, unless we "embosomon" ourselves deep in the shade of the dark green pine, and to get to it, we must climb the mountain that rises high and steep just behind the house, which, after the bath, is fatiguing. As the evenings are cold, and soon set in, the hours of our day are numbered by a very small figure; this shortens the summer, and is very unsatisfactory to those who leave England chiefly for climate. I cannot think Germany generally healthy; and the very circumstance of the continual circulation of the population the whole summer, to the different watering places, seems to prove it. Almost every family goes to some bathing place; frequently the wife to one, the husband to another, and perhaps the child to a third.

Providence, in its infinite mercy, has given them a remedy for all their complaints; but even though they may not have any, it has become so much the habit of the nation to go to some spa every summer, that they can no more do without it, than they can without their dinner. The spa is the country house; the family and friends congregate there, as we do at Christmas; but without our enormous expense. They make parties to meet the ensuing summer at the same or some other watering place; in this way, parent and child, brothers, sisters, every relation in life, meet from all quarters of the globe, who in all probability would never see each other, but for the bath; and some may think it very possible, the pleasure anticipated in such meetings, the exercise of the journey, variety of the scene, and the excitement of all the circumstances put together, may contribute quite as much to the cure as the bath, or the waters.

This little town has three persons of notoriety in it just now, each celebrated in his several way: Joseph Buonaparte, ex-King of Spain, but now Count de Survilliers; Dr. Granville, (the Star of Wildbad,) with him, as his Physician-Extraordinary; and Mons. Galignani, from Paris, whose paper has so great a circulation through the globe.

These three personages are looked at with great wonder by some, and curiosity by all; but the Doctor creates, by many degrees, the greatest sensation. To him Wildbad owes its celebrity; and the inhabitants shew the greatest anxiety to pay their debt of gratitude: we happened to pay a visit to the Bear, (one of the two best hotels,) when we were requested to look at the apartments fitted up for "his Majesty." All the rooms were carpeted, a rare thing in Germany, and every thing looked comfortable.

His Majesty and the Doctor had curtains to their beds, another rare thing in that country; but the Doctor's room surprised us, and if we had not been told it was for him, we might well have imagined it was intended for the ex-King. The whole room was decorated with flowers; wreaths of dahlias and evergreens hung in festoons all round the cornice, and the bed was crowned with the finest flowers that could be procured. Whatever the Doctor might think of the unwholesomeness of sleeping under such a congregation of sweets, it must have been sweet to his soul to have been so honoured.

But the good people of Wildbad did not stop here in their attentions: they know how John Bull loves a good dinner, and prepared one for him, to which all the authorities were invited, and a few of the English gentlemen. W——, who was one of the number, amused us with an account of it. The English of course gave their toasts and hip-hip hurras; the Germans rose, and touched their glasses, according to their custom; and between the two, it formed a novel and exciting scene, to say nothing of its being a moving one, which it must have been, in more senses than one; for it was impossible the Doctor could hear with indifference the complimentary speeches that were made to him. W—— was asked for a toast, and gave the Queen of England, which was drunk with enthusiasm.

Much of the fame of these baths will depend upon the cure of the Count de Survilliers, who is so ill he cannot walk.

I have got a German master for the young people, and they are working hard at that difficult language; now my enemies, the genders, come in, striking the ear in the most ludicrous manner. C—— says, "I wonder whether the goddesses are feminine!" W—— "Indeed, I hope so!" Ignorant people would think there could be no doubt about it, but I am told a little woman in German is neuter; so if the goddess happens to be little, and the most beautiful of all was so, of course she is not feminine; masculine she certainly was not, *ergo*, she must be neuter: *q. e. d.* It may be a question whether little women in all families are neuter, or if they are not, would it not be better, in *some* cases, if they were?

The absurdity of giving genders to things is so great, one can hardly imagine how it ever originated; to make the glass masculine, and the table feminine, is so ridiculous, and the serious mistakes a foreigner may make, in not knowing the gender of a French or German word, becomes of such consequence to the sentence pronounced, that it is wonderful some strong mind has not started up and declared them not only useless, but too mischievous to retain any longer. When shall we have a language like numbers, that all can understand? But some people would object to this, and say all would become alike, and there would be no national character; in short, we should have no character at all. If by burying the genders, we could at the same time bury all national jealousies, pride, and religious bigotry, the world would indeed be improved.

There is much time lost in the acquirement of languages, that might be spent in the attainment of more useful knowledge; but when men look back to the first seven years of their school days, and reflect how little their Greek and Latin avails them in after life, and how much precious time they have lost, it is surprising that they do not exert their influence in society in altering such a system. There is another part of our school education requires alteration,—the correctional. The schoolmaster forgets that by an attempt to flog Greek and Latin into a boy, he begins at the wrong end; and the act is more disgraceful to the *flogger* than the *flogged*, and has a bad effect upon the mind, for it becomes a struggle between them, which can inflict or which bear most. In France a boy would think himself dishonoured for ever by such a proceeding; but, as far as education goes, "they manage those things better in France."

I was one day much amused by a dialogue I heard between our English cook and her German assistant, neither understanding the language of the other. Those who come to Wildbad as we did, intending to cook at home, will be disappointed. As there is no market, we depend upon chance, and the kindness of Mr. Kepler, the proprietor of our house, who orders in what we want. The day I allude to he sent six live chickens and two ducks. There was a grand consultation what was to be done with all this live stock — the chickens were much too young to be eaten; the ducks were therefore doomed to death. But the German put the most decided negative to this proceeding, by every action in her power, to the great astonishment of the cook. If they did not come to be killed and eaten, what did they come for? So knotty a point could not be decided without language; so she ran into the kitchen and brought out an egg, and, with all the energy of the most learned advocate, she explained that the duck was a laying duck, and not a roasting duckling. The moment the egg appeared the matter was understood, and an exclamation followed, "No wonder she was so thin, as she was laying!" By this decision we lost the prospect of a good dinner, —a rare thing in the Black Forest to those who cook at home.

Every one here dines at the Table d'hôte, and it is surprising how well it is served when you know that every thing comes from Strasburg, and find your bill only a florin a head, without wine. Meat, such as it is, costs from six to eight kreutzers a pound—three kreutzers make a penny; white bread is threepence a pound; black, which the peasants eat, is three-halfpence, and this is the common household bread of all Germany, as far as I know it: it is eaten by all ranks, and even served up in sandwiches at parties, although to look at it one would think it must be unwholesome. The peasants live very poorly here, and their houses are miserable, dirty, and neglected. But this must be so; for the women are out all day working in the fields like men, and the consequence is the children live in the streets. No comfort, no cleanliness at home, and the custom of having the cow-house and stable on the ground floor, gives the dirtiest, most uninhabitable look to the house. But it makes the animals so tame, they are like dogs. I have been often startled in walking through Wildbad, by finding the horns of a cow close to my shoulder, coming out of one of the houses. The pigs, too, form part of the family, as they do in Ireland. It might be thought derogatory to the dignity of that useful and talented animal, to pass him over in silence. I will therefore just mention, he takes his walk early in the morning in company of his fellow-creatures, much in the manner described in "The Bubbles." Their appearance shews their descent from the wild boar tribe.

CHAPTER XVI.

ALAS! who can tell how short-lived their pleasure in this life will be! My agreeable tête-à-tête with Madame de M—— is over. Crowds are coming to this newly-found bathing place, and we are obliged to submit to the laws, and admit as many persons as can be conveniently put into our bath. Philosophy now puts in her word, and says, " What cannot be cured must be endured;" and so I was thinking when I saw, first, a young lady come down the stairs; her quiet step and modest manner proved at once her country. Then came another farther advanced on the stage of life, from the same far-distant land. And now, gentle reader, imagine the quartette in the water. Madame de M—— and I looked at each other, then at our new companions; silence was the order of the day. Our compassion was soon excited by seeing the sufferings of the elder lady: to assist in placing her over the best bubble, and make her comfortable, was the first impulse of the moment, and this of course brought on a conversation. But it soon died away, to the unmeaning common-place of a morning visit in England; and all the time I was thinking how I should induce the authorities to put up a curtain in front of the staircase, and so let the ladies go decently out.

The next morning I put my cogitations into execution, and brought one of the mighty men of the bath down the staircase with me, and with all the energy I possessed, explained the very unpleasant circumstance, to English ladies, of being obliged to walk up this staircase in public, after the bath.

I wish my English reader could have seen his look of surprise, that such a feeling could exist.

He assured me, that the ladies of other countries never thought of such a thing; and the "English ladies must accustom themselves to it." I entreated, showed how easily it might be done, until at last I obtained a promise that it should be laid before the board, and considered; but he gave me little hope it would be done that year. As the number of English have greatly increased, and they spend so much money wherever they go, it is only reasonable to expect their wishes should be complied with; and I shall rejoice if I have been instrumental to their comfort in the Fürsten-bad at Wildbad.

Shortly after this discussion, we had another addition to our society, Madame Galignani; and now the vivacity of the French lady is a curious contrast to the quiet, shy, doubting, cautious manners of the English woman, considering whether her dignity will not be compromised in some way or other, by an acquaintance with one whose *pedigree* she has no means of enquiring into.

Five minutes after Madame G—— was in the water, she was acquainted with the whole party, and gave us a most animated description of a quarrel she had that morning with an English lady, who would not let her into the bath at the same time she bathed. She might be, *Milady*, but she was sure she was not *a lady;* she threatened vengeance the next day, but soon the vivacity and good temper of her country got the better, and she discoursed most pleasantly upon the various baths she had been in; the quadrilles she had danced in them, and various other matters appropriate to our watery situation. She had come to Wildbad as a forlorn hope, having already tried half the baths in Europe. She described her suffering from rheumatism as most frightful, and extolled the kindness and attention of her husband, during many a sleepless night her illness caused him. She is not the first French wife who has had reason to praise her husband's tenderness; and however we may dislike foreign alliances, we must in justice acknowledge that the French, in many cases, prove themselves excellent husbands.

I have heard a Frenchman say, "If our wives were as domestic as yours, we should be as domestic husbands."

Dr. Granville is making a great improvement here, in the manner of taking the douche, or shower-bath; instead of firing at you over the water, they now are ordered to fire under the water, so that, instead of its being cold by passing through the air, the patient receives it at the same temperature as the bath. As it seems the object of this manner of taking the bath, is to force as much water as possible into the pores of the skin, it might be worth considering whether putting the patient into an hydraulic press, would not answer the purpose just as well, and save time; and in case of salt water being ordered, the body would be pickled in double quick time, and at small expense. The Doctor, as may be supposed, is in great request: having written upon the waters, strangers think he must be the best person to order them. I was sitting opposite the Hotel Bellevue, one morning, waiting for the hour of my bath, when a man came to me in great haste to ask, was I the lady who sent for Dr. Granville? Upon answering in the negative, he ran with speed up the walk, after an elegant-looking French lady, who pleaded guilty; and in a few minutes the Doctor was presented, and after the most elaborate compliments was in another moment deep in her case.

It is saying much for the physicians here, they are not jealous of this preference. Dr. Fricker is already known to the English as a worthy man; and I mention with pleasure his nephew, Dr. Schwikel, who always accompanied him, from his knowledge of French and English. They both paid great attention to one of my family during a severe illness.

The Black Forest is a bad place for those troubled with asthma. I have seen the bad effects of it more than once; and although it has been said drinking large quantities of the pure spring about a mile from the town, will cure that distressing complaint, we did not find it so.

The air of these narrow vallies is so confined it disagrees with many persons; three of our family suffered from it, and I would advise those who are ordered here for health, not to bring more of their family with them than necessary. I heard many complain that they were ill after three weeks, although the invalids were getting better.

This is only a bath for the sick, for there is no amusement, no play for gamblers, no dissipation of any sort. A weekly meeting in the evening in the salon at the Bellevue was attempted, but soon given up; dancing does not suit lame people. The only young man who attempted it was the Baron de M——, and he performed most gracefully, and with an anxiety to promote the amusement of those present *quite foreign;* but it was impossible to look at him without melancholy—his poor hand! lost from that baneful custom, duelling. As men will be pugnacious, it is better they should box, as the English do, than cut each other up, as is the fashion in this country; we see faces seamed in every direction. It is extraordinary such a custom can continue in an age of common sense like this !

The Germans dance to a later period in life than in England : it was amusing to see the two good-natured Doctors, figuring away, to keep it up, for want of younger ones, and they seemed to enjoy it just as much. Then the hours were early ; all home at eleven, and even that was thought great raking.

CHAPTER XVII.

THIS little town is all in a bustle,—the King is coming, ho! ho! there is something magical in a king; the very sound of his name sweeps cleaner than the newest broom. Such brushing here, brushing there, brushing every where, above, below, both in and out.

The people have been occupied for two days in making obelisks at each end of the town; and as they are unlike any thing seen in England, I must describe them, we might so easily put them up, upon a similar occasion. Four poles are put into the ground, in the form of an obelisk growing smaller at the top; a square pedestal is made at the base; laths are then nailed all round the poles, about an inch apart, and to them small branches of spruce fir are fastened in with twine, until the whole forms a close column of spruce fir; the top is surmounted with a large pine-apple formed of the cones. The Arms of Wurtemberg are on the pedestals: a wreath of oak leaves, and a circle of the same, in which is the letter W. hung in a festoon between the two pillars.

This is an appropriate decoration in the forest, and has a good effect; but the chief beauty of it is the pleasure it has given to those employed in it. I looked on with delight at the little smiling faces, perched upon the pillar, peeping through the branches, and their busy little fingers so actively employed in placing them in regular order down the sides. Children were the chief operators upon this happy occasion: all down the street little groups were making garlands of every flower of the field, every sprig of the forest, to decorate their houses, in honour of their own good King. Every habitation, from the very poorest, was ornamented in this way: those in better circumstances added festoons of black and red calico, the colours of Wurtemberg: our house looked pre-eminent, with its colossal wreath of oak and festoons of calico from one end to the other.

Birch has been in great request, but not put to the same use as in England; not to give pain, but to conceal it, and promote pleasure. Large branches are planted at the entrance of every alley; every unsightly object is hid by the delicate-twigged birch.

Walls of spruce fir, made in the same way as the pillars, screen the works going on at the baths, and now all is ready for his Majesty. He little thinks of the pleasure his presence is expected to give, or with what anxiety the eyes that never saw a King, look forward to see so rare a thing.

"The King he is come, Oh then, Oh then,
The King he is come, Oh then:

> The King he is come, but the people were dumb,
> Which astonished the Englishmen."

This dumbness, however, did not proceed from want of loyalty and affection; but it is not the custom of the country to do as they please, as they do in England—one day shout "Hurra! Wellington for ever!" and the next break his windows! Things go more by line and rule in this country; the King hates state and popularity, and often travels in the night, to save his subjects trouble and expense. None would have known he was a crowned man, he came in such simple style; but for five men in green, who trotted before him, keepers of the forest, strangers could never have guessed it. It is ten years since his Majesty was here; he must see a wonderful change in this once secluded spot; but in one respect his taste differs from the world in general. He cannot bear the forest, which is so beautiful; nor the pines, their dark colour is disagreeable to him, and he hates the colour yellow. What can be the origin of antipathies? I have seen a person shrink from the touch of a peach. However, as this antipathy does exist, it may be long before our wee Wildbad sees its King again. But now they have him, they do him all the honour they can. The band from Stuttgardt is arrived, to delight his ears; Bengal lights are placed before him, to enchant his eyes. For my part I never desire to see *these* lights again; for though they are certainly brilliant while they are doing the lighting, when that is done, and they begin doing the smoking, it is really more than the best eyes and nose can be expected to bear, even in the presence of a King. To prevent stopping the one, and wiping the other, is impossible.

We were particularly well placed to catch the smoke as soon as it rose, being just above his Majesty, at the Hotel de Bellevue, where he sojourns during his stay, the Bear (his old quarters) being occupied by the two lions, the ex-King and the Doctor. "God save the King" was the first air played. John Bull, of course, took this to himself, and cheered in his best style. But poor John's pride was taken down, when he heard it was also the national air of Wurtemberg. Poor John! he takes every thing to himself; but "any how" it was pleasant to hear it! Then came the illumination, which is done with pots of grease on the Continent. In the morning his Majesty departed.

In all this scene of joy, I was most pleased to see the delight of the peasantry with the lights, the illumination, the excitement of the whole scene, the hope that their waters would rise in the hydraulic scale, fill their pockets with money, and their hearts with gladness. Happiness is more equally divided in our sublunary state than we are aware of,—fortunately for the poor.

CHAPTER XVIII.

AND now the King is gone, it is natural to talk of him; so every one asks what he said, and what he did? But it does not appear he did much of either. However, he said one thing of consequence, that the baths now building should be finished in three years; and as he is a man of his word, his people are sure of it. So then English ladies may bathe in solitary dignity, as they do in other places; but perhaps by that time the fashion of Wildbad will be over: some new spring be discovered, and all the world run after it; however, it will be difficult to find a more delightful bath than the Fürsten-bad, or one upon a fair trial more efficacious, for some complaints. Those who have a "screw loose" in the liver, can get it tightened here: it is also good for those overworked at the desk—it calms the mind; the forest walks are lovely, which exercises the body; and as there is no gambling allowed, peace may be expected. For those who like a rural scene, and walking exercise, I know no baths so interesting as those in the forest; and as there are a great many, though very little known, some one may suit the traveller.

Wurtemberg is not a rich country: the King says he boasts neither of wine, nor mine, but he reigns over a happy and contented people; lives in the hearts of his subjects, and can travel all through his dominions in the night or day, without fear of robbery in the one, or a sullen look in the other. Happy would it be for mankind if all crowned heads could say the same!

The custom of eating all the little birds is a sad loss to the lover of nature. Here, in this vast tract of wood, we hardly ever see a bird, and never hear one, except the chirping sparrow on the house top. One day I saw a bird about the size and colour of a hawk, the wings and tail tipped with light red brown, but without the beak. I watched it half an hour, perched upon the dead branch of an old oak; it looked as if it thought,

> "I am monarch of all I survey,"

and felt as solitary as Robinson Crusoe. I tried to learn its name, but could not; none acknowledged any acquaintance with it. There are not many deer now in the forest, and game of all sorts is growing more scarce every year; the population is greatly increasing, and that of course will diminish it.

The trout in the rivers is excellent; the stranger may fish upon paying a small tax, but will not catch many, as the rafts frighten them away. The young ones walked out one day, and brought home an animal we had never seen : it was of the lizard tribe, but much thinner, spotted black and yellow, —an ugly creature, but seemingly mild and harmless. We took it to the apothecary, and there we met Dr. Fricker, who told us it was a salamander, and that there were two kinds in the forest, the water and the fire salamander. This was the former, a young one about six inches in length; that they generally grew to a foot long, and were quite harmless. They are not common, but to be met with occasionally after rain, when they come out of their holes. This poor little animal shared the fate of many others of its kind : it was killed to be kept as a natural curiosity, and has been sent home preserved in spirits; but notwithstanding all this care, we may never see it again. The custom-house officers may find it, seize it as contraband, and place it " in durance vile," as they did Mr. Waterton's crocodiles, and other productions of nature, which in France would been received with open arms, and hailed with pleasure, as adding to the general stock of knowledge.

I was consulting Mr. Kepler, one morning, upon the best mode of procuring the necessaries of life, so difficult to find here; when he said, " I beg pardon, Madame, the town is on fire, and I must go; do not be alarmed, it will be nothing." He ran away, and in one minute every man, woman, and child, were in the street; horses galloping, the church bells ringing, all a scene of confusion.

The town is built of wood, and has been many times burnt down. In this case the promptness of their action soon put the fire out, and the people quickly dispersed, and resumed their usual occupations. Women are bad fire extinguishers,—I should have said, firemen, but people might have thought it "a bull;" and generally, it would be as well to shut them up upon these occasions, unless they have the coolness of men, which is rare. It was painful to see the distress of the poor women, and even after the fire was over, they could not recover from the fright.

We have now been here two months, and though we know a good deal of the bottom of the mountains, as yet we know nothing of the top; and as the douche is so very fatiguing, that it can only be taken every other day, walking far is out of the question. Fortunately, we have a continual moving scene before us; there are more than one hundred people at work within view of our windows. Mr. Kepler is building a brewery near his house, and thirty stonemasons chip stone all day; a dull employment for fourteen hours out of the twenty-four, for they begin at five in the morning, and work till seven at night,—even at eight some remain, still chipping. It is surprising how man can stand, day after day, such long toil; and those who pass their life in the *dolce far niente*, must wonder (if they think at all) at the difference between the working man and themselves. These people only stop one hour in the day, and I have often remarked, how constant they are to their work. Many of them are very young, quite boys: building must be cheap here, for the forest supplies both stone and wood. They have an ingenious way of sending down the stone from the mountain upon little sledges, very like in shape to the merrythought of a goose; and upon this, a man can draw as much as a horse down the hill, and much more rapidly along the little tracks they make through the trees. Sometimes in open places they throw them down, which is rather dangerous to those who take a solitary walk,—their mind's eye, perhaps, at home with friends they love; the physical eye admiring the profusion of beautiful flowers Nature has strewed along the path,—little thinking a stone hangs over head, which, if it hits in the right place, may send one to that unseen world we all look forward to with hope and fear. We were very near being struck once; but this rarely happens. A chevreuil crossed our path one day, and this is rare also. The brewery and other works going on around us, give me an insight into the manners and habits of the people, and I find them very industrious. I never see them idling, and although they may not work so hard as an Englishman, they work much longer, and are not near so well fed. They are more playful at their work,—laugh, sing, and, though not women, talk quite as much, and look forward with pleasure to finishing any particular part; for they have many merryfications before a house is complete.

I was sitting in my room one evening, admiring the beauty of the scene before me, when I heard a great noise near me, and then a chorus in parts, all singing in excellent time. I looked out, and saw my old acquaintances, the stonecutters, assembled on the tops of the arches they had that day finished; a barrel of wine in the centre, and singing, and all the jollification a barrel of wine produces in every country, followed, and lasted as long as the wine continued to flow. Every German learns to sing, and all dance the national waltz. How far this is productive of good or evil, I am not prepared to decide; properly regulated, it would be good, but as it is, I fear it is bad.

I have just had a conversation with the Vicar of this parish, Mons. Dechingen, who told me, he established a school for singing, to give the peasants better words than those they had in common use. He sometimes went out with them into the forest, and they sung on the way, and when tired they went into a public-house for refreshment; but he found they drank so much, and staid so late,—sometimes till twelve o'clock at night,—that he was obliged to give it up.

There is a tile-yard opposite to us, but the clay is very inferior. The buildings for it have been erected since we come here; so quickly do they run up their houses of wood and brick. A frame of wood upon a foundation of stone, and the spaces filled up with ill-burnt bricks, with a very projecting roof, which protects these thin walls, forms an habitation of little expense, and very picturesque; but they want the pretty little flower garden of England. Near to the tile-yard is a paper-mill; and to see the interminable length of paper rolling out, already dried for printing, is very like magic, as if some fairy cried out, "Go in rags, come out paper!"

But if the fairy could induce the rags to pass through water before they were sorted, it would be greatly to the advantage of the women who take that part of the work. Our olfactory senses were much offended by the inspection of the rag-room; and it must be not only injurious to the health, but dangerous to the lives of the poor people who work all day in such an atmosphere of dirty dust. Many waggon loads of these conductors of infection pass our door; and I never see them without wishing to overturn them into the river, and let the contents be purified before they are touched by hands doomed by destiny to dabble in dirt all the days of their lives. If those who make such large fortunes by those hands, reflected a little upon the difference of their lot, and how much by thought and attention they might alleviate their suffering, surely it would be done; and in this case the cost would be little or nothing. The most unwholesome employments are those in-doors; every thing should be done to give air and light.

There are several manufactories in the forest: the streams are so numerous they invite that powerful engine, the water-wheel, at every turn. A great quantity of tar is made from the refuse wood, and turpentine to a considerable amount; so the people have constant employment, and at good wages. The men earn sixteen pence a day in the forest, and lay by a large portion of it. The masons and carpenters get twenty pence; and as there is a great deal of building going on just now here, the number of strange mechanics is great, which, unfortunately, has a bad effect upon the morals of the simple foresters.

The 22d of August we saw the first rye cut; the grain was very small, but the straw of great length. The women carry immense sheaves upon their heads; their harvest is soon over, for they take it directly to their little barns, and do not stack it, as in England. As they do the same with the hay, it is wonderful it does not take fire; but they keep their land in such a constant state of irrigation, that we have seen them mow, when it was like a wet sponge. It has often been very provoking to us, in crossing a field we expected was dry, to find our shoes completely wet through in a minute. Their crops of hay are good, and as they cut the grass very often, they seem always to be mowing. The women are very expert at this, with their little light scythes, and most industrious in gathering every weed to bring home at night for the cow, which is always kept up. She assists very much in keeping the family warm, for as there is in many houses but a thin flooring between the two, they sleep upon a hotbed. The heat of a German house is beyond anything we have an idea of, but this enables them to resist the cold out of doors. Inhabitants of northern climates complain much of the cold in the south, from this cause. When the late King of Prussia was at Rome, he said, "When I was at Petersburg I *saw* the cold, but at Rome I *feel* it."

CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW days ago we made an excursion to the Badisches Jagerhaus, a maison de chasse, where one of the keepers of the forest lives, and wanderers in search of the picturesque may dine. It is situated near the top of the Kattenbrunnen, one of the highest mountains in the forest, being 2653 feet above the level of the sea. The road to it is beautiful up the valley of the Enz; it passes by Enzklösterle, about a league from Wildbad, where there once stood a convent; but the name, and part of the wall in one of the cellars of the inn built upon its site, are all that remains of it.

Foxglove grows wild in great profusion here, and the bearded moss hangs, sometimes near three feet long, upon the trees, forming a striking object in the view, but proving the dampness of the ground and unhealthiness of the wood. Here we saw one of those great piles of wood prepared to be burnt for charcoal. The mathematical regularity of it attracted our notice; it was covered with small branches of the spruce fir, laid as if it were to live for ever, instead of being doomed, in a few hours, to a sudden and fiery death. I have often thought charcoal-burners must be a happy people: they lead a sort of gypsy life, so fascinating to many.

Those who take this drive, should stop about a mile before they arrive at the house; there is an opening of the wood on the right, and it is well worth the trouble of getting out of the carriage, to look down upon the ocean of trees below, the variety of ground giving an undulating form to the outline. The unity of colour, the silence of the scene, the beauty of the clear blue sky, and the total absence of all habitations, no living thing to be seen or heard, form altogether a landscape such as I have never seen in any other country. I have looked down from the top of the Castle of Wartburg (where Luther spent so many years) upon the Thuringian forest, which is also beautiful, but nothing like this. That looks as if it belonged to man, but this only to the eagle.

Having contemplated this view, you go down the hill to the house, which is in a hollow surrounded by hills—you leave your carriage there, and walk a mile and a half, to the highest point of the mountain. There you find a large plain of low Scotch firs, and a more extended view of this desert of trees. The Rhine looks like a silver line in the distance, and the whole scene gives no idea of the possibility of habitation; and yet at the roots many a group of busy little men are plying their axes, waging war against the lives of the condemned monarchs of the vegetable creation.

Before we left the inn we ordered dinner, and were surprised to find such a variety of dishes, made upon the instant, in so solitary a situation. The usual custom in Germany of giving you a great deal more than you want, prevailed even in this wild of wood.

There are large plains on the top of many of the mountains in the Black Forest, where many thousand sheep and cattle are fed: the shepherds pass the whole summer there, with their flocks, and do not leave it until the snow drives them down. The traveller would hardly suppose there was so large a tract of pasture so high. Upon one of these, within a few leagues of Wildbad, there is a lake thirty acres in extent, the Wilden See, or Wild Lake; it is 2817 feet above the level of the sea: there are several smaller lakes round it; once, probably, all formed one piece of water: it was long thought impossible to fathom, but the Duke Everard sounded it, and only found eighteen feet of water. It has not yet been discovered whether it is fed by any source, or merely a reservoir for the rain and melted snow. On the east of it, there is a canal made to raise the water of Eyach, during the time the wood floats down. No fish, as is said, can live in this lake, though perhaps no one ever thought of trying whether they could or not, and its not having any communication with a river, may have prevented its being inhabited by the finny tribe. The water is as clear as crystal, and as blue as the sky. The wild duck and heath cock are sometimes found rusticating here, when tired of the society of their brethren of a feather; but they are the only living things seen in this region of silence and death.

The same deleterious principle spreads all around, destructive alike to plants and animals; no species of rose grows near it; a few decrepid trees, at a certain distance, is all the vegetation seen. The wind and snow conspire together to destroy life, and most completely do they effect their purpose.

There are other lakes in this vast morass, which all present the same melancholy aspect; some are very deep and a good size: they generally go by the name of the Lakes of the Sorcerer. Those who visit this neighbourhood for the first time, are surprised to find one of the lakes, Holoh, quite dry, and that they can walk upon a beautiful green turf to an immense extent. They see at their feet the valley of the Murg, in the Grand Duchy of Baden, where Gernsbach rises. Farther on is the valley of the Rhine, bounded by the Vosges.

If the tourist wishes to take a farther view of these lugubrious waters, he must take a northern direction, to the Devil's Mill, near Loffenau, one of the highest parts of the right of the Murg, where the inhabitants gain a miserable existence by converting the pines into planks, and sending them down the river to the sea; the refuse wood they make into charcoal, and so force nature to grant them enough to support life, and do little more. They are a peculiar people, and having no communication with the world, are, of course, simple and superstitious.

A world of spirits reigns around them, and the devil, that prince of darkness, has not been idle in this region of terror. It is said he came out of a hole near the hot spring at Baden; if one were to judge by the character that spring bears now, one would think he had gone back again. He settled himself in a field near Baden, and preached that he was no devil, and that there was no world to come. This was pleasant doctrine to many, and they crowded round him. But an angel was sent to preach against him, in a field under Schloss Eberstein, called Engelskangel.

Other strange stories are told of this Wilden See. Several hundred years ago, a fairy lived there, who taught the shepherds wonderful songs, and then he drew them to the bottom of the lake. A wonderful musician played there, but whenever he began, it was a sign of some misfortune. One day, a gentleman, on a fine horse, was seen to disappear in the lake; his hat floated for some time upon the surface, but soon followed the gentleman.

Better informed persons than these poor people have been deceived by such shadows; even in our own enlightened country, we know, as yet, but little of the arcana of nature.

Dobel is a village about two leagues from Wildbad, on the mountain road to Baden, which is the prettier of the two; from the heights there is a fine view of the Rhine towards Manheim.

The cause of such a number of rocks being scattered about the neighbourhood of the Wilden See, is attributed to the devil, when in a rage; if he never did anything worse than throw stones, it would be better for the world.

In bygone times, he established a pulpit here, just above Gernsbach, and took the trouble of preaching in person, as his agents do now in the plain; his congregation was numerous, and he seemed to prosper.

But one fine day, a good angel sent from heaven came and established *his* pulpit on the top of the mountain just opposite, near Eberstein, and, by his divine eloquence, he brought the children of men to salvation.

At this, Satan became furious, established himself in the seven chambers formed by the rocks on the top of the mountain over Zoffenau, and there threw them about with such force and violence, that the sound was like an earthquake. He then built the mill in the clouds, which still goes by the name of the Devil's Mill. At last, fatigued with so much exertion, he threw himself down a rock, and his fall was so heavy, the print of his body is still to be seen on the stone, with his shoes and his tail. Since that time he has been quiet; and if he scolds and rages now, it is only during a storm. So strange are the fancies of the human mind in an uncultivated state! No country exists without some story of the devil and his works.

After these bad times a more heavenly spirit came and reigned in the forest. In the year 645, there dwelt in Calw, (now a manufacturing town in this neighbourhood,) a noble lady; her name was Helizina, a widow, rich, and, as many would say, "without *encumbrance*." Having no family of her own, she wished to devote her riches to the service of Heaven, and prayed to be directed in the way she should spend it. One night she dreamt that she was in a valley, and saw three fine fir trees growing out of one stem; and that she heard a voice say to her, "Where you see three firs growing from one root, there build a church."

The next morning she took her maid and two men servants with her into the forest, and found the tree with three stems as described in her dream. Upon that spot she built the church, and the peasants soon formed a little hamlet round it.

The church no longer exists, but the little town of Hirsau, near Calw, flourishes, and in it are some beautiful ruins of a cloister and another church, built by Count Erlafried, of Calw. The convent flourished so greatly in the time of the abbot William, that it soon became too small for the monks. A new one was built, and so great was the zeal of all classes, that those of noble birth did not disdain to assist, with their own hands, in the work. Ladies and gentlemen, with their wives and daughters, carried stone, wood, and mortar.

There is little doubt that during the building of this convent they never were in better health, for there is nothing ladies and gentlemen want so much as exercise; and if the ladies of the present day worked the feet a little more, and the fingers a little less, there would be fewer pale faces, and a diminished number of consumptive cases, than there are in these days of false refinement and unnatural luxury.

When this convent was finished, 260 monks took up their abode in it, and devoted themselves to praying and singing. It was soon ornamented with fine paintings: in the arcades were forty painted windows. The church was also finely painted all over (a common mode in the olden time) with 120 subjects taken from the Bible; besides portraits of all the principal sovereigns, until the time of Charles the Fifth.

In 1105, Benno, Count of Wurtemberg, was abbot; his grave-stone, with the arms of Wurtemberg, is still to be found among the ruins. One of the monks became blind from excessive head-aches, and remained so twenty-three years; when he lost his sight, the pain in the head ceased. It is recorded of him, that he was highly talented, and worked much more after he lost his sight than before, probably dictating to those who wrote. He prophesied the day and hour of his own death, and the destruction of the convent.

In 1792, it was burnt by the French, and the town of Calw with it. There are gardens now among the ruins, and a beautiful elm grows in the wall of what was the cellar of the convent. If the eyes belonging to the delicate fingers that helped to raise this building, could see its present state!

> "And so 'twill be, when we are gone."

Our works in this world will be one vast heap of mouldering clay; still we must work, and leave the rest to Heaven.

The height of a giant who lived in the mountains was kept in the convent. He wore clothes of leather, bound together with rings of iron, and when he died, it is said he was buried near Wildbad, under a sand stone, forty feet long, and more than half the breadth: it is deep in the earth, now almost covered with moss, and the people believe the bones of the giant are still under it. Those who wish to see this stone must take a guide, for as there is no path to it, it would be difficult to find.

There is another famous stone, called Fatherstone; it is on the top of a very steep mountain, and near the road from Calmbach to Stuttgardt, which winds for more than a league down the hill; there are dates cut in it as far back as 1013.

The views from the heights above Hirsan are beautiful, as they generally are all through the forest, and the number of ruins and picturesque towns scattered all over it, create great interest to the *enquiring traveller*. Others see nothing but the dark green pine, and hear little but the guttural sound of the patois German. To them the Black Forest is nothing, and I would not advise them to enter it, although it is unique.

Deinach, or Teinach, is another small watering place, within a few leagues of Wildbad, in a lovely valley not so broad as that of the Enz, with pretty walks in the mountains, and a very picturesque castle in ruins on the top of a hill close to it. The small town of Gavelstein is on the summit; a curate resides there.

The kingdom of Wurtemberg abounds in watering places, which are a great source of riches both to the government and the people; but these two must go together, for if the people are poor, the government cannot long be rich; and if they are in distress, it cannot long be strong. The costume of the peasants here is curiously old to our eyes; the men wear long coats, generally black, or very dark blue, with a profusion of large silver buttons, cocked hats, long boots, and most of them wear moustaches. The women dress in woollen jackets, so short in the waist they have neither form nor shape; the petticoat is full and short, and a little black cap just covers the back of the head; a large coarse straw hat is generally carried in the hand, to be worn as an umbrella or parasol. I never could find a print of this costume.

Liebenzell is another bathing place not far from Wildbad, with about one thousand inhabitants. All these places make pleasant excursions for the visitors, and it is to be hoped they will never be burnt out again as they once were here. Poor little Wildbad has been six times burnt: in 1454, entirely down; to compensate the inhabitants, in some measure, Count Frederick gave them a greater number of privileges. In 1507, the whole town was burnt as far as the pretty church, now in ruins. In 1525, it shared the same fate. In 1645, ninety houses were reduced to ashes; but, owing to the war, they were not rebuilt until 1662. On the 17th of July, 1742, there was a dreadful fire; but, like every other dreadful thing, it might have been worse, for it happened in the day. The people were in the fields when it broke out, and did not hear the bells when they rang, so no assistance could be given, and the town was soon no more, for as the houses were of wood, not a wreck was left behind. In the night a heavy rain came on, and the whole population, sick and well, were obliged to flee to the forest, and shelter themselves as well as they could, by making huts of the branches of the trees; no dress but what they had on; no food, for the confusion was too great to save any. What pictures of distress might have been painted of this scene!

After this misfortune, a law was made to prevent hay and straw being kept in the town, and those little wooden houses, which are quite a feature in the country, were ordered to be built. The town was then built in regular streets; but as if it were fated to perish by fire, there has been another since then. On the 27th of July, 1829, in the evening, just as all the company were assembled in the Gasthof König von Wurtemberg, or King of Wurtemberg's Hotel, a fire broke out, and in three-quarters of an hour the whole building was in ashes. Most of the guests were at supper; in a moment the room was lit up, and the flames ran round it so rapidly, they had only time to escape with their lives. A large sum of money and all their clothes were lost; the two hotels next to it, the Bear, and the Waldhorn, would have been destroyed with it, but a heavy rain came on, and prevented further mischief. The houses of Mons. Kepler, and the apothecary's, stand upon the site of this burnt hotel. Neptune, as well as

Vulcan, seems to have an enmity against this little town; for in 1824, the Enz overflowed, and tore away the wooden bridges, and two houses. All the goods, and many houses near the river, were more or less damaged; the loss was about four thousand florins,—great, to those poor people. All these little narrow valleys are subject to inundations, impossible to guard against; but it does not appear that the people of any country take sufficient precautions against dangers of situation, whatever they may be, there is such extraordinary blindness in the human mind.

They make salt from sorrel, Oxalis Acitosella, which grows in abundance in the forest; and vinegar from wood, but it is not wholesome. Of course there are many sawmills, so the people have a variety of work, and enough of it. During their long and severe winters' evenings, the men amuse themselves in cutting their soft wood into various little things, useful and ornamental, many of which have found their way to England; the women spin their own grown hemp, a dwarf kind much used by them, while they listen to the oft-told tale of " black spirits and grey," good spirits and bad; there is such a fascination in mystery. With this, an occasional dance at the different Gasthofs, and the eternal pipe, they manage to get through the winter in comparative happiness. The pipe is a great source of occupation to the German: he sits with it, stands with it, eats, drinks, and I dare say, if the truth was known, sleeps with it,—the pipe is his wife, and dearer than life. The blind man of Calw spouts his own verses, and improves on other people's subjects, to the great amusement of strangers, and edification of his own class; so time runs on here, as in other places.

CHAPTER XX.

THE fête at Stuttgardt to commemorate the invention of printing, which is just over, must have been most interesting; we regretted that the illness of one of our family prevented our being present at it. As it only takes place once in a century, the anxiety to witness it was in proportion to its rarity; six thousand strangers were present at Stuttgardt; it was also celebrated at Leipsic, Munich, and other places. It began with a service in the church; after that a chorus of four hundred performers, sang some of Handel's music, in the riding school. A procession of three thousand persons, all connected in some way with printing, binding, or otherwise with books, except the authors, marched through the principal streets, in different companies, dressed as in the days when printing was invented in 1440.

The first and the last printing press, with all its improvements, were drawn through the town, each by four horses abreast; they stopped in one of the squares, and struck some letters in type, then printed a little, bound some books,—all in double quick time, and distributed them to the delighted beholders. They assembled in three places in

Stuttgardt,—seven hundred persons sat down to dinner. All this amusement was for the masculine gender the first two days; but the third and last, they allowed the feminine to partake of it. Wives, mothers, sisters, and daughters, all danced and made merry, as well they might, for printing has made them what they are,—the comfort and solace of man. As soon as it was dusk, the whole procession assembled round the little Lake Finesse, near Stuttgardt: they ranged themselves on three sides of it; on the fourth, was a picture of Guttenberg, (the great father of printing,) lighted up; every man carried a torch, and when they put it out, sang to the health of those who are to meet after the next hundred years.

Such fêtes as these keep up the memory of things gone by, and, if of things good and useful, are pleasant and healthful both to body and mind; but if only continued to set one party against another, to bloat the one and cow the other, better bury the statue that creates such division, and sink the day in eternal oblivion.

Why not change our fêtes, and let one be in honour of printing? No country on earth has made such use of it, none has benefited so much by it, and yet we let it pass by unnoticed.

A few fashionables are come here with more beauty than morals; but they will soon find this place unsuited to them.

I was sitting one day with a friend upon a bench in the pretty walk along the river, watching the passing crowd, when a gentleman and two ladies sat down upon the one just before us, and continued the following conversation: one of the ladies was then speaking.

"It does not signify, argue as you will,—the power of fashion is greater than falsehood or folly: she has ruled the great world with a rod of iron ever since she came into it with that silly Queen of Spain who had more time than talent, more money than mind. Fashion began her reign with her, and see how she has twisted the human form into every antic shape.

"To begin with the head, what figures she has made of that *reflecting* portion, with powder and pomatum! raising it half a foot high with false hair and grease, and over that a structure of wire and gauze, which would have startled even a tom-fool in these days to wear; she then made it flow at full length down the back, but soon, tired of so much nature, she drew it up to the top of the head like a Chinese mandarin. This, as it made the pretty women look plain, and the plain ones frightful, proved how great was her power!

"With their poor bodies, what has she not done? Ruffled them down to the wrists, then bared them up to the shoulders; frilled them up to the ears, and now she has bared them down again to the back bone. At one time she shortened their waists until every fat votary of hers looked like the great tun of Heidelberg; then, tired of the sight of them without form or shape, she squeezed them in two like an hour-glass, and the next generation felt the effects of it; now, her frolic is to pique them down to the centre—how long she will keep them there is to be seen.

"She alters the shape of man, that mighty lord of the creation too, but she has more power over *his mind* than his body.

"When once she has him at one of your great universities she begins her attack, but always with the rich and noble; the others are beneath her notice, though they generally follow in her train.

"She persuades them they are not come there to read—that is beneath their dignity; they are too rich to work, therefore they may play; they are sent there for fashion's sake, therefore their business is to learn to be fashionable. When she has idled them in the morning, she makes them drink in the evening; they are then in a fit state to gamble all night.

"This is an admirable preparation for their introduction into the world, when their college *education* is finished. As it would be unfashionable to rise early in London, she keeps them in bed until the fashionable hour for the Park and Rotten Row. The very name, one would think, would disgust a refined ear. The night is passed in a lounge at the opera, or a peep at the theatre, before the great business, the exciting ecstacy, of life commences,—gambling. There, night after night, she binds her victims, first in a chain of gold, and then of iron.

"The once gay, rich, proud, son of nobility, sinks into the low-spirited, distressed, poor gentleman, shunned by his equals, dunned by his creditors.

"Many a young Englishman has sought safety and concealment in this country, who, with a different education, might have done honour to his own. Then, the race! how many of your nobles have been ruined on the turf! *there*, fashion reigns triumphant."

She said this with an air of satisfaction, as if she had completely silenced her companions; however, the gentleman now began to speak:

"I acknowledge the wondrous power of fashion, but surely at the race, she has less power than folly or falsehood; where would the danger of it be without these two powerful agents combined?

"Folly is the root, and falsehood the branches that flourish upon it,—the very fulcrum upon which the lever is placed to overturn their enemies, good sense and truth.

"But where, Madame, have you learnt such an overdrawn picture of the education of our youth? Believe me, it is highly coloured, although, I am sorry to say, there is much truth in it."

The lady looked impressively at him. "Monsieur, I learn it from yourselves; I am told it from those who have suffered from it, who have lamented the loss of time in their early days, learning the fabulous tales of Mars and Venus, Jupiter and Juno, that might have been better spent; and I leave it to your own judgment to answer, if you think the education of a monk five hundred years ago is a proper education for a gentleman in these enlightened days?"

"I grant you, it is not."

"Ah! Monsieur! you English are a curious people! Soyez tranquille un moment, and I will prove it to you.

"Of your physical courage no one will doubt; your victories abroad have long proved that; but your moral courage at *home* is very doubtful.

"You consent to be governed by a number of conventional laws, made by what you call the fashionable world, which you all dislike, and not only acknowledge there is no sense in, but that they are most inconveniently nonsensical, and yet you go on grumbling; and when they pinch too hard, cry out, but still go on in harness, because not *one* in society has the moral courage to break through them.

"You submit to customs which entail not only an *useless* expense in your households, but are highly injurious to your fortunes—give you pain rather than pleasure, because your neighbours do it; and so, because your neighbour is unwise, you are to be so also, for fear of being laughed at; but he may be rich, and what is right in one, is wrong in the other.

"When I was last in England, I observed the great trouble the lady of the house took in the arrangement of the table: there must be an equal number of dishes, one must match the other; and what with putting on and taking off, the arms of the servants were constantly over your shoulders. Then the cloth is to be taken off, and all the things upon it. I never saw the lamps and candlesticks removed without expecting to be set on fire by one, or covered with oil from the other.

"Then your late hours! all complain of them. Many have declared to me, they leave their country and live abroad, on account of them. *Now* will you not acknowledge you are slaves? Ah, mon ami! with all your boasted freedom, you are conventional slaves. Cependant! I love your country, and intend to pay it another visit, when I hope to find the cloth on and the dishes off. Now we will join the Princess at the pavilion."

They all rose, and left us conjecturing who they could be. I guessed the lady to be German; my friend thought she was French. I leave the reader to judge how far she was correct in her opinion of England, and will make but one observation.

None are aware of the effect of their own manners and habits upon strangers, or how strangely they may be struck with them. A work written about thirty years ago, by Abu Thalib Khan, a Persian nobleman, upon England, ascribes twelve faults to the English. One of them 1 remember was shaving, it wasted so much time.

When we travel, we are as severe upon our neighbours, so must bear it. Many of their customs appear as extraordinary to us.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE English are fortunate now wherever they go. They have their own beautiful church service performed in their own language; even in this retired spot of the world, some clergyman here for his health, is found to do the duty, and the only church in Wildbad is theirs for the time being. Latterly, there have been three different services in it: first, the Roman Catholic, early in the morning; then the Lutheran; and after that the English, when there is an English clergyman.

We went one day to hear the German service; it is very different from ours,—a few prayers, the epistle, and generally, though not always, a chapter from the New Testament, is the whole service. There is no communion, and of course the commandments are not read. After this, an extempore sermon, and then a psalm sung by the whole congregation, accompanied by the organ. The church is oval, and the echo very great; the sound of the men's voices, when singing the crescendo, was different from anything I ever heard, and could only be compared to shot poured upon tin. It struck upon the tympanum of the ear in a most unpleasant manner—that was the fault of the form of the church; but it was delightful to hear the whole congregation raising their voices in praise of the Almighty.

The clergyman never leaves the pulpit during the service. Just in front of it is a Crucifixion, frightfully executed in plaster. I do not remember to have seen this in any other Protestant church; and it becomes a question, in the minds of reflecting persons, how far these figures, representing the most heart-rending scene that ever was acted on earth, are useful to the people? It is to be feared, in Catholic countries, they are seen too often to make any impression, farther than inducing a certain ceremony,—that done, they pass like a shadow from the mind. To a Protestant, these ill-executed things are dreadful.

Man always runs into extremes. At the Reformation, every outward emblem of Christianity was torn down, until the church looked like a whitewashed barn. It is melancholy to enter some of our country churches, and see the neglected state of them. The chancel end running down with damp, and striped with mouldy green. I have seen such. And then the churchyard! the animal, whatever it may be, getting a living upon the grass, nourished by the dead under it. How different from other countries! The spot where their dead repose, is held sacred. But, happily, better feelings are coming.

We visited the school one morning, at half-past seven o'clock, and found the Vicar, Mons. Dechingen, teaching the children. The schoolmaster had gone to Stuttgardt, and he took his place; this shews the attention paid by the clergy to education here. The school is divided into three stories; one for the elder boys, one for the girls, and the third for the little ones of both sexes. There are three hundred children, all educated at the King's expense. The parents are obliged to send them to school from seven in the morning until eleven; this is quite long enough to teach them to read and write, and gives them time to work for their parents a little every day. They are kept seven years in the school, and are instructed by the Vicar in their religion twice every week. Every child had a Bible, and most of them read fluently, and were clean and well dressed. Every Sunday the young men and women are instructed in separate rooms. In winter they have a school of industry: this system of education is universal throughout the whole kingdom of Wurtemberg, and all paid for by the government, which speaks highly for the King.

The vicars in this country have no sinecure, are most miserably paid, and yet contrive to dress respectably, and appear happy. Mons. Dechingen received six pounds a year and his board, for which he is allowed twenty-four dollars annually. Before they are ordained, each is obliged to preach a sermon in presence of the older clergy, who correct the faults they may find with it; and as he must do this extempore, he writes it first, and then learns it by heart. They do not appear to have a fixed liturgy, for the service varies in different places. The Vicar here teaches German to the English, which increases his small salary; he appears a very respectable person.

Among other employments within sight of our house is a rope-walk, chiefly carried on by children; and on the other side of the house are eleven women hackling their hemp, with which they make linen that lasts almost a generation; and the quantity of it that each family possesses would surprise an English cottager. It is a great pity spinning is given up in England; it employed many an hour, now wasted: premiums for spinning would be well bestowed, and wool spinning perhaps be the most useful in our climate.

Thirty men are squaring wood just opposite, with tools more like a tomahawk than our hatchet; it is for the floor of the saloon for the new baths, and it is all put together in frame, as we should a roof, before it is put up: the quantity of wood they use is immense.

There is a little bridge across the river roofed with plates of tin, which has an odd effect, and when the sun shines (which it does here at times most powerfully) those who wish to have their brains warmed, might be accommodated with a seat under it; and as the warming and cooling system is becoming so much the fashion, five minutes broiling under the tin bridge, and three minutes fizzing under the water, (you have only to pop your head down,) might cure any or all of the diseases poor flesh is heir to. But, to speak seriously, this cold water invention is much talked of, and those who have been cured by it, (a numerous body,) speak highly in its favour.

When we were coming up the Rhine, in the good ship Victoria, the conducteur pointed to a large house, once, I think, a convent, at Marienberg, and said, "That is the place where they cure so many disorders with cold water. A pension has been established there lately, and, as an English wag would say, 'patients are taken in and done for.'" He continued: "I have seen one extraordinary cure myself. Not many months ago a Prussian Count was brought there by this boat. It took four men (I was one of them) to lift him into it; he could neither walk nor stand, with some complaint in the knee, which was swelled to a great size, and said to be water. With the courage of despair he resigned himself to the tender mercies of the water-doctor, which by the way are said to be pretty severe in the matter of starvation and shivering. However, they succeeded to a miracle, for in seven weeks he again came on board of the said Victoria entirely a new man. The swelled knee he left behind, and brought a new one in its place, and, as old women say, 'new brooms sweep clean,' so this new knee jumped high, and instead of being carried in, as he was out, he leaped on board; and when he got there, danced from one end to the other of this long deck, skipped about like a kitten, and evinced the most extravagant joy."

I was very anxious to hear something more of this simple and wonderful treatment, suspending my judgment until I could see a living instance of one cured with my own eyes; and as every thing I wish for comes to pass, so one day, most unexpectedly, an old friend was announced, and with her the Baron de L——, whom she had made her lord and master since we last met. The conversation turned upon horses, and from them naturally to man, and his feats upon his four-footed dependants, when she mentioned a frightful fall the Baron had about two years before. He was so severely hurt, that he was eighteen months ill; twelve of that time confined to his bed, and given over by every physician who was called in. At last a friend advised him to try the water-doctor, which he did, and was then in perfect health: during the course of the cure, he was not allowed to eat any thing but a bit of bread, about four inches by three, (I wish to be accurate,) in the day. How far this starving treatment may be modified in other cases I cannot say, but hope it may be so, as I have since heard all patients cannot stand it; but I will "make it my business" to enquire further, and let you know. In the mean time, "I'm thinking" if this mode of cure becomes general, poisons will be "looking down;" druggists' shops will be shutting up; black doses, white pills, and yellow mixtures, will be going "a begging." It really will be a serious loss to one branch of the community, whatever gain it may be to the other. We may live to hear the little boys singing the praises of cold water in the streets in some such measure as this:

> "Cold water out, and cold water in,
> Will make a man clean, and new as a pin;
> Cold water in, and cold water out,
> Will cure the sick of the terrible gout."

There are a great many children here: some have derived but little benefit, to all appearance; we feel much interested in one who could not put his foot to the ground when he came here, but now begins to walk; if the complaint was born with the child there is little hope of cure.

The Count de Survilliers is gradually recovering; his cure will increase the fame of Wildbad and Dr. Granville; but those who begin these baths must not be impatient, for in the first instance they make them worse, and, as the Doctor says, all their old pains and aches come out, and not only the old, but many new ones, just to let the patient know there was more in them than they were aware of.

The poor are generally the most patient, and bear their great ills with much more forbearance than the rich their *little* ones.

Good Queen Catherine, sister to the Emperor of Russia, and well known in England as the Grand Duchess of Oldenburgh, built a house here for them. A physician lives in it, and, as far as all things necessary to their health go, they are as well off as the rich.

At Toeplitz the late King of Prussia built a house for his poor subjects, and endowed it. Crowned heads travel to good purpose when they do these kind things.

CHAPTER XXII.

FOREIGNERS cannot understand the happiness, the luxury, of dining alone, day after day. Madame de M—— thinks we must be very dull, and has pressed me many times to dine at the Hotel Bellevue, which at last we did; and, in compliment to her, at one o'clock. There is a second dinner at four for the English. The price for the first is one florin; the second, three francs; if in a private room five francs, without wine.

Rooms are at all prices, from two shillings a night; a small sitting room in front is fourteen florins a week; but few think it necessary to have one, for the sitting is generally done in the pavilions; and what with walking, bathing, reposing, and dining, there is not much time for the drawing room.

After dinner we sat in the balcony, and were introduced to some ladies living at Manheim. The conversation turned, as it always does, upon the English, their habits, manners and customs. They said the number of them was greatly increased there latterly: their large families were quite astonishing; they were *charmantes! charmantes!* but increasing the prices of every thing to an alarming degree, so that the natives feared they could not live there much longer.

Is it not hard the English are forced to act the part of the hedgehog against the snake? Wherever they go, the poor snake, the original inhabitant, is obliged to flee.

The cheapness of dress, however, in England, was a theme of admiration. In the general way there is little conversation to be had from our continental neighbours; and when dress and the amusements of the day, and our own customs, have been discussed, it sinks into nothingness; much like our own, at a morning visit,—that most disagreeable thing we all continue to do against our will. Having dined at the Hotel Bellevue, the next thing we were persuaded to do was to drink tea there, after which a dance was proposed.

The Princess de C—— is here; she has lately purchased a large property in this country, but she gives no note of wealth, and lives as quietly as other people. Of all the princesses in the world that I have met with, the German are the most amiable, least assuming, and most affable in their manners. In the course of our travels we have had the honour of knowing many of them, and they have always been the same; they have one great adjunct to happiness, both of themselves and others,—they are easily pleased.

Many of them speak English well, and are deep in English literature. We once paid a morning visit to the Grand Duchess of Weimar, were received in her boudoir, and found the table covered with English works. Of all the places we have ever been in, Weimar is the most agreeable for society, and the best to send a young man to, just entering the world. Every young Englishman, with a proper introduction, is received there, and treated as noble; he is invited to court twice a week in the evening, and occasionally to dinner. The Grand Duke treats them with great kindness and good nature, and the Grand Duchess with all the dignity and grace so peculiarly her own.

The hour of dinner at court is three, at six they go to the theatre; the nobles sit on the right side, where the English are admitted, the gentry on the left; all the evening parties commence at seven, and end at eleven, unless there is a dance.

There is considerable state kept up at the court, and when the Grand Duke and Duchess sit down to cards, every person in the room goes up to the table, first of her Imperial Highness, and makes a curtsey or bow, as the case may be, and then to the Grand Duke; this is a very troublesome custom, for the first two deals are spent in returning the salute, which is always done most cordially. The Grand Duke plays Cassino—this is quite a different game from ours, and requires a ready reckoner to play it well. Great Cassino takes sixteen; little Cassino, fifteen; every Ace, fourteen; King, thirteen; Queen, twelve; Knave, eleven. The first deal was rather puzzling, but I soon learnt it. After the salutation at the card tables the young people go into the gallery, where there is a table covered with prints; a few of the married ladies go with them, the others sit working their tapestry at a round table in the corner.

The first evening we passed at court there were not any cards. Twelve ladies sat round a large table; I was placed next to the Grand Duchess: in a few minutes one of the court ladies laid a number of pieces of flannel, each one yard long, upon the table; she then gave a skein of scarlet worsted and a needle, with one of the pieces of flannel, to each lady. The Grand Duchess also took one: and we all began to overcast the edge of the flannel; it was not difficult to discover the use of the work, and I was soon told the reason for it. The poor imagined the nobles were too proud to think of their wants, and her Imperial Highness wished to prove to them it was not so. It also set the court a good example. During the activity of the fingers the tongues were not idle; conversation went on most briskly, and I learnt more of what was going on in Europe in an hour and half, than I should have done in England in a year. We all finished our task, and the little blankets were folded up and put into their baskets to be distributed the next day to the poor.

The last evening we ever passed in the society of this most amiable and talented Princess, was the day before we left Weimar after our second visit there; we drank tea and supped with her, *en famille*, at Belvedere; and to shew the different habits of different countries, the cloth was laid for tea, which was made in the room, but at supper there was none. In the course of the evening, England, as usual, became the topic of conversation. One of the gentlemen mentioned the very extraordinary custom of selling wives in the market place, with a halter about their necks. An immediate argument arose: some said it was impossible, others insisted it was a fact, and one said he read an account of it that morning in the newspapers. I was next to the Grand Duchess, and she turned one of her enquiring looks at me. "Madame can decide it." To deny it was impossible. To defend it equally so. And I listened in silence to the well-deserved condemnation of our authorities, for allowing such a breach of law and religion.

Weimar was the Athens of Germany in the time of the late Grand Dukes and Goëthe—all the talent of Germany assembled there,

> "And the scent of the roses will hang round it still;"

for still the society is superior to other towns. Nothing improves the mind of woman so much as an association with well-informed men; and, although it may appear singular, it is true, that they can do more good and generally less harm to her, than her own sex. The ladies of Weimar are better informed, and have more agreeable conversation than one generally meets with. If it had the climate of Italy, it would indeed be difficult to leave it. They have many amiable customs we should do well to follow, though we might think them childish, and laugh at what is very good sense; for as man cannot be always the philosopher, it is excellent to be easily amused, and wonderfully improves the temper,—that frightful sunken rock so many split upon. They have a custom peculiar, I believe, to Germany: on every Christmas eve, a spruce fir, of a convenient size for the room intended, is dressed up with bonbons, gilt apples, nuts, in short, any sweet thing to make it tempting. An innumerable quantity of small wax tapers are then fastened in every branch of it: if too large for the table it is placed on the ground, and lighted about seven in the evening; when all the friends and relations arrive to see it, congratulate each other upon the season, and exchange presents: those are sent beforehand and spread upon the table, which looks like a stall at a lady's bazaar. Whatever dress is necessary, is given by the parents on this day, and the fête day, which is always kept in the same way, though without the tree, which is considered as done only for the children, though it is often kept up for "children of a larger growth," and who seem to enjoy it just as much. Working for these days, particularly the fête day, for the birth-day is never kept, employs a great portion of the time of German ladies, and gives them a habit of making presents, and an expectation of receiving them, we have no idea of. It keeps up a kindliness of feeling, which is pleasant; in some cases, however, it fell rather hard upon the young Englishmen who were there at the time. Some thought it necessary to follow so generous an example, and gave more than was quite convenient; a young friend of ours gave two rings, or rather laid them unseen upon the table. A ring is the only thing a young lady cannot receive from a gentleman, and this present made a great sensation. It must be returned, but to whom?—the donor was incognito. After many days' conjecture, it was proved, as some other facts have been, by a negative, and returned, to the great mortification of the giver.

Weimar is not a cheap residence: it is said even to be more expensive than Vienna, by those who have tried both; but it has much greater advantages for a very young man,—it is so difficult to get into society at Vienna. At Weimar it is made for you, and the court ladies are so kind to the young stranger, and take him so much under their protection, that he soon feels at home with them.

I have heard a lady give advice and recommend a line of conduct and manners to them, an English lady would never have thought of doing;

and it was taken with the same good feeling it was given.

Some of the families moving in the court society, receive young men to board with them. This is a great advantage in many ways, and they learn the language much sooner.

Two hundred pounds a year is the least a young man can have at Weimar; and for that income he can do well with proper economy. A winter there, and three months making pedestrian excursions with a German professor, is an excellent preparative to a tour through Europe, and one of the best introductions to the northern courts. The Grand Duchess is sister to the Emperor of Russia, and mother to the two Princesses of Prussia.

Goëthe, the great lion of Weimar, died shortly after we left it. He made my eldest daughter a present of his medal,—an excellent likeness,—and some lines in his own hand-writing. "He was a man, take him for all in all, we shall not look upon his like again."

The correspondence between him and Schiller is most interesting, from the perfect harmony that existed between these two great men. The minds of both were upon too enlarged a scale to be jealous of each other.

Germany has given birth to great geniuses. Their language is fine, rich, and comprehensive, though so difficult. A lady once told me if she were a stranger she would never learn it. The most provoking part of it is, that after studying it for months, if you make a tour through Germany, in many parts you will not be understood. The Germans themselves find dialects they cannot understand.

We went from Weimar to Meiningen, which is in a much prettier country than the former; the drive by Eisenach is beautiful. We arrived in the evening, and in an hour after had the honour of receiving an invitation to dine with the Dowager Duchess the next day. We passed a week there, at that time; and from thence went to Hilburghausen, where the Duke of Meiningen then held his court; and, as a proof of the kindness and consideration of the Duchess, her highness was so good as to send her carriage to take us to the palace to dinner the following day. In the evening we drove to a maison de chasse, belonging to the Duke, about ten miles off, and passed a most delightful evening.

I should have said much more of this most amiable family, but that Her Majesty the Queen Dowager has been graciously pleased (through the kindness of the Duchess of Saxe Weimar) to patronise this little work; and what would have come in most naturally under other circumstances, would appear *now* out of place.

We made a second visit of a week to Meiningen, a year after, upon our return from Italy, and found the same condescending attention; and the day before we left it, the Dowager Duchess was pleased to send me a very valuable present. I have mentioned already the custom of making presents in Germany. The Grand Duchess of Weimar made me a handsome one before we left that country.

CHAPTER XXIII.

HAVING taken my reader an excursion to Weimar in the last chapter, I must bring him back to Wildbad in this; and set him down under one of the numerous cherry-trees abounding in this neighbourhood, just to caution him against the temptation of eating the large and beautiful black one hanging so conveniently, almost in his mouth.

In nearly every one of them I found a white maggot; examine him with a microscope, and you will find him as transparent as glass; you can see every movement of his little body, and the whole internal conformation of it; his little wings so neatly wrapped up. "A propos," have we got any wings neatly wrapped up in our bodies, ready to

"Wing our way to another and a better world?"

After looking long at the beauty of this little animal, I put his nose back to his cherry, and in a moment his whole body was buried again in his sweet abode.

Raspberries and strawberries grow wild in profusion, and many of the flowers cultivated in our gardens in England.

The English are babies in bathing, compared to the people on the Continent. A lady told me she had bathed at Plombiers, in France. There was only a wooden partition between the ladies and gentlemen, and the noise the latter made was beyond anything she ever heard. They first had instrumental music; then sang a duet, laughed, joked, hallooed, and lastly they danced. I mentioned the French lady having proposed we should dance a quadrille; so I suppose it is common. There is another bath, I forget the name, where they stay eight hours at a *sitting*. A gentleman told me he went to this place to see a friend, who introduced him to several ladies and gentlemen: they persuaded him to take a bath next morning, and he was greatly surprised to find the whole party he had supped with the night before, in the water; one gentleman breakfasted, dined, and supped in it. This will hardly be believed in England; but as we improve upon everything done by our neighbours, no doubt, in time, bathing parties will be made, and gentlemen will invite the ladies to bathe with them, as they now do to dance; and it appears both may be done at the same time. Variety is charming, and at all events there would be that, if nothing else,—and one of the most extraordinary things of this revolving world, is the vast variety in it. No two things in nature are alike, even those that appear to us exactly so. The faces of sheep and geese are to us all alike; but the shepherd and gooseherd know the difference; and, if we could understand it, there is a difference of character in every one of them, and there is no doubt that talent and sense vary in animals, as they do in the human race. We make a great mistake to call the goose a fool, or foolish people geese: the French know better, their fools are Dindons; the turkey is the most silly of all the birds we are acquainted with, and those who attempt to drive them will find it so.

Gentle reader! whether you choose to lead, or drive, take care to provide a *certain* portion of brains, or you will find too late you can do neither the one nor the other.

There is little incident in this place, therefore every trifle becomes of consequence. One of those large carriages already alluded to, passed lately: it was a four-in-hand, (a rare thing in these parts,) quite English in its appearance, two gentlemen in front, two servants behind, and *quantum suff.* of ladies in the interior. Here is some fine person: who can it be? Three days after, the same carriage passed back again, with the same passengers. Oh! this is a party the waters do not agree with, and many there have been. But upon enquiry, it was a physician from Jersey, come all this way to look into the waters of Germany, and when he had put his foot into every bath, and swallowed a glass of every spring, then he was competent to write about them. He staid here two entire days, visited the doctors, praised them much for their liberality, and begged they would kindly send him all the information they could give him respecting the bath, and so departed for another.

Dr. Granville's work seems to have sharpened the enquiring organs of the faculty; for this is the second physician that has been here since we came—the other, we heard, was from Bristol. I dare say we have as good waters at home. But it will never be the same thing, as far as health goes. Our climate, late hours, expensive way of living, dull conversation, ringing the changes upon the weather,—a fine day or a bad one,—opposed to the brilliant sun, soft air, variety of scene, and gaiety of the people on the Continent, (their very costume amuses, and adds to the scene,) will always cause us to get the worst of it, do what we may.

Walking one day in the forest, the younger branches met with a viper, and as there is a known antipathy to that animal in man, W—— attacked it, fought, and conquered. It is said, there is no love so strong as the love of power, and when we get it, we like to shew it: so he brought it home to prove his prowess, and hung it upon that very hook, just under the drawing-room window, which so lately supported the crown of flowers placed there in honour of the King. They sat down to repose, thinking the labours of the day were over. But as long as a viper lives in our neighbourhood, we need not hope for rest. E—— spied him first, and, starting up in great alarm, exclaimed, "He's coming in, he's coming in!" All were up in an instant, and the viper in the room as soon, and as active as their race generally are. One said, "Get upon the chair;" another, "sit upon the table;" tables and chairs never were in such request as places of security. The animal being let alone, (a good rule in general,) capered about until he was tired, and then took up his quarters in the curtain; but as a concealed enemy is worse than an open one, however bitter, it was not safe to leave him there, and at last he was really killed *dead.* Those who knock down vipers, should be very sure the life is out of them, before they carry them home. I remember a gamekeeper being killed by one he threw over his shoulder, thinking it was dead; it stung him in the back, from which he never recovered.

The good people of the Black Forest, as in many other places, do not think it necessary to preserve themselves, or strangers, from falling down their tremendous precipices.

An accident happened lately, which was near being fatal. The young ones were taking their usual walk, when C—— perceived a waggon tumbling down the precipice, the horse rolling over and over, and the man thrown out at a little distance from whence it set out. At last the carriage was stopped by the stump of a tree.

W—— ran through the river and up the mountain, and cut the traces to relieve the horse. By this time assistance arrived, and the owner of the vehicle too, though much hurt, and not sober, which caused the accident. The first word he said was one of anger, at the traces being cut; it appeared the harness was more valuable to him than his horse. After extricating the poor beast, they began to dispute whether he should be taken up or down the mountain. The distance was about equal, and both dangerous; at last the up-hill party gained it, and the horse began to ascend, but it was too steep, he fell backwards, and rolled over and over, until he arrived at the river which stopped him; there he lay, to all appearance, quite dead. However, in a little time he rose, and with great difficulty walked home.

We went a few days after to look at the spot where the waggon turned off the road: it was almost perpendicular, and yet it is the high road from Kalmbach to Wildbad. Although many accidents do happen, it is surprising they are not more numerous, and still more so that those who are not sober are seldom much hurt, proving the truth of the old saying, " that naught is never in danger."

Fortunately German horses are quiet in general, and have a much better character than their neighbours, the Italians, which are as fiery as their climate. We had a specimen of that in a pair we once bought at Rome.

CHAPTER XXIV.

WE have now been here nearly three months. I have taken two courses of the baths, and am told I must go to Italy for the winter, it not being safe to face "the cold pale north," after so much par-boiling.

And now the question is how we are to travel?—whether to post, hire Vetturino horses, or buy and drive our own? We had travelled all these ways, and found the last the most agreeable, and least expensive. So it was decided to look out for a pair; but the horses here are small, and our carriage was very large; four, therefore, were necessary for comfort and expedition.

We had observed two greys and two blacks passing our door frequently, looking pretty and active. It was not difficult to make them our own; and as the harness goes with the horses in this country, we were soon set up for about eighty pounds.

The whip was the greatest difficulty; there was no such thing to be had as a four-in-hand whip, for although in posting one postilion drives four, riding one of the wheel horses, the whip is a very unfit instrument for an Englishman. After some contrivance, with the assistance of a long leather lash, a whip was "got up" in Robinson Crusoe's style, which was quite in character with the harness of the leaders, an unsophisticated simple kind of leathern convenience, very different from that of the wheel horses, which was of a Russian pattern, neat, light, strong, and put on like a night-cap, all at once, collar and all. Any one who wishes it shall have the pattern, as I brought it home, *pro bono publico.*

The first trial of these four little nags, that had never been in harness together before, shewed W—'s skill in charioteering. I was recommended by a friend to insure our lives before we set out, as a necessary precaution against accidents and chances. But I knew the arm I depended upon, and trusted to Him who had already saved us from so many dangers. And now we begin to prepare for our departure, every thing not seen is to be visited, and our old haunts to be seen once again.

There is something in a *last* view always melancholy. Then, the few friends we had made, we should never see again. Madame de M—— was going away to her far-distant land; her good sense and kind manner made her society always agreeable, and I was sorry to think we should meet no more on this side of the grave. The Baron de Linden (appointed by the King as superintendent here,) and his amiable lady we might have a hope of seeing again: they are most kind and attentive to strangers, and their society added much to our pleasure at Wildbad.

The last serenade performed, in the same manner to say adieu that it is to say welcome, at all the German baths, and all things prepared, we set out on our long journey to Rome, the only town in Italy to pass the winter in for those who love the arts, quiet good society, and rational recreation. We steered our course towards Freyburg, intending to stay a short time in Switzerland. English people always travel with more baggage than necessary, and so did we. Our trunk was sent home, and the carriage still immensely loaded. We set out the 1st of September, 1840; three ladies inside, one maid in the seat behind, W—— whip in hand, rejoicing he had possession of the reins once more, and a man servant.

Our first stage was a heavy pull up the mountain, very trying to the little horses: the road not good; the valley decreasing in width, and increasing in beauty and wildness, as we ascended to the source of the Enz. When at the top, we rejoiced to feel a fresh breeze, and enjoy an extended view, after so long a sojourn in the valley below.

Anxious to relieve the horses, the last two leagues being very heavy, we stopped at a little hamlet, half a league from Resentall. Here we found a primitive little church, with portraits of Luther and Melancthon, a painting of the Last Supper, and the terrible Crucifixion in plaster: in the churchyard a monument in stone, ornamented with gilding. This was unexpected in so wild a scene; but I have observed many a little church in the mountain, where there seemed hardly any inhabitants, ornamented to the utmost power of the simple congregation. If one of them leaves his village, and starts into life as a painter or a sculptor, he thinks of the little church where he breathed his first prayer to That Being who has supported and blessed him in all his undertakings, and in gratitude and affection he contributes some portion of his works to ornament it. This is good feeling; would there were more of it in the world!

Travelling once in the Tyrol, we were attracted by the sound of a fine organ, in a little church. We entered, heard most sweet voices, and saw a congregation who looked as if they loved their church, and were *united* in it. Upon enquiry as to the organ, so expensive an addition, we were told it was a present from one of the natives, whose business in life was making organs. When *we* become a more musical people, it is most devoutly to be hoped *our* church will be more united than it is in these schismatical days, and that "loving one another" will be our business. When the Great Day comes, how little will the disputes about straws be thought of! When He who comes to judge us will ask, "Have you loved one another?"

The pride of man is beyond all imagination; his pride makes him set up his bubble against his neighbour's bubble, and so both burst. But alas! not like the air-bubble, vanish, without leaving "a wreck behind;" the schism bubble, when it breaks, leaves a scent, like the Upas tree, and poisons all around. Alas, alas! we are indeed poor creatures!

We had the cushions taken out of the carriage, placed on the grass in the churchyard, and here we refreshed our clay, while the horses rested. We were on the top of one of the plateaux of the forest, and had time to contemplate it. Upon these plateaux the mountain flocks of sheep and cattle are fed.

After crossing this wild tract of high land, we descended the beautiful valley of the Murg. How the people live upon these plains is surprising, unless they eat the sheep, wool and all, which they could not afford. A few oats, still quite green, is all the cultivation we see; but at the little inn there was bread for the horses, wine for the men; a wooden drag, also, we found, a very necessary thing to save the iron one down this Alpine descent. We slept at Freudenstadt, a very old and curious town. Next morning mounted the Knebis, the highest mountain in this neighbourhood; the view from this plateau is most extensive,—we could see the Rhine from it. There are ten wooden houses here, and the population seems increasing. After a long and steep descent we arrived at Rippoldsau, a very agreeable watering-place.

We were just in time for the one o'clock dinner, and here I should like to have rested a fortnight after the bath, which the physicians generally order, as fatigue is dangerous; but it was too late in the season. There were few people remaining; after dinner we went over the establishment, which is very large: there are three hundred beds, and in the course of the summer two thousand persons have either staid here or passed through it; there is but one hotel, and the situation beautiful. Upon looking at the baths, I was surprised to see one I had never heard of,—a gas bath. What is this good for? "Gout, rheumatism, deafness, many things." "Thinks I to myself," as I am here, I had better take an opinion, and sent instanter for the doctor; but when he came he could speak no French, and I could not speak High Dutch. C—— was called in to interpret, and the result of the consultation was a recommendation to return there the following summer, in July, the only month a cure could be expected. He said, in his practice, he found the gas bath more efficacious in rheumatism than either hot or cold water. We shall see! I decided to take his advice, and you shall hear more of Rippoldsau hereafter.

The drive to Housa along the river Wolfe, is beautiful, and the road, perhaps the narrowest (for the traffic upon it) ever made. We crossed and recrossed the river twenty-three times in five leagues, over bridges so narrow, and turns so sharp, that verily if the horses had not been the best of their kind, and the driver the best of his kind, we should have measured our lengths in the brook more than once. On the way to Haslach, we passed through a wild wold country of great extent, steep ascents and descents. No one who had not seen the other side of Rippoldsau could believe the beauty of the forest—here the country looks like Ireland, "barring the rags." But the tidy, full, short, woollen petticoat, tied under the arms, for there is no waist, the neatly platted hair, and good shoes and stockings, tell the traveller at once he is far from that

"Bright gem of the sea."

On the right as you come out of the town of Haslach, there is a ruin of a church on the top of a conical hill. It rises out of the trees as if it were placed there for ornament; it must have been most difficult to get up to. I wished to know the history of it, but there was no time, if it had been possible—there is always such an anxiety to get on. The roads have been excellent all day; they are better in the Duchy of Baden than in Wurtemberg—no turnpikes. A pair of horses may be kept in this country for what it costs in England for turnpikes. There is a new road making from Wildbad to Stuttgardt, which will be a great improvement; the baths bring in so large a revenue to the governments, that it is good policy to have good roads.

The country improves as we approach Freyburg; maize and vines, a few carrots and turnips, are grown, but the latter are only just fit for the first hoeing; a great deal of hemp all the way from Wildbad, hardly any wheat, although one little field was already four inches high. Freyburg is in a fine rich open plain of great extent—and here our first adventure begins. We intended to have gone to Hausach, but missed our way in the little town of Wolfach, by following the broad straight road, instead of turning short to the right, by a narrow street over the bridge. We continued this fascinating route, little thinking where it would lead to, until night came on; we met few persons, but at last arrived at the little hamlet, Halbmail, and upon enquiry how far to Hausach, were told we had left it far behind. It was by this time quite dark. What was to be done? Horses have an instinctive feeling for an inn, and we found upon looking up they had stopped at a sign of Beer and Brandy Wine. The master, a jolly-looking man, and his better half, a fair, fat, good-tempered looking woman, both stepped out at this embarrassing moment. The natural enquiry, "Have you beds?" was answered in the affirmative. "And good stabling and a coach-house?" "Ja, Ja," never sounded so sweetly. All stepped out with alacrity; the horses were in the stable, and the carriage in a sort of barn, before we had time to consider about ourselves. We entered the house, but there was no sitting room; went up stairs of a primitive kind into the bed chambers: there were two, three beds in one, and two in the other—but how to divide the company was the question, as the three-bedded room was of an inferior description, so the ladies could not be expected "to put up with it," particularly as bad was the best. However, by making a bed upon the table, à la Russe, for the maid, all was settled, and we proceeded to supper. We found an omelet and some other things for us at a separate table; the master and mistress, with their family, at another. Before they began to eat all stood up, and one of the younger girls said grace; but it was so long, I thought it evening prayers. Their supper was a large dish of soup in the middle of the table, into which all dipped their spoons; each person had a few potatoes placed before them as we should bread: so frugal a meal was soon over, and all retired to rest in better health and spirits than many an alderman after his feast of turtle.

Our night was passed in that sort of pleasing excitement that such variety of situation always occasions; there was a want of almost everything. I do not think there was even a looking-glass; of course the toilet was suspended, and we hurried down to hasten our departure. We found the family just going to breakfast, and we came in again for the long grace, which I observed the master did not attend to, for during the time, he looked out of the window, and it was only then we discovered it to be grace. If this was not a luxurious inn, at least it was a cheap one, and they did not impose upon us.

We arrived at Hausach to breakfast. W—— finds the heat of the valley excessive, and to relieve him as much as we can, I bought a hat of the country large enough for a parasol, and another for the servant. When these very pleasant additions to the English costume were put on, the appearance was ludicrous enough; one tour of Hyde Park would, at a shilling a head, have built my school.

The contrast is striking, after the confined views at Wildbad, where we often wished to push away the mountain to see the sky. Many a time the rain has come on without notice, for the mountain hid the dark cloud.

The eye soon tires of beauty, if there is nothing else. We are all glad to be out of the forest: a month there is delightful, but a longer stay wearies. Wildbad is more beautiful than Rippoldsau. The trees are finer, and the walks prettier.

Now, were I a poet, I should sing of evil spirits. For certes, some demon of the night must have put it into the head of one of the amiable little greys to lose her temper, and throw her heel with such force at her sister grey, as to make a wound so severe as to prevent her walking. It is with great pain truth obliges me to mention that the sisters do not live together in the same harmony and love the brothers do. One of them was soon found to be too handy with her feet, and therefore a separation was necessary, during their hours of ease. While doing their business in harness, they were as quiet as lambs; which proves that idleness to active spirits is dangerous. They were separated, but during dinner the ostler thought it more convenient to him to put them together; and the consequence was, our being detained four days at Freyburg.

This might have been considered by some people a malheur, but to me it was a fortunate rest. This is a very cheap town, and would be an agreeable sojourn for a few English families who were acquainted with each other. A good apartment for a family, unfurnished, with kitchen and cellar, is from fifteen to twenty louis d'or a year. Furniture is good and cheap; I asked the price of a good-sized chest of drawers, of beautiful walnut-tree;—thirty francs. Meat is from eight to ten kreutzers a pound, and good; household bread, a penny a pound; rolls, a kreutzer each; and excellent flour, six kreutzers a pound; the measure of wheat, (as near as I could guess, half a bushel,) two shillings and twopence; a measure of oats, enough for two horses one day, half a florin, about tenpence; fruit and vegetables, very cheap; a bunch of grapes for a kreutzer. But land is very dear here; so much of the duchy is taken up by the forest.

There is a theatre open from October during the winter, but it is, we are told, not good; and a concert once a week, winter and summer, which is probably much better. There is an agreeable society of the noblesse of the country; and, as far as I have seen and heard of it, I should think it one of the most desirable places for quiet English families, having many children to educate. The whole line of the Rhine is becoming too hacknied and expensive.

Although eating is not an interesting subject, I must give the bill of fare at the table d'hôte, and one will serve for all. First, a course of soup; then boiled beef, with horse-radish sauce, cucumber, or stewed prunes; next, fried chicken, and some other meat dish; a course of vegetables; then veal, and either omelette or pudding; after that fish; and lastly, a roast leg of mutton, and chickens or ducks; a large cake of the best description, cheese, and desert! and all this for thirty-six kreutzers,—one shilling. It is quite as good a dinner as at the Hotel Bellevue, where you pay double; and that is reasonable, when it is considered that everything there comes from Strasburg.

The climate here is colder than Manheim. There is a college, and four hundred students. No garrison, only thirty men and an officer.

The cathedral is a beautiful building; the spire is in the richest style of Gothic; the stained glass is splendid in colours, but some of the subjects are badly executed,—always a pity when they are sacred. Some of the figures in plaster are good; though the Last Supper is not well done, it must have a great effect upon the poor who come to see it. Our Saviour in the tomb is still more affecting. Nothing is so striking as the difference between the churches in Protestant and Catholic countries. The care taken of the latter, the neglect of the former; the inhabitiveness of one, the deserted look of the other; one always open, the other shut. It is a great comfort to the Catholic traveller to know that wherever he goes, the house of God is always open to him. If he has much to thank Him for, it is delightful to go to His house, and shew his gratitude. If in misery, it is a consolation to have the power of entreating His mercy and forgiveness, in His own appointed place.

I was sitting thinking in this way, my patience almost worn out waiting for the young ones, who had gone up to the top of the tower; when, at last, they appeared, with very long faces, and soon explained the cause of their delay.

They had been locked up by an authority they little expected to find in so lofty a situation. As fires are so frequent in Germany, a man is kept constantly on the watch in every town, to fire a gun or blow a horn, as it may be. They are generally placed in the towers of the cathredal; and as this man found visitors were rare, and money scarce, he thought he might as well levy a toll upon the few strangers he saw. But in this case the strangers were young, and had no money. This he did not believe, and so locked the ladies up. W——, by chance, had got outside the door before it was shut. To their great surprise they found the footman, who was also incarcerated before they arrived; he offered all the money in his pocket, but it was not enough for this *Christian* Jew.

The ladies begged to be allowed to go down; Mamma was in the cathedral, and would pay whatever he asked. No, there they must stay until they paid. The situation was embarrassing. W— was free, but he dared not go down, for then the ladies would be left with the man. He kept them in prison until long after his dinner hour, and most likely to his hunger they owed their release.

They told me he was coming down, and seeing a person coming from the tower, I prepared to meet him, purse in hand, and said I was ready to pay him for my family, if he would give me change of a napoleon; he bowed, should be most happy if he had so much silver, took out his purse, had not so much, but would let me have whatever I wished. C—— came up at that moment to say he was not the man. This was a gentleman they had seen at the top of the tower; an explanation of course took place; but when he heard they had been locked up, he cried out, "Polisson! I will instantly go and make a complaint of him."

This is one of the many examples might be brought forward of the imposition upon the English in every country they abide in. The man never thought of asking toll from a German.

Is it not melancholy that parents in England are driven from their country by the enormous expense of education in it? The sum it costs to keep a boy at Eton, would support the whole family in Germany; and the subsequent income spent, not to say *wasted*, at the University, would set a young man up in the world, and give him the means of making a fortune. The Universities must be learned places, for I have heard more than one young man say, he left all he brought there, and his money with it; indeed, in most cases, the former went exactly in proportion to the latter.

How long will our noble fathers continue their sons upon the sliding scale downwards? But it may be said our public schools make gentlemen. True! but they need not be such expensive and such idle gentlemen.

The first sound heard in the morning is the tapping of coats; this put me in mind of Paris, where the sound of coat twigging, in the hotels, must have been remarked as loud and long.

The heavy tread of the galley slaves, with their clattering wooden soles, is the second sound that meets the ear of those who dwell at Freyburg. They are not chained as in Italy, and look very healthy and comfortable. A soldier attends every six prisoners, and marches them out to their work every morning, like day labourers. Those we have seen, cut wood for firing; at twelve o'clock they are taken to dinner, and marched back at one. Except the feeling of disgrace, which does not seem to affect them, their lives are not unhappy. When we were at Weimar, we were told many of the poor committed small crimes to become galley slaves; the life was considered so comfortable.

They were well clothed, fairly fed, moderately worked, (not near so hard as our English labourers,) and are allowed two kreutzers a day for themselves, given to them at the end of their imprisonment. They are out of the way of mischief, have no care, and are allowed to see their friends when they call upon them. It is a much happier situation than if they were shut up in a prison, and more useful to the community. Those who have forfeited their liberty by misconduct, the least they can do is to earn their bread: it is manifestly unjust to tax the good to keep the bad in idleness. I observed they were more grave than in Italy; there they laughed and sang, and though in chains, (so horrible to an English eye,) it seemed scarcely a punishment for great crimes, and not sufficient to prevent them. An execution seldom takes place here; not above one in ten years, although there are many great crimes. One of them working in the streets had murdered his wife, and was condemned for twenty years; men and women work in different towns. There are ten different grades of prisoners, all working at various trades. The soldier who attends them has a dull life; standing before them all day, he has not even the exercise or interest in working; he is relieved once a month.

If as much money was spent in the prevention of crime as there is in the punishment, it then would be a great improvement. Idleness is the mother, and poverty the father of crime. A wise government would prevent both, by employing the people. As food is the first, and clothing the second necessary of life, agriculture should be the first consideration of the legislature. The waste lands are a disgrace to Great Britain; a crying evil!

They have little gardens here out of the town, and a pavilion in them, as at Weimar and Meiningen. Vineyards run up the sides of the hills surrounding the town, which is in the Grand Duchy of Baden. The Grand Duke has a villa about a league from it; we went to see it, but it rained so much we could only judge of the situation, which is not fine: we heard it was beautifully furnished. But as houses and palaces have little in them to interest the lover of nature, and not expecting painting and sculpture, we did not enter.

There is a museum here, and a good collection of birds,—a fine lyre bird, which is rare.

The costume of the peasants differs from that of the Black Forest. The women wear black caps, with gold or silver cauls, and a large black silk bow of broad ribbon, fringed at the ends. On the top of the head, it is like a butterfly. The hat is shaped like a man's, made of straw, but painted bright yellow, or varnished,—it has the appearance of leather, and must last long. We have not seen one beggar in the town, or country,—this alone is a recommendation to Freyburg. But the shops are open on Sundays, and the people work that day. I wished to have something done to the carriage: the man said he would do it the next day. "But it will be Sunday, and you must not work for me on that day." He said, "All work on Sunday, and if not for you, they will for another." I declined it. The evening of that day the streets were full of people and pipes. As soon as a German arrives at the age of manhood, he marries his pipe, and never was husband more constant to his wife; he lives in an atmosphere of smoke; even in the society of ladies he continues puffing tobacco, and though he goes through the ceremony of asking their leave, they no more dare refuse it, than they dare in England order a fox to be killed, although it might have murdered or carried off every feathered biped in their possession.

It is unpleasant to pass the Sunday at an inn on the Continent, the people are so noisy; they kept it up all night at Freyburg, and very lively in the streets. The police seemed (if in existence) out of the way.

There is a curious picture over one of the gateways of a Saint Martin on horseback, cutting his cloak in two, to give it to a poor man half naked, who begged from him, and upon the impulse of the moment he gave him half his cloak. There were two Saint Martins, one a military man, and this was the soldier. There is many a Saint Martin in feeling, in England, who would give half his cloak to a poor man. I only ask a little coat for a little child.

> "Please your honor, Miss O'Connor,
> Give the poor child something;
> A bit of bread, a bit of meat,
> A bit of apple dumpling."

"Half a crown will never do you any harm, and will help the poor child to the bit of bread."

Left Freyburg at last, the horse in a convalescent state, but going tenderly. Passed a peasant on the road with her top-knot so gracefully arranged, and her air so dignified, she looked quite ready to be presented at court. Many a high-born lady would have been glad to possess such grace. I never saw a head-dress so well put on; all it wanted was a diamond aigrette to make it full-dress. If a Parisian milliner had seen it, every lady in Paris would have worn it, whether it became her or not. That is one of the follies of fashion.

The drive from Freyburg to Basle is through a fine rich country; walnuts and fruit trees planted at each side of the road, which gives such plenty it is wonderful it is not adopted in all countries. The road is excellent, and such a hunting country! The only fear would be, neither fox nor hound would ever be found; and as for the hunters, there is nothing to stop them but the Alps, or Mont Blanc. We have not seen an enclosure, except the vineyards, or a gentleman's house, since we left England. The English country house is the grand feature of our happy land, that distinguishes it from every other. Melancholy, indeed, it will be, if by over-taxation, or the unwise, unsatisfactory, and expensive style of living, the country gentleman is forced to abandon his home, and seek shelter from extravagance, and society among his equals, in towns, either in England or the Continent. Invalids fly to a milder climate, and find health and amusement far away. But, if we looked a little nearer home, we should find as mild and salubrious a climate, and, with due deliberation, and proper preparation, might make it as beneficial to the health, and quite as exhilarating to the spirits, as any of the numerous places the English now resort to.

All travellers sing the praises of the beauty and mildness of the country about Cork; it is said those whose lungs are affected are cured by a winter's residence in that neighbourhood. The south of Ireland has many advantages; and if an establishment such as Baden, (without the gambling,) was formed, with every convenience for invalids, and proper amusement for them, and those who accompany them, surely it would be better than spending their money abroad, and taking such long journeys upon the mere chance the place may suit them.

This would be an immense benefit to poor Ireland, and bring many thousand pounds to her Majesty's Exchequer; and if she would be graciously pleased to honour it with her presence, there would not be a doubt of its success. If she would only appear in that disjointed country *periodically*, and, *upon system*, make a tour through it, so that all her subjects should have the happiness of beholding her, she would do more to feed the hungry and clothe the naked, than if she *sent* hundreds of thousands to it, to say nothing of her power to heal political disputes, and calm religious differences. Few are aware of their own individual power to do good: even those in the most humble situation of life can do something, and if all were educated with that feeling and knowledge of their own strength, it would be a great benefit to the community.

CHAPTER XXV.

WE are now at the Wild Man at Basle, a mongrel town, half German, half Swiss, where the religion, as well as the language, is pretty equally divided, though all seem to live in harmony together. The streets are narrow, and the houses high. I can say nothing of the inside of the cathedral, for it was shut; but the outside has two spires not alike, and it is roofed with coloured tiles, in a pattern exactly like tapestry worked by some nimble-fingered lady—this gives a very undignified appearance to such a building.

The Rhine is wide here; and as the old bridge is in a very bad state, it was rather terrific passing it with four horses—a new one is just begun. There is a beautiful view of the Rhine from the back of the Minster; and the scenery in the neighbourhood is fine. The first thing I heard in the morning was a drum, and thinking this must be a military town, I got up to see how the soldiers looked, "dressed in red, or green, or blue, having nothing to do;" but instead of a company marching in good order, only an old man was visible, thumping his great drum, and crying in that crack-jaw patois language, that somebody had lost something, and did not know where to find it; so as I could not help them I went to bed again. A short time after a band of music sounded: surely now we have something, and so we had,—a procession of men in white—white aprons and white caps; three walked first, two of them holding a crown of flowers over the head of the one in the middle; after these came two more with crowns of coloured ribbon; then a fine box covered with glass, carried by two men; behind them another carrying a book, and several following with white banners; we had seen many a procession, but never any thing like this. Upon enquiry, we were told it was the journeyman bakers, who were changing their Auberge; they all live at the same inn, but if any thing displeases them in it, they march in a body to another, where they have a dance in the evening. These floury gentlemen are very gay, and they make excellent bread.

It is easy to perceive we are in Switzerland, by the paper on the walls. Instead of an uninteresting stripe of green and white, or a blue spot upon brown, or brown upon blue, we have a view of the Falls of Niagara at one side, New York and New Orleans at the other; we are just now looking at Mount Vesuvius and the Bay of Naples, and are sitting between Hercules driving his lions, Bacchus his tigers, and Neptune with his trident, all in the clouds. That Bacchus should be there, is not so surprising; but what Neptune and Hercules have to do in that airy element, I have not yet discovered. Perhaps the artist had a vision that Hercules tried his club upon the wind, and Neptune his trident upon thin air.

A person with a little imagination might write a second volume to the Voyage autour de ma Chambre, and give as good a description of the countries before him, as many who have *posted* through them.

We are out of the country of kreutzers, and in the country of batz—a batz is three halfpence. Whenever the medium of circulation is of high value the country is in proportion dear; therefore Switzerland is much dearer than Germany. The dinner here is four francs a head at the table d'hôte, very little better than that they give at the Roman Emperor at Freyburg for one shilling, and only thirty miles distant. This is an excellent hotel, and, wild as the man looks outside, he is quite tame and civil inside, surrounded with a profusion of beautiful green-house plants, and anything but a sauvage in his heart; all is newly fitted up inside, and fit for the most fastidious English taste. We heard the Three Kings was considered the first hotel; but the first is not always the best, though the dearest—the table d'hote there is five francs, but it cannot be better than this. Here we got a four-in-hand whip, to

W——'s delight, although so heavy an one he would not have looked at it in England.

Now we are at Ballstall, twenty-five miles from Basle, and likely to stay here some days; for the horse is worse, and we are told was not well treated at first. There are two inns here, the Lion and the Horse. Beware of the Lion,—he is more like a fox, and after passing one night with him we found he intended to claw us, so we took our leave, and went to the Horse, which we find is white and civil.

We took a drive yesterday up a most romantic valley, and met two peasants driving their cow in a little cart. They stopped to offer us some pears. I particularly remarked the cow, to see if working did her any harm; she was in excellent condition. I wish the cottager in England would adopt this custom; it never comes into his head that the cow can do any thing but give milk. We know nothing of economy in England; what is daily wasted in it would save from starvation the miserable creatures who die in the streets. But what is every body's business is nobody's, and so those who can afford it, go on allowing waste.

The simple manners of mountain people are always delightful. After offering the pears, the man entered into conversation, took E—— for a German, and asked many questions. He told us he had been in the Swiss Guard, and long in France, but there was nothing like his own lovely valley.

We are now one hundred and forty miles from Wildbad,—the whole drive most beautiful; from the Black Forest all pines to the fertile plains of Freyburg. Ballstall is at the entrance of the finest pass through the Jura mountains. There has been a new road made, at a great expense, this way, which is little known to the English, and well worth seeing. There are three lines of mountains, with valleys between each, inhabited by a peasantry who lead a primitive and most retired life: they say the country is very healthy. There is an old castle in ruins, at the entrance of the valley to the right, coming from Basle, looking as if it had been placed there to defend the pass, which is so narrow there is only just room for the road and the river, between two high rocks, that form an enormous gateway. There is another castle at the other side. It would be interesting to know whether, in the olden time, these two neighbours agreed, or spit their spite at each other, dogmatically and categorically.

Although this is but a village, the strangers' book is kept as in greater places. Upon looking over it, I saw the names of two unmarried ladies, from Athens to Paris! English of course,—a long step for lone ladies.

The Doctor says the horse must rest many days, so it is fortunate we are in so pretty a country: I am so convinced that every thing is brought about for the best, by That All-Seeing Eye, that nothing would be considered unfortunate by us, if we could see the *intent*, which is ever for good. We are very comfortable here; have a piano, and the young ones are now singing a trio they learnt at Wildbad, and so happy a trio scarcely exists.

I have just heard one of the independent ladies I was mentioning bought a castle on the top of a picturesque hill in this neighbourhood, fitted it up, and has lived there "all alone and by herself" for three years. At first she allowed persons to come to see her and her castle; but they abused her kindness, and she was obliged to decline further intercourse with her fellow-creatures.

Whatever is difficult to attain becomes valuable, however trifling it may be, and of course we wish to see the lady, and the master of the inn promises to procure permission this evening. But the elements are against us,—thunder, lightning, and rain, say No. These valley villages are subject to great inroads from that watery god, Neptune. He has flooded some of the houses already: one year five feet of water entered them, and ran in the streets: if he would be content with washing them out it might be useful; but he carries off their goods like a thief in the night, and bears them away to his castle in the deep. The rain continues with a degree of violence scarcely known in England; so, having nothing to do, we examine our opposite neighbours more closely, and find we have a grocer for one, although but for his painted shutter, we should never know he sold any thing, for there is no large shop-window displaying the best of all he possesses, but "just a house," with a small window in it. However, to shew what may be had within, he has painted a loaf of sugar, three pieces of soap, a barrel of something good, no doubt, and a vase with a cover to it; what is in it I cannot tell, but altogether it means to say, "Here lives a grocer."

Many a time we have been puzzled in Germany where to find any shop we wanted, from their custom of not having shop-windows; and when found, they have so little idea of displaying their contents, to induce one to buy, that it is not very easy to get what one wants. Those who come to this part of the world should make their purchases of all outward dress in France or Brussels, if they intend to pass the winter in Italy.

Calico is good and reasonable in Switzerland, of a stronger quality than that in England; but for taste in dress the French stand unrivalled, and this they owe to their schools. Not for reading and writing, but for every thing, the door is always open to the poor. The drawing schools are the parents of design; why should there not be such schools in England, and give *our* peasantry the same chance of cultivating their talent?

There is but one general here, and he is a great generalissimo; only a little one. He is just come home with his skipping troop all dripping wet.

This is the first time we have seen him, as he goes out so early in the morning, we only hear his horn, which is very sweet and prettily played. It reminds us that day is peeping, "when heavenly spirits must vanish, and earthly bodies should rise."

Sunday we were obliged to shut ourselves up; the usual riot and noise continued half the day and most of the night. It is the great travelling day on the Continent; many set out on Sunday,—they think it is lucky. Three carriages arrived that day, and seven in the night; two were sent away at eleven o'clock.

It was a noisy night every way; there was a large family of children,—their screaming, the maids scolding, and the parents calling, made it any thing but peace, and we were glad to see them all go off in the morning. Poor children often suffer much from cross nurses, and many a good temper is ruined from want of judgment in their attendants.

I found it a good rule never to leave the children either with nurse or governess longer than necessary. It is a great relief to the over-worked governess, to be left to herself some portion of the day, and the mother is the best companion for her children at all ages.

I thought employing women to thrash was peculiar to Wildbad; but I find they thrash here too. There are three men and one woman thumping away in a barn just opposite. I have been thinking as the men oblige the women (for I consider it is an obligation) to thrash the corn, whether they ever, in return, thrash the men. In England the men keep all the thrashing to themselves. No doubt they are right.

A Swiss char has just passed; the most comical and disagreeable machine that ever was invented. It is a one-sided thing, and you go nid, nid, nodding in it, every minute expecting to be upon your nose on the ground. The back and top are covered with leather, that you may see as little of this beautiful country as possible. You may certainly draw this leather curtain; but as your back is turned to the view it does not mend the matter of seeing much.

This thrashing is becoming very intolerable; there are five barns full of men and women now near us, thrashing with all their might, and from the sound the floors must be hollow. I observe the women work as hard as the men; they are well dressed, better than in England, and their hair neatly platted,—a charming custom, worthy of being imitated in England.

They only receive from five to six sous (threepence) a day, and do all sorts of hard work. The men get fifteen sous a day and their meat; the first thing in the morning they are given a glass of kirchwasser, a spirit made from cherries; and the quantity of that spirit has been so great this year, that it is now sold at fifteen sous a bottle. The peasants drink it in great quantities, which demoralises them very much. They make brandy from fruit, apples, and wheat; but the most unwholesome is that made from potatoes, and with this all the liquors are made. The landlord says the English drink more spirits than any other people, and take more away. A French Countess passed this way lately with two English servants, and they carried six bottles of kirchwasser away with them.

He consoles me for this thrashing by telling us, the Swiss are beginning to use machines for this work; the poor women at all events will be benefited.

CHAPTER XXV.

NOTWITHSTANDING the rain, which has kept us prisoners so many days, we paid a visit to the lady of the castle of Falkenstein. Although she does not receive visitors since they behaved so badly to her, she was so obliging as to admit us. Really one might travel far before such another lady could be found. We mounted a very rugged stair of stone up the steep hill, to the castle. The master of the inn announced us to the warden, who was everything in himself.

Upon the lady being acquainted that certain foreigners from a distant land wished to have the honour of paying their respects, she most graciously received us; but not, as in the olden time, in the hall, surrounded by vizored knights, and belted squires, but in her bed-chamber. She was dressed in black, with cap and collar, much in the fashion of the present day. She received us with more gravity than suavity; but considering we had stormed her castle, although in the mildest way, it was better than we could expect.

She soon entered into conversation with me, and, in a short time, we felt acquainted. She told us the castle was a thousand years old; the direct descendants of the ancient family to whom it belonged were extinct, though a collateral branch still existed in Germany. The castle had fallen into many hands, and at last came into the possession of a peasant, from whom she bought it three years ago, for forty-eight ponnds.

She was then making it habitable. She took us all over it; three rooms and a kitchen were finished. I observed a little window between the dining room and the kitchen to pass the dishes, so that no attendant was necessary, and the dinner hot and comfortable; the window was double, a very thick wall between.

Although for a castle it was small, there were a great many rooms in it; one large one was in progress. She regretted half the tower was pulled down, as she might have had many rooms in it; but, as she was alone, and seemed to wish to remain so, I could not imagine what she wanted with so large an habitation.

There was a deep well, but the water was muddy from the rain; all she used was brought from below, and all the provisions from Soleure, ten miles off. She seemed not to wish any communication with the village below; she said it was an inconvenient situation, but she liked to be far from the world, and look down upon it from a distance, which she did most completely from her elevated situation.

The view from it was beautiful down the valley;

on a clear day the Glaciers were visible. The situation most romantic,—upon a high rocky hill, almost perpendicular; a tree-covered rock rising much above it, formed a fine feature in the view.

She was going to make a terrace and a little garden, but it would be slippery work to dig in it, so perpendicular; she was obliged to build a wall, but the mason imposed upon her, and it fell down, and was built up again, but with the same result. I remember the master of the inn telling us this, and that the mason had imposed upon her; and added, "Women have no business to build walls." Poor woman!

The only furnished room was the bed-chamber, which was very neat; but we should have thought it only half furnished. Her female attendant was a very young peasant; she was doing some needle-work. There were no books except one upon the table. I wished to peep into it; it might have contained more philosophy than half the books of the present day. She did not seem to work as ladies do in general.

The external tapestry was wanting. How does she employ herself in the long winter evenings? She passed the last here, and alone. The only person she sees is a lady from a great distance, and that rarely. She is unmarried, yet wears a wedding ring on her forefinger. Her age, gentle reader! do not ask me. She was of no *particular* age; not having arrived at the age of Methusalem, none could tell. There was a melancholy in her voice that ill accorded with the short dry answers she gave.

After many apologies for our intrusion, and thanks for her politeness, all which were received with great gravity, we took our leave. She followed us to the door, and said, as we liked castles, there was a much finer one than her's, not many miles distant, lately fitted up and inhabited by a gentleman from Basle.

Old castles are "looking up;" it is the fashion now to fit them up. The only thing against them is their situation, which is in general most inconvenient. My cogitations were astir in conjecturing, as we descended the dangerous stone steps from the castle, who the lady might be, and what misery could have induced her to take so solitary a step,—unnatural in man, but doubly so in woman. The ring induced me to believe a disappointment of the heart had severed her from mankind. She was supposed to be rich; the country is not one of robbers, or her lonely situation would be dangerous.

But, as thinking in this case would have been

"The idleness of thought,
And only end in nought,"

I banished it, on the way to a very different scene —the iron foundry in the valley. What a contrast,—from the solitude above, to the noisy din below! The fiery furnace; the red-hot stream, running in fearful brightness; the black faces of the men, with their long iron bars stirring up this infernal mixture!

It was too sudden! I looked up at the castle and its small windows,—through one of them there was a perspective view of this furnace,—and thought its solitary inhabitant right, to quit the busy hum of men.

The thought of what we are, and all our wants, in this nether world, returned in an instant; and I followed the guide, braving the rushing noise of the enormous bellows, to witness the whole process of the smelting of iron. Pigs of the largest dimensions were formed like magic, and sent off to fill the pockets, not the mouths, (though by transformation they do that too,) of those who deal in them.

Vulcan and his subjects flourish in these days. As long as man keeps the material he works upon on the outside, it is very well; but when he pays a visit to the interior, it is dangerous to his constitution, both moral and physical.

We returned to the White Horse late in the evening, enveloped in the cold damp wrapper of a heavy cloud. A mountainous country is charming to visit, but not to live in. Those who suffer from rheumatism cannot bear such mistical clothing.

The custom of having the stable in the lower story, sometimes in the cellar, teaches the horse to walk up and down steps with great facility; we have just seen several come up the steps to water; but it is very disagreeable to man, or at least to woman. I have been kept awake many a night by the kicking of these useful quadrupeds, and often been surprised that creatures so hard-worked all day, could kick all night, but suppose the excitement of passion gives as much strength as that of pleasure. An Irishman will work all day in the field, and dance all night at a pattern, if he is near enough to run to it.

As this rainy season is a proper time to see a waterfall, we walked to one very near this, and found it more beautiful than we expected, just perhaps because we had never heard of it till then; and so fame, by over praise, had not injured its reputation. On the way we met our friend the old man, who enquired much after our health, hoped we liked the country, and taking off his hat with a bow that would not have disgraced a nobleman, he bade us adieu, and proceeded with his useful little cow. Such manners are pleasant to meet, and charming to dwell with.

Had the weather been good, this week might have been most agreeably spent exploring this fine country. The piano, however, is a great resource. The Doctor says one day more and the horse will be fit to travel again, and I will employ that day in copying a remedy for hydrophobia, published officially by the Austrian government. If it is really a remedy, it will indeed be a blessing; and, as it may not be known in England, I give it with pleasure: it is well worthy of a chapter to itself.

CHAPTER XXVII.

THE following account is given of the discovery of this remedy.

A schoolmaster named Lahé, residing on the boundary between Hungary and Turkey, where the military colonies are located, having established a reputation for curing hydrophobia, the Austrian Minister of War, to whose department the government of this territory belongs, instituted an enquiry, and two hydrophobia patients were placed under the care of the Physician of the Forces, until their lives were despaired of: they were then entrusted to the schoolmaster, and cured. A liberal reward was given to this person, and he is to receive an adequate remuneration from the government, if, after two years' exercise of his remedy, under the surveillance of a physician, his discovery is proved to be successful.

Treatment in the early stage of the disease— When the first symptoms arise, the mouth must be examined, and beneath the tongue the venæ veninæ, or sublingual veins, will be found turgescent. This turgescence is at first confined to the neighbourhood of the frenum; and it appears under the form of black spots, resembling the heads of flies; but later, the disease having developed itself, the swelling affects the whole of the veins. At this period, the following treatment is to be adopted. The tongue is to be grasped with a wooden fork, and inverted, and the sublingual veins to be opened with a lancet. The tongue, when liberated, is to be allowed to bleed until it ceases of itself: then the first dose of the remedy is to be given: three-quarters of an ounce of the gentiana cruciata is a maximum dose; the root being first pounded, and then macerated in water, so as to form a thin paste, is to be given every morning for nine days; at the same time the wound is to be treated in the following manner: when fresh, it is to be washed with the spirit of rosemary, and then a poultice is to be applied, composed of two portions of rye flour, and one of juniper-berries, mixed with the strongest spirits of wine, to form a paste; if the wound is closed, it must be opened and scarified.

Treatment in advanced stages of the disease—When the disease has already reached its most violent paroxysms, the patient being properly secured, one ounce of the root is to be administered; and to do this, a strait waistcoat must be put on, and two strong men employed to overcome his resistance. His mouth must be opened with two wedges of wood, the nasal air passage being hermetically closed, until he has swallowed. If, after three hours, the paroxysms continue to return, an entire root must be introduced into the mouth, and secured there until bitten away and dissolved. The sublingual veins are to be opened at the first lucid interval, and after the bleeding is over, a little broth may be given. After this the patient, in general, will take a little water without opposition, and fall into a gentle slumber for eight or ten hours; when he awakes he is cured.

During sleep, mucus is secreted in the mouth, of the consistency of the white of egg, of a slight yellowish colour: it is very adhesive, and ejected with difficulty: it is important the patient be made to throw up this phlegm. This secretion characterises the three first days of the malady, and great care must be taken to remove it, principally before the remedy is administered.

When the bleeding has not been sufficient, it may be resorted to again, after five days, in violent attacks, and the decoction again given, in case of a slight relapse, after nine days: during this treatment, an aperient is to be given every three days.

The root gentiana cruciata is an abundant natural production, another proof of the infinite mercy of the Almighty, to supply a remedy for so dreadful a malady; and it appears to be His Will to impart the knowledge of those simple remedies rather to the poor peasant than the savans. The most valuable of our specifics was discovered by an Indian, who, in a violent attack of ague, chanced to drink the water of a stagnant pool, where there were many branches of the chincona tree, another bitter, though differing so much from the gentians.

We poor ignorant creatures think half the events of our lives are brought about by chance. The believer knows there is no such thing, and the poet has well expressed it in a single line:

> "All chance, direction, which thou canst not see."

Every event of the *thinking* man's life must *prove* this to him. It is with the deepest feeling of happiness I make this remedy known, as far as it is in my power. It may be well worth the attention of our talented medical men; and if it proves really a cure, I shall indeed rejoice I became acquainted with it.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THE grey is well, and we are once more on the road again; and here I must advise the traveller who wishes to purchase horses, to keep out of the way of "*females*," although on the Continent they consider them as valuable as horses, and make no difference in the price. We had suffered so much on a former tour by their pugnacious disposition, that I determined never to purchase one again. But the difficulty of finding horses with good legs, forced me to take my chance with these pretty mares; and, except when shut up too close together, none could conduct themselves better. It seemed as if there was some private family feud between them, for they never touched the little blacks; the best-tempered little animals, and, I am sorry to be obliged to acknowledge, of the masculine gender. They played together like two little dogs, and often amused us when we went to look at them, by their manner; one would put up his fore foot, and look at it; the other would put his head near, as if to examine it also; when they had looked long enough, it was put down, and the other foot took its place. When both had been sufficiently examined, his companion raised *his* foot, and both were admired in succession. I never saw horses play as they did.

If the day had been fine, the drive to Soleure would have been delightful, but the rain ruined our view. We passed the inhabited castle the lady mentioned, and another finely situated. I should like to have lived in it, and have known the history of its ancient possessors. Many a romantic story attached to the castles of Switzerland and Germany, and many a noble dame suffered martyrdom in them. This, though not a fair day, is the day of the fair, and we find the kirchwasser doing its work upon the brains of the population,—the greater part are elevated beyond their sphere. We have seen more people intoxicated on the Continent, than we have ever seen in England. The early dinner may be one reason; as here, they come out, there, they go to bed after it. The fair made Soleure unpleasant, and we left it as soon as possible. On the road, we observed two cows in a waggon, and three horses harrowing in sheets; this I never saw till now. But in Germany, the oxen wear counterpanes with fringe, which has an odd effect; and the women go on thrashing, and do as much as the men. Use is second nature.

We are come from the Jura, and going to the Alps. The first sight we had of their snowy heads, was on the road a few miles from Bern. We arrived there at three o'clock, and a pretty awful hill it is to pull up with a loaded carriage, as you enter the town. They talk of making a bridge here, and much it is wanting. As we intended staying here a fortnight, and were tired of inns, I decided to take a campagne, and fix ourselves as quickly as possible. C—— and I got out of the carriage, and walked up the arcade, until I saw a countenance I liked; a curious way of procuring what one wants, but I find it successful. I stopped and asked a sensible-looking (woman you may be sure,) if she knew of a campagne to be let near the town, and for so short a time as fifteen days. She said, "No; but!" and put her finger to her mouth. When I see a finger at the mouth, I am sure something is coming into the head, so waited patiently; in a moment she said, "Madame, will you be so good as to walk this way." I should tell you, the shops at Bern are generally open, as they were a century ago in England, and the owners (particularly, if women,) sitting working before them. I followed her. She called her daughter, and desired her to look at the advertisements in the last paper. They were all examined, but no house to suit; she considered again, "attendez,"—she drew two chairs. "If you will be so good as to sit down one moment,"—she was out of the shop, and up the street, before we remarked she was gone, and as quickly returned. "Madame, I have enquired at the post-office. I know of a house that *was* let, and am told there are no more letters enquired for, therefore conclude the family are gone; I will send the boy to enquire." All this was done while the carriage was putting up at the Crown. The general custom at Bern, is to take either house or apartment unfurnished, and hire the furniture. We were in this case most fortunate; my first application was successful. The proprietor of the campagne answered it in person: she accepted my offer of fifty francs for the fortnight; so here we are most comfortably settled in double quick time. When we came into it at twelve o'clock, there was only the drawing room and one bed chamber furnished. There was not a stick in my room at three o'clock, and at five it was completely furnished, and I felt quite at home, writing my journal in it. The beds were put up like magic. Certainly they beat us hollow in the matter of beds. When I think of a four-post bed in England, with its hundred yards of material, flounced, frilled, plaited, quilted, tortured into every form and variety, with its dust-catching top, taking a whole day to put up, and half a day to pull down, and see the pretty light clean-looking canopy I shall this night repose under, with its oft-carded, soft, clean, wholesome wool mattresses, I cannot but wish that we would condescend to copy so useful an example.

When the Emperor of Russia came to England he could not sleep upon the magnificent thing prepared for him, and begged to have a mattress on a truckle bed. Our luxurious feather beds are, if not death to the lazy, certainly sickness to many, with their closely drawn curtains, in a carpeted room, breathing dust all night from the feathery down.

It chokes one almost to think of it, and yet when we return to England, we shall find nothing else. And this feather bed too has been lain in by all manner of persons for generations, without the "*taste*" of a drop of water or a breath of air.

The morning we arrived at our new abode, not a mile from Bern, was a most unexpectedly amusing one to me. I walked there early, and, as it began to rain, could not return; and the lady from whom we have taken the house, hearing I was there alone, came to "keep me company," until the family arrived.

An agreeable companion is always charming, but when it is unexpected it charms still more. My friend for the time being is a widow, and lives in the garden. We discoursed most pleasantly upon many subjects. When I mentioned we were going to Italy, she said she had been there with her husband, but that passing the custom-house was a most terrible thing. The last time she was there, they were nearly losing all their baggage, the carriage and horses too.

A friend had requested she would take a small box for him to his nephew. Upon arriving at the frontiers she went to the inn, while her husband remained at the custom-house. In a short time he returned in great distress, saying "What have you done? You have brought something that is contraband! The officers are in the greatest fury, and have confiscated all the baggage, carriage, horses, every thing we have." She was struck dumb with surprise; at last she said, "How can it be? I have nothing, I know, is contraband!"

"Oh! you have brought a box, what have you in it? They are in such a rage about it."

"The box belongs to Monsieur ——; he requested I would take it to his nephew, as it was sealed, of course I did not open it. But here is a letter he gave me. I never thought of it; perhaps this will explain it. What can be in this terrible box?"

"Come, come, with the letter." She entered the custom-house, and was astonished to see the officer dangling a doll, its legs and arms moving every way, and the man, in the plenitude of his anger, making it skip about in all the variety of its motions. She described it as the most ridiculous figure, with a watch dangling at its side.

And is it, thought she, for this thing of rags and paper, that a gentleman's property is to be confiscated, and his family thrown into confusion and distress? She handed the officer the letter, explaining how she came to be the carrier of this most destructive man of bran and linen.

The moment he saw the letter he popped the little gentleman into the box again, and cried out, "Oh !why did you not give me the letter sooner? Every thing passes, every thing passes; take your baggage, carriage, and horses away with you."

Here was magic! What was in the letter that could change so suddenly the whole scene from rage to civility? What could be in the little man so dangerous to the government? And if his presence was so obnoxious, how could the letter in one moment make him so acceptable?

One word explained it. The nephew was at the head of the custom-house himself, and the doll was for his child. How ingenious man is in tormenting his fellow creature!

This story was told with so much gravity and appearance of pain, it proved the anxiety it cost her at the time. Governments seem to have a great objection to childish things. I remember a cannon of chocolate being taken from a little boy going from Paris to Eton.

It would be well for the world if every battery was formed of bon-bons, and every fortress attacked with chocolate cannons, fired by sugar soldiers. Cities would no longer be sacked and filled with the dying and the dead. No limbs quivering, and blood streaming from bodies torn to pieces by some infernal machine, invented by man for the destruction of his fellow man. No women and children screaming with terror and grief, from the loss of husbands, fathers, brothers, and sons. No dying of hunger, though laden with gold. No marching in rags, though burning a mountain of clothes. No dungeons,—no chains.

When I think of the scenes described to me, during the war in Germany,—so long the seat of it,—and the wholesale destruction of the human race brought on by the folly of one man and the ambition of another, it racks the brain to imagine such madness in the many to suffer it. We are, indeed, happy not to have witnessed so much misery. May we never bring such to our own firesides by silly, factious quarrels!

But to go to war upon a point of etiquette, is too absurd to imagine in these enlightened days; and yet, wherever we go, it is the first thing we hear of.

But, with all the horrors of war without, war within is much worse. Internal dissensions will, soon or late, ruin the finest country on earth; and, though all may look fair outside, the internal worm will canker, until at last that which was once so beautiful, so strong, will crumble to dust, if the worm be not destroyed.

Let the people have a grievance, and that moment the government is weakened: no constitution can be healthy that has pain in it; give it a bath,—not of blood, as in France,—but of milk and honey; let peace and plenty be the order of the day. Let us have nothing to do with poison. Instead of swords to cut men, let us make instruments to cut drains in the earth. Instead of boring cannon to blast the human race and all their prospects, bore rocks, blast them; move mountains, fill up valleys. Give employment and bread to the people, and we may defy any nation on earth to attack us.

But, if we become an ill-natured, bickering, backbiting people; tearing every public character to pieces, merely because he differs upon some abstract point, perhaps of no real consequence, but only to keep up the apple of discord, we shall sink lower than any other nation, exactly in proportion to our former height above them.

Ireland has been a festering sore to England ever since she conquered it; because she never healed the wound she made, but left a starving people in a fertile land. Her cries, however, are piercing an ear that can, and will support her. What riches she would bring to England, if properly cultivated! What an amount of handywork could she produce, if her children were instructed, not so much to be scholars, which nature has not intended them for, but to earn their bread; to become industrious, peaceable members of society; and do away with black feet or white feet; ribbonmen or orangemen. Protestant or Catholic, let their name be Christian; the Bible be their guide; and their motto,—"Love one another."

CHAPTER XXIX.

OUR friend and landlady, Madame C—b, tells us we must go to see a monument about two leagues from Bern, because everybody goes to see it. What everybody says must be true, and what everybody does must be right; so we went to Hindelbank to see it.

We drove up to the church-door, which was opened by a most disagreeable-looking old man. We walked in, and, not knowing what species of monument we were to see, though we knew the subject, were surprised to find but one visible in the church, and that not at all according with the description given of it,—this being to record the death of a warrior, with gold banners, and gold crown; old Time with his scythe; Fame with her trumpet; and an angel, in the shape of an old woman, weeping; all forming a heterogeneous collection of artful matter, not pleasing to the eye or taste. While we were looking at this, and trying to make out the inscription, the old man was lifting two wooden doors in the floor; of course we drew near, and were surprised to see the monument,—a female figure with an infant bursting from the tomb; the stone broken. It is well done, and reminded us, as was intended, of the last great day,

> "When the trumpet will sound and the dead arise."

The mother was the wife of the pastor of the village, who died in her first confinement; in one moment he lost both wife and child. This happened in 1791, the day before Easter, which gave the artist, Mr. Nahl, the idea. We bought a bad engraving of it. The Swiss are far behind their neighbours in the fine arts, for want of schools like France.

About two leagues from Bern, and near the village of Coppengau, there are two large caves half-way up the mountain; these were to be visited, because there is an interesting story attached to them, and the castle of Thorberg just opposite to them, for the same reason.

If castles could speak, and let the present generation know all that ever happened in and about them, no author need trouble himself to invent a romance, or rack his brain to produce something new; a simple, unadorned, relation of facts, gathered from the mouldering walls of the ivy-mantled tower, and the scattered moss-covered stones, once the pride of it, would be more interesting than any fiction, however well got up.

We went to see this castle, and as many of my readers may not know anything about it, I will give them a sketch of its various inhabitants.

Perhaps few have had such a variety of "persons of distinction," sojourning in them.

At present it is a prison; five heads of the principal families of Bern are confined there, for state offences, but happily, not in dungeons; they are allowed to see their friends, and enjoy the light and air upon the terrace.

The castle is finely situated: we got up to it by a steep and winding path, and when we arrived, were disappointed to find it look more like an old man's hospital, than a romantic castle; and as if to keep up such an appearance, we found two of these old pensioners sitting outside of it. The view of the surrounding country is beautiful. The two caves, once so completely imbedded in wood, that but one man knew of them, are now quite visible from the castle. The trees are gone, and the sandy soil has slipped from its place, but kept such footing for man, that they are now both inhabited by large families; the father of one of these is a shoemaker. All the interest of their outward appearance is gone; a wall has been built in front, and windows put in it; and as it was a very fatiguing walk, we did not mount to them.

In 1375 the castle was still in the hands of its ancient possessors, the lords of Thorberg. The Baron Rodolphe, and his only son Peter, were then residing there. This Peter, though not *the* Wild Man, was a very wild young man, a great anxiety to his father, and the terror of the whole neighbourhood.

When parents have the misfortune to have such dashing characters in their family, they are always impatient to get them married. Man pays a great compliment to the power of woman; but she who attempts to reform a rake, makes a dangerous experiment.

In order to bring about so desirable an event, the Baron invited his niece, Gertrude de Grunenberg, who was then in the Convent of Traubrunnen, to come and reside with him, hoping time and opportunity might produce an attachment to her, and she become his son's wife. Gertrude was amiable, and Peter thought, if he must have a wife, she would do as well as another, perhaps better. Peter was handsome, and, though wicked, Gertrude thought her power over him would reclaim him, and consented to be his betrothed; but begged time to look deeper into the character of the man to whom she was to plight her faith, and acknowledge him her lord and master.

While things went on in this properous state in the castle, Sir Engeurand de Couci, at the head of a formidable army of Inglis and Bretons, was amusing himself by ravaging the cantons of Basle, Soleure, Lucerne, and Bern. Part of his forces took possession of the Convent of Traubrunnen; the nuns were obliged to fly: among them were two sisters, Agnes and Blanche de Waldenbourg. They were orphans, daughters of one of the many nobles killed in the Holy War. Agnes was much older than her sister, and had taken the veil in consequence of a vow she made, when Blanche was dangerously ill, that if she was spared to her, she would devote her life to religious seclusion, and the education of the beautiful Blanche, who, she was anxious, should form an alliance suitable to her rank. However, Blanche determined never to leave her sister, and in time take the veil also. After the death of their father, the faithful Hantz, an old servant, who remained with him to the last, and consigned his body to the grave on the field of murder, returned to his country, and found the daughters of his master in the convent. He determined to devote his life to their service, and worked daily in the garden, ever watchful and attentive to their wishes.

When the soldiers attacked the convent, his good sense and activity got them safe out of it; he procured a horse, and they stole out under the shadow of night, and proceeded towards the castle of Thorberg, where Hantz would have taken them, and begged the protection of the Baron, but for the character of Peter. He dared not trust them under his roof. In this moment of embarrassment, not knowing where to fly for safety, he recollected the two caves in the mountain, which he had seen in his rambles many years before; no one knew of them but himself.

They arrived, after great fatigue, at the foot of the mountain; dismounted, and would have taken some refreshment, to prepare them for the fatigue of ascending the precipice; but the little stock of provisions Hantz had so carefully provided for them, was forgotten, in the fright of their departure. This was distressing, but delay might be death; and Hantz, after securing the horse, began to make such a footing up the precipice, as to enable the ladies to mount. Many a time they stopped with faintness and fatigue, but at last arrived at the mouth of the cave, which was difficult to find, so completely was it hid by brush-wood. After finding them some sort of seat to rest upon, until he returned, he hastened down the mountain to the nearest village, to seek his relations, but found only a nephew living; he then hurried back with some food, and found the poor ladies almost expiring with hunger.

He cleared away the branches, made a bed of leaves, and did all he could to make existence bearable; then left them to return to his nephew, where he took up his abode. He never dared speak of the caves, or the inhabitants; but every night he brought them provisions, and a goat, which he taught Blanche to milk, and also to make cheese; he also procured them a change of dress. What a situation for those educated as they were!—and yet in a little time they became resigned, and even comfortable.

Blanche contrived to erect a little altar for her sister, and there they offered up their prayers and thanksgivings to Him who had saved them from destruction. They dared not stir from their grotto, for fear of being seen by some of the many marauders prowling about the country in such unsettled times. Hantz was their only friend and protector; his great fear was that they should be discovered by Peter; and to warn them of his character, in case they should see him, he often expatiated upon his wickedness, until the very sound of his name was terror to them. Peter, however, was at this time better behaved than ever. Gertrude pleased him, and he rode out every day with her. But one day he went out wolf-hunting, and fate carried him to the edge of the precipice, just over the caves: his horse slipped, he fell, and rolled down the steep descent into the brushwood close to the cave where the nuns were sitting. They heard some one groaning as if in great pain, and went to the spot, where they found Peter lying, very much hurt. At first they were excessively frightened, and attempted to conceal themselves.

But man in distress never pleaded to woman in vain, however great the danger to herself. They assisted him into the cave, made a bed of leaves for him, while they sat upon the stones all night by the fire. For two days after Peter de Thorberg had become an inmate of the cave, Hantz did not come; when he appeared, he did not know this young Baron by sight, and although much alarmed at the nuns being discovered, he did all he could to recover him, and believed what he said of himself, that he was Hanzler, the hunter, a person in humble life. He knew the bad character he bore in the country, and dared not say who he was.

Many a time, as he lay upon his bed, he was the subject of conversation between the nuns and Hantz; and as it is said the snake fascinates the little bird, so Peter, though detested, was still their theme. Bad as he was, to hear himself so spoken of was unpleasant, and he became doubly anxious to conceal his name, particularly as the beauty of Blanche had made a great impression upon him. This, at last, added to his bruises, threw him into a violent fever, which greatly increased the fatigues and anxiety of the poor nuns, and prolonged his stay, until poor Blanche began to think him an amiable man; her unsuspecting heart was slipping away, without her knowing it. His long illness, the attention he required, and the gentleness of his manner to her, were all assistants in his favour. He was almost the only man she had ever seen, and, when sitting by his bed nursing him, while her sister was praying at her altar, (little thinking of the danger of her dear Blanche,) the poor girl would say to herself, " If he were noble"—she dared not think farther.

One day, sitting at the door of the cave, a large dog came down the precipice. She guessed it was

Hanzler's, and entered to announce a visitor. He was greatly alarmed, fearing it might be Gertrude, and rejoiced to see his faithful dog. It immediately occurred to him, he might let his father know where he was, by means of the dog, and asked Blanche for paper; but having none, she tore a leaf out of her prayer-book, upon which was a print of St. Peter. But as he had never prayed to this his patron saint, he objected to it, and asked for another, which she gave him, upon which he wrote a few lines to his father, to inform him of the accident; that he was in excellent hands, and would soon be home. He fastened this to the dog's collar, who was soon back again. Gertrude was the first to see him and the paper, and to be comforted by the assurance her intended spouse was safe. Peter corresponded with his family for some days in this way, always on the back of a saint, so that Gertrude felt convinced he was under the care of some holy friar. How poor woman is deceived!

At last, being quite recovered, he could keep up the farce no longer; the day and hour were fixed for his departure; and, after the strictest promise not to discover their retreat, he set off with Hantz as his guide. He was received with open arms by Gertrude; his paleness and melancholy were attributed to his late illness, and the serious conversations he must have had with the holy friar. All this interested her, and increased the regard she was beginning to feel for him.

Poor Blanche! he was gone! she knew not where; that one she had nursed so long and tenderly, was no more there to cheer her by the sound of his voice, which had become sweet music to her ear. Unhappy Blanche! she was soon upon a bed of sickness and misery.

Peter, in the meantime, moped about the castle, silent and sullen, until at last, not being able to endure a longer absence from Blanche, he set off to the cave. He found her reading her prayer-book, and at the moment of his entrance, her eye caught some lines he had written upon the rejected St. Peter, to say how much he loved her. To see both at once, was too much, and she was soon insensible to all around. Her cry when she fell brought Agnes to her side, who was terrified to find her in the arms of a man. But she soon recognised her old friend Hanzler, although amazed to see him in such a situation, and entreated he would tell her what had happened. To recover Blanche was the first act; to tell her how he loved her the next. At first she listened, but her birth, and *his*, flashed across her mind: the blood mounted to her brow, and she told him they were not born for each other. Had they been equal in rank—she could not finish the sentence. Passion got the better of prudence: he could no longer conceal his name, and said, "Peter de Thorberg may well marry Blanche de Waldenbourg." This was worse than all, and poor Blanche was more overcome than before. Agnes distracted. She commanded him to depart from the cave, and never see them more. But he, who had laid his plan so deeply, to bribe Hantz, marry Gertrude, and keep Blanche in the dark, had no such intention. To carry her off that moment was his object; but the dignified manner of Agnes awed him for a moment, and he laid her down on the bed of leaves.

At this instant, the alarm bell of the castle rang a peal that might awaken the dead. It was a summons he could not refuse to answer. He flew to the village, where he found Hantz arming the peasants, who ran to him, saying to his companions, "Now we have one will fight bravely." What was his surprise to hear him addressed as the Baron Peter, the detested Peter. The village was besieged by the Bretons, and Peter, after a fierce resistance, carried to the castle, some said dead, others dying. The besiegers retired, and left the castle once more, in as much peace as the dreadful state of the country would allow.

The severity of the winter, grief, and all the deprivations she was obliged to submit to, brought poor Blanche to the brink of the grave. She thought herself dying, and sent Hantz for a priest, to whom she confessed her rank, and her affection for Peter, which she thought a great sin. At this moment, Peter appeared at the door, pale and trembling, his head tied up with bandages, having escaped from his attendants as soon as he could walk. Finding Blanche in such a state, he declared nothing should this time separate them ; he would take her to the castle.

During this scene in the cave, Gertrude missed Peter from the castle, and being long convinced he had some secret he would not reveal to her, and seeing he loved her not, she traced his steps through the snow,—the dog found the cave, and Gertrude stood at the door, at the moment her betrothed was vowing eternal love and constancy to another. Agnes instantly recognised her friend. Those gifted with imagination, can better see the scene than I can describe it. Gertrude acted nobly. A spark of heavenly fire darted into Peter's heart,—he repented, insisted upon marrying Blanche before he quitted her. The ceremony over, he returned to the castle to prepare for the reception of his bride next day. He came ; but her spirit was gone beyond his reach ! The body was there, Gertrude and Agnes weeping over it. The grief of those without religion is wild and savage ;—such was Peter's. He wished to have her buried at the castle, with all the pomp and ceremony becoming his bride. Many are lavish of their honours to the dead body, who yield nothing to the living soul. Blanche had requested to be buried in front of the grotto, which he at last acceded to ; and when he had seen her laid in the grave, left the country, and joined the army, where he fought like a lion; but alas! committed every excess, so that he was still the terrible Peter.

How strangely habit reconciles us to everything! Agnes remained in the cave, Gertrude returned to her uncle, to console him for the misery of having such a son; and when she had closed his eyes in death, she came back to Agnes, and they passed their lives together. Peter, upon hearing of his father's death, left the army to take possession of his property. Everything around him recalled the scenes of other days,—the last words of Blanche rang in his ears once more, "Deserve to meet me in heaven!" He made his castle the Convent de Chartreuses, and gave the baronry to Bern. He retired to the other cave, next to Gertrude and Agnes, and lived and died a hermit there. The convent was suppressed at the Reformation, and became the residence of the bailiff of Bern, and is now a fit place of security for those who overstep the boundaries of moral law.

Gentle reader! is there not many a Gertrude, many a Blanche, now, in the world, to say nothing of the Peters?

I give you only the outline of this story, to relieve you from your *severer* studies, and thinking few, perhaps, have, or will read it in the original; but those who wish to do so, will find it prettily told in the "Chateaux Suisses," by Madame de Montolieu.

CHAPTER XXX.

THE ancient castles in Switzerland are far inferior, in beauty of architecture, to those of Germany. The square tower and high pointed roof are not graceful; there is an angular hardness in them unpleasing. Even in stone walls, roundness and softness are harmonious to the eye. How sweetly the evening shadows of a summer's day fall upon the circular towers of an old castle, embosomed in wood. It is becoming so much the taste of the present day, to repair and make habitable these long neglected buildings, that, in time, we may expect them all "to start into light" and be themselves again. Since we left Rotterdam, we have observed many under the blithesome work of restoration.

It is delightful to think what a different race of beings will inhabit them from the old marauding robber of the ancient time. Formerly, they were the terror, in future, they will be the ornament of the country. Instead of the "cat" and the "mouse" fearing each other, they will play together.

As they are fitting them up exactly as they were, it would be curious to see how they arrange the internal part, so as to suit the change in manners and mode of living, so different from the olden time. Are we to go back to their simplicity? in some things it would be far better. *Our* luxury will be the ruin of us, and is at this moment undermining the social structure of our society; and will, if continued,

> "Like the baseless fabric of a vision,
> Leave not a wreck behind."

To give my readers an idea of this internal arrangement of a Swiss castle, I shall take the chateau of Mulinen as a specimen, which will give a general notion of them all. It is situated upon the angle of a hill, difficult of access, and standing out from the mountain, of which it forms a part; a deep foss being cut in the rock, from which the stone was taken to build it. A square tower was all that appeared of the castle, which was divided into four stories, and inhabited by the proprietor and his family. A thick wall enclosed the court, in which were a chapel, granaries, storehouses, stables, and rooms for all the men-servants of the family, and a deep well. Under ground were the cellars, and a dungeon for criminals. Prisoners of war were allowed their liberty *in* the castle on parole; the nobles lived with the master, the soldiers with the servants. The ground floor had no entrance from the outside, only that from the first floor, the door of which was elevated fifteen feet above the court; the ascent to it was by a wooden staircase, which, in cases of danger, could be drawn up.

The first floor contained a large kitchen, that served as the entrance also, and the apartment of the women. Their beds were concealed in large closets in the wall. A narrow staircase led from this to the second story, which the lord of the castle and his family inhabited.

In the entrance was an immense stove, surrounded with seats; opposite to this was the bed of the lord and lady, with four turned posts supporting the top, (much like our present fashion,) the arms of the ancestors carved in wood at the head of it. The large eider down quilt was trimmed with lace, and there were two pillows of proportionate size also trimmed with broad lace, richly worked by the ladies; the part of the sheet that turned over, had a trimming of the same material, to ornament the bed, and these always formed the first part of the ladies trousseau. The bed was raised much above the floor, and surrounded by a balustrade of wood. At the foot of this bed was one upon rollers for the children.

At the two opposite angles of this large room, which formed alcoves, curtains were hung to conceal the beds therein; these hiding places were for the sons, the other for the daughters of the house. The room was wainscoted with bright walnut-tree, in which were closets and carved seats; these contained the linen spun by the ladies and their maidens, as well as other articles belonging to the household. The jewels and gold, deeds and parchments, were kept in a nook in the wall, with an iron door and large padlocks; these were generally placed between the windows.

The walls were so thick they formed large embrasures. In one of these was a table covered with a large slate, upon which every one wrote with chalk any calculations he wished to make, or remarks of any kind. This sort of little closet was also the library of the castle, more remarkable for the size of its volumes than the number. It consisted of the lives of the saints, a few books upon chivalry, and a translation of the life of Plutarch; this last was fastened to the wall with a strong chain, since the time when a monk in the neighbourhood attempted to steal it, to enrich the scanty library of his convent. The other embrasure was devoted to the ladies; in this was placed the spinning-wheel and every thing necessary for embroidery. In this agreeable little nook they worked, talked, and laughed; much as they would do in these days if they had a nook to sit in, but our walls are too thin for such recreation.

With the exception of two large gilt arm chairs, for the master and mistress, and some high wooden stools, there were no other seats than those in the wainscoting round the room. A large table in the centre of the room served for their repast when alone.

The narrow staircase which led to this apartment was continued to the second story, the whole of which was occupied by what was called the Saloon of the Chevaliers; in this was a fireplace large enough to roast an ox whole. The chimney-piece was supported by two statues of stone, one representing a Saracen, the other a Knight of the order of St. John of Jerusalem.

The walls were ornamented with warlike trophies; shields, lances, cuirasses, casques, and the sword of Roger de Mulinen, one of the valiant ancestors of this proud family.

Egbert had placed as a souvenir another bracelet of the Emperor Conrad, and the scarf of his unhappy son, that he brought from Italy. These trophies were interspersed with large stag horns, on the points of which lamps were placed to light the saloon, when the feasts were prolonged during the night. Every horn had its history.

The windows were very narrow, and ornamented with painted glass. At the close of the last century, when this hall was renewed, each relative (as was the custom) made a present of a pane of glass, with his arms painted upon it, or something remarkable in ancient history. Here flourished, on large escutcheons, the lion and the wings of the eagle of Hallewyll; the fusee of the Barons of Bronstetten; David killing Goliah; Daniel in the den of lions; and two knights fighting a dragon;—all fit and proper ornaments for so warlike an apartment.

The interior of this appeared circular, the angles being taken off in the same way as the first floor, with curtains before, and beds behind them for visitors or distinguished prisoners. In the centre was a large table, upon which many a boar's head, with an orange in his mouth, and gaudy peacock, with his wide spreading tail, were served up to regale the great families of the neighbourhood.

In the fourth story the guardian of the castle slept; but, when not sleeping, his business was to keep a look-out, and announce the approach of visitors, whether as friends or foes.

It is interesting to go back to those times, and think how the inhabitants of these castles passed their days and nights. Each was a chief in his own inaccessible fortress; and when he was not called out with his neighbouring chiefs to fight the general enemy, he quarrelled and fought with them at home.

Bloodshed and murder, rapine, cruelty, and crime, seem to have been the occupation, the business and profession, of these noble lords of the creation, until at last one overwhelming power knocked their castles about their ears, and sent them down from their heights into the valley below, to mingle with the crowd.

The noble ladies of those days performed the part a housekeeper does in these. They pickled and preserved, made puddings, pies, and dumplings; spun their own linen, knit their own stockings, and remained in their own castle, until some knight of the lance came with lowly bow and humble suit to woo them to his home.

Whatever women might have been, noble ladies were more thought of in those days than in these: they were less seen, therefore more respected; fewer of them, therefore more valued.

The change in the costume of the ladies upon these important occasions, seems to have been as great as in their manners. Since that light, gaudy, frivolous lady, Fashion, has taken possession of what is called the world, there has been a strange unnatural alteration in the bridal habiliments in Switzerland. Fashion takes a melancholy view of that (in general considered) happy day, and she arrays the blushing bride in black,—in deep mourning!

No doubt she thinks if "man was made to mourn," woman was intended doubly to lament her lot; and as she is never completely ruined until allied to a bad man, she thinks it better to give her a foretaste of what may happen in her new position as wife. I should not have believed this, if I had not seen it.

Wanting some addition to the toilette, we proceeded to the first marchande des modes in Basle, and were shewn a dress as a pattern of the last fashion. It was black silk, elaborately trimmed, with black love riband. She said it was the bridal dress for a young lady to be married the next day.

I asked was it the general custom to wear black upon such occasions? "Yes, sometimes they wear white, but rarely." It would be curious to trace the origin of this custom. Perhaps it arose from the melancholy story attached to one of their ancient castles, the heads of which I will give you, my fair reader, in the next chapter.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THERE was once upon a time a queen, "as many have been and few we've seen," her name was Berthe; her husband, Rodolphe the Second, was King of Transjurane, or Petite Bourgogne, as this country was formerly named.

Rodolphe died in the year 932, leaving his widow, Queen Berthe, to reign, in the name of her son, then a minor. I am not going to write her history, but I should tell you she was a very famous lady. Among many other things she performed, she built the Chateau de Vufflans, situated between Morges and Lausanne, one league from the former. After this, it was her fate to become a second time a wife; she married Hugues, King of Lombardie. But, before she left the country, she gave the Chateau de Vufflans to Grimould, son of the Duke of Azzoni, and brother to Adalbert, who was her Majesty's faithful page.

I am sorry to be obliged by truth to mention, her Majesty made a mistake, very common in human nature, in the character of this Grimould. No doubt she thought him a good man, but he turned out a very bad one. The beautiful Emmause de Vergi had the misfortune to marry him.

He took her home to his castle, which was much larger than the one I have described, and had four square towers. Grimould was proud of his beautiful wife, and all went on well; an heir was expected, he was all on fire with hope; the hour came, the child was born; but Fate said, "Let it be a daughter," and daughter it was. Rage and disappointment filled every crevice of Grimould's heart; he flew to the unfortunate mother, who had just pressed her babe to her longing breast, snatched it from her, and said, "Never shall you see this child until you bring me a son." He carried it into one of the square towers, sent for a nurse, and shut them both up in it, keeping the secret so profoundly from the unhappy mother, that she knew not what had become of it; and, as some unnatural husbands assume a tyrannical sway over their wives, she dared not ask! To the world the child was dead, and she was obliged tacitly to acknowledge it was so. Grimould resumed his usual occupations, caring little for the thorn he had planted in the bosom of his lovely wife.

In due time, hopes of a son again mounted in his imagination; the trying hour came, and again another daughter. Poor Emmause! she clasped this second infant to her trembling heart, and had scarcely given it a look of affection when her tyrant husband entered. Aware now of what was coming, she entreated leave to keep her child.

" No, never till you bring me a son, shall you see this second daughter." He took the child and placed it with a nurse in the tower opposite to the one in which his first-born was confined, and shut them up in the same mysterious way. His unfortunate wife was forced to appear in the neighbourhood as usual. But the meetings in those days were not frequent as they are in ours, and it was less difficult to dissemble for so short a time.

It was the destiny of Grimould to become a third time a father, and of the miserable mother to have her third daughter torn from her in the same unfeeling manner, and with the same heart-rending words. In the third tower he incarcerated this baby and its attendant with the usual secrecy. The grief of Emmause may be better imagined than described; still the " world" was kept in the dark. Her pale face and pensive look were easily accounted for—all her children were supposed to have died as soon as they were born.

A fourth time she was doomed to become a mother; hope flitted before her, that this time her joy might be full, and a son repay her for all her sorrows. As for Grimould his joy knew no bounds : after three daughters it was most unlikely a fourth would appear; at all events, he would make every preparation for his utmost wishes, and the castle was a scene of the highest expectations. The anxious moment drew near—passed away—and with it every note of hope and joy. The enraged Grimould burst into his wife's apartment, and, with more than his usual brutality, fixed his fiend-like claws upon the babe, saying, "Madam, I have still another tower!"

But nature could submit no longer. Tyranny had burst the bonds of obedience, and, clasping her baby closer to her breast, she said, "Never! you have taken three children from me; you may kill me, but you shall never separate me from this, my last." In a moment he had formed his resolution, and said, "Be it so then, Madam! you may keep the child, but you shall be shut up with it in that fourth tower, and never see the light of day again, except what you find in the uppermost room of it." Joy at having her infant spared to her, surmounted every other feeling, and she thought not of the future.

Grimould descended to his household with a grave and gloomy countenance; he sent a nurse to his wife's apartment, who entered with an anxious look and earnest enquiry if she were not ill? She said she looked most pallid; she was sure danger must be near, and with these ominous words and suitable actions, she left her to conjecture the meaning of them. A thought flashed upon her mind she was to die. Would he murder her? Time was not allowed her to be long in doubt. The door opened, and those appointed to the service carried her and her babe to the top of the fourth and last tower.

While this was going on above, he was making his preparations below; the domestics were informed their kind benevolent lady and her child were both dead. Cries and lamentations now filled the castle; the neighbourhood were soon apprised of it, and paid her the debt of grief due to those benevolent and unfortunate as she was. The preparations for the interment of this living lady were made, with all the splendour of the time and circumstances; for his father being dead, Grimould had taken possession of the dukedom, with all its appurtenances. The melancholy day arrived, and Emmause, thinking only of the happiness of having her dear baby to nurse and to love, saw, with comparative indifference, the splendid procession of her own funeral, heard the loud lamentations of her own attendants, and witnessed the visible grief of her friends and relations. Grimould acted his part to the life; all the "world" pitied him for his repeated misfortunes; but something whispered to those he would have honoured with his hand, not to accept it, and he could not get a second wife.

Time stole on; that old gentleman is a great thief,—an ill-natured one too; he gives beauty to the young, and then comes, like a rogue as he is, to steal it from them in age. He gave beauty and grace to these four daughters, while he was stealing it from their mother. But to recompense her for the loss, he softened her woes, and heightened the pleasure she felt in educating her beloved child.

As there is something to console us in every misfortune if we think rightly, and depend upon that Great Being to relieve us in His own good time, so poor Emmause was not entirely destitute of a friend in her solitary tower. Raymond, the good Raymond, who was employed by Grimould as his agent and comptroller of the household, had compassion upon her; he used to come and sit with her, and sometimes bring his dinner, to add to her's, and cheer her during her lonely meal.

What a contrast between that and the magnificence below!

Raymond was a gentleman by birth, education, and office; he was, therefore, a proper companion for Emmause; he had a son, who, to beguile the time of the little girl, was often brought to play with it.

Shut out from the world, her whole soul and feelings concentrated in that one dear object, her child, the only one she was allowed to love. Still, the thought of the other three would dart across her mind, and sting her like a poisoned arrow. The more she thought, the more her mind was harassed,—were they alive, or had he destroyed them? She might die without knowing it!

That Power above who sees our miseries, and knows our wants, decreed it otherwise. He struck

Grimould with an illness from which he was told he would not recover.

There hardly exists a human creature so bold, or so hardened, as not to feel dread at the near approach of death. But to the believer, who knows he will be called to an account for every word, every act of his life, that physical dread becomes mental awe in all; and to the wicked, the most horrible terror. So it was with Grimould; his crimes were written in large characters, and stood out in high relief before him in imagination. The Saviour too on the cross, in the perspective, which was gradually becoming the foreground: a spark of His divinity shot through his soul: he repented, and sent for his ill-treated wife.

Emmause was surprised by the sudden appearance of Raymond, who told her she must come with her daughter instantly into the presence of her husband, who was dangerously ill.

Man! often unkind man! treat woman as you will, she is always ready to receive you when in sickness, or in sorrow.

Emmause hastened down her prison stairs: and what a sight for her below!—Grimould in the agonies of death, and three beautiful young ladies standing near him. His first act was to beg forgiveness; his next, to embrace his banished child, and introduce her to her three long lost sisters, and Emmause to her daughters.

The good Raymond and his son were witnesses of this harrowing scene; but it did not end there: an account was tobe settled with another, most deeply wronged.

Raymond was the son of his elder brother, by a secret marriage, who was killed in the wars before the child was born. The poor widow sought protection from her husband's father, and found it; but she died, leaving her son to be acknowledged or not, as the family pleased. The old Duke brought him up without the knowledge of his birth, but told it to Grimould.

Now the hour of retribution comes! and Grimould confesses his crimes, and the reason for his great anxiety to have a son; which Heaven denied to his wicked entreaties!

He died a penitent!
Peace to his soul!

It is not a little curious that nine hundred years after his death, his crimes should be remembered and recorded. How true it is our misdeeds are written in brass!

More than twenty years ago we visited this Chateau de Vufflans, and its four square towers, little knowing the interesting story attached to them. Since then it has been fitted up as a dwelling-place, and some of the descendants of its ancient possessors now inhabit it.

CHAPTER XXXII.

WE are just returned from Hofwyl; it is seventeen years since I was there. Mr. Fellenberg still lives, and goes on with his philanthropic plan of education; but age and affliction are doing their work with the body; the soul is happily beyond their power. We went over the whole establishment, which is most interesting: there is everything there to invite the young to learning of all sorts, and the variety of study and occupation is so great, they are not fatigued with the same subject too long—a great desideratum in education. We went into the drawing, music, painting, modelling, natural history, mathematical, in short, into all the schools. The carpenter's shop was not forgotten: we found several boys there, two of them English; they had made some very neat boxes. The school for gymnastics, a most fascinating one for active spirits, is a better way of spending their time than learning deceit in shirking the master up the street. That, if not done with proper quickness, and sleight of "foot," brings on a flogging, which ought to have been avoided, by making the offence impossible. The

Eton young gentlemen will understand this. There are no corporal punishments at Hofwyl; some trifling deprivation is found enough to correct minds treated as rational beings, and bodies unused to the brutal lash. If the offence is great, which rarely happens, confinement is resorted to. The object of punishment should be amendment; but unless the mind is touched, and convinced of the evil of its misdeeds, there is little use in scarifying the body;—that only ends in a struggle between the lasher and the lashed, which can bear, or which can inflict most. The system is wrong, therefore, and ought to be changed; but to alter it, would require time and care, for it is quicker to knock the patient down, than to heal him. If our youth were placed *exclusively* under the care of *healing* physicians, it is surprising how the art would increase.

The education of youth is of such vital consequence to age, that it is well worth the study of our sages, who should not only study but give effect to it by practice. The masters are constantly with their pupils, even during play hours. They direct all their amusements, and at night sleep in the room with them, which is admirably arranged for the purpose. It is of great length, and divided into stalls, if I may so express it: each stall has two beds, opposite to each other, without curtains; at the entrance of each stall are two small presses, one at either side, formed in part by the partition between, so as to take up as little room as possible. The knapsack hangs at the side of the bed; over one of them I saw a portrait of the boy's mother, and a little drawing of his birth-place. There is nothing Mr. Fellenberg encourages more than affection for parents and home. Although there was no door between, this immense room was divided into two, fifty beds in each. Larger stalls for the masters were taken off at each end of the room, so that they could hear everything said, or done; all was perfectly clean and neat. The boys repose in good air, from the size of the room, which is of much consequence to health.

We also went into the sleeping apartment of the poor children. This was arranged nearly in the same way as the other, and as clean. These boys made their own beds, and they were turned down all ready for them to step into, after the labour of the day. There are three schools, for different classes in society; in the first, now, only forty boys, twenty-five of these are English; in the second, one hundred; and the third, twenty. But this will soon greatly increase, as Mr. Fellenberg is building a large school for the poor, where they are to be taught every trade. He takes these children at any age, but they must remain until twenty. By the time they leave him, their habits are formed, and they are prepared to enter life with at least a knowledge of something useful.

We heard, with pain, some of these lower children had turned out badly; but where there are numbers, it must always be so. The good have many enemies, and Mr. Fellenberg has had his share. But when he lays down his head for the last time in this world, he will have the happiness of feeling his life has been spent in ameliorating the condition of, instead of injuring, his fellow creatures; and if each of us would contribute a portion of our time, however small, to the same end, it would work wonders. I observed two large lamps in the gymnasium, and was told the boys exercised in the evening; in winter, this is much better than the employment in our schools.

I asked one of the English boys how he liked Hofwyl? He said, "Very much, though at first not at all." Until he could speak German, of course, it must have been so; and perhaps the restraint he would feel in the constant presence of a master, might have some effect, as he would fancy his liberty infringed.

If we could judge of the farm by the cattle, we should say it was in a flourishing condition, for they were all fat; seventy very large cows, and some of the finest two-years old I ever saw. The houses were excessively hot, and the beasts never go out of this very close atmosphere. I asked were they healthy? "Perfectly." Some few they kept in this state of complete inactivity until twelve years old; but in general they were killed much younger. Their chief food in winter was bruised potatoes and hay.

There is great economy in keeping animals from their youth in good condition; they do not consume near so much food, and, in case of accidents, there is less loss. The warmth also tends to fatten them. Except in the mountainous parts of the Continent, the cattle are seldom allowed to range the field, and crop the opening flower; and, as there are no inclosures, it would not do to let them take to their heels and scamper far and wide.

The situation of Hofwyl is beautiful, bounded so finely as it is by the mountains, now powdered with snow, which has fallen in the night, and makes them appear much nearer. The weather has been cold and rainy, no doubt caused by the unwelcome vicinity of these beautiful but chilling neighbours. I shall be glad to get to the sunny side of them. In general, September is fine in this country.

As there are no vacations at Hofwyl, the boys are taken a little excursion up the mountains in summer, accompanied by a master competent to discourse with them upon the wondrous works of nature. It is needless to enlarge upon the immense advantages of this, both to body and mind.

The day was fine, and the drive through the wood to Feldeck,—our temporary home,—beautiful. And now I have seen for the second and probably last time, this admirable institution. The first time we came intending to place our only son there; but, although we approved of all we saw, Mr. Fellenberg said he must stay with him seven years, and during that time not return to England: we must therefore give up our country during that period, or our child. Either alternative was too severe; we decided in the negative, and sent him to Eton.

We never repented having sent him there; it is so dangerous to educate one who is to become an English country gentleman, out of England, from the fear of his disliking it in after life. We took him to Germany when he left school, where he learnt more in one year than in his whole school life.

Has it never occurred to the minds of parents, that our public schools are badly situated?—that London is not a place for youth?—that Westminster and the Charter House, or even the neighbourhood of any town, are not proper situations for children and young men?

Would it be *quite* impossible to remove our schools to *our* mountains, and let the young have free air and exercise, without a flogging for taking it in their own unlicensed way; and, instead of sending our youth to be educated abroad, which hundreds are doing, begin a new system at home, and let it be carried on upon the broad basis of benefit to the many, not riches to the few. This long-continued and permitted system of riches to the few, at the expense of the many, is a false one, and cannot, amongst an enlightened people, last very long.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

WHILE we have been making excursions in the neighbourhood, the mare has been gaining strength in the stable; and, to keep her companion in exercise, we drive Unicorn. But it is not a convenient or agreeable style for Bern; and most difficult for the charioteer. This particular mare, being of an enquiring mind, turns occasionally round to see what is going on in the carriage, and not unfrequently peeps into the shops. One day, it was her fancy to look at some china and glass, but not having the soft, insinuating power of the cat among such brittle material, we feared she would leave evident marks of her visit under the arcade. The powerful hand that guided her, fortunately prevented such a catastrophe; and also kept her from stepping into the stream which runs in the middle of the street, to the terror of nervous strangers who drive through it. After escaping the china shop, we drove to the top of the street, where there is a sort of horse pond, and there we found a waggon and four horses had just tumbled over. The leaders got out, and with all their might were trying to pull their companions and the waggon up the wall, which being impossible, their deliverance was effected another way.

We become quite insensible to that which is constantly before us; and the people of Bern seem not to see the danger of this sunken stream with only occasional passes over it.

We stayed to see the clock strike twelve; to hear it would have been an every-day matter, but to see it in Bern, with all its accompaniments of bipeds and quadrupeds, is amusing even to "children of a larger growth."

The bells and the bears are features in this picturesque little town. Not the lady belles, gentle reader! but the ringing bells: one of them weighs twenty-eight thousand pounds, and its tongue would outweigh the tongues of all the belles in Christendom,—whether it would outrun them is another question. Being, as it is, of the ponderous weight of seven hundred pounds, it probably moves with dignified deliberation, although a young woman did move it a few years ago. I am not particularly well acquainted with the size or power of bells in general; I leave that to the masculine gender, but will just mention, that this particular bell measures twenty-five feet and a half in circumference. There is a smaller one, of silver, a present from a noble lady who once resided in the town.

The fountain is another large and conspicuous feature both here and in Italy: it is the meeting-place, the coffee-house, the club of the women. All the talking goes on at the same time with the washing, whether it be of salad, or of linen: it is as pleasant to the women as the blacksmith's shop to the men, and serves the same gossipping purpose, only the men stand idle, while the women stand rubbing. Drawing water is an ancient occupation for the fair sex, but the increase of population has altered the class of water-drawers from that of the olden time. A pump is a useful addition to all country houses, but I never saw an ornamental one until yesterday. The owner of a villa near this placed his in one of the pillars that supported the verandah; this may be a hint to future architects.

The country houses about here are innumerable; the views in general from them beautiful, but from their not being well fenced in, there is an openness, a want of home and retirement, not agreeable to those who love seclusion; of which, however, a foreigner has no idea. Every thing is to be done, if not in public, at least in society, until at last the mind sickens at the sight of fellow-creatures, for we may see too much of each other.

The land is good here, and must be very productive. They plough with four horses, all in sheets, and grow a great quantity of potatoes. Their great attachment to the vine is extraordinary. The crop so often fails, and the absurd law of making every grower begin to gather the grapes upon a given day, tends to injure the wine;—in some situations they are too ripe, and in others not ripe enough.

The mortality in cattle and horses has been very great this autumn; ours have not escaped without illness. They have all had the strangles more or less, but they do not seem to think much of that complaint in Switzerland, and they were soon in a state of convalescence. Although this is so beautiful a country, it is not agreeable as a residence. The peasants here speak a patois German; we find many of them deficient in intellect. The farther you go north in Switzerland, the more imposing the people are. The Grisons are very bad for strangers, the organ of acquisitiveness there being too largely developed for their comfort or convenience.

Having a perspective view of the Glaciers from our house, it was impossible not to wish to take a nearer look at them, and Interlaken. It is bad economy not to see every thing within reach: it wastes the imagination in vain regrets, and wastes the money spent in coming again to see whether all that has been said of it is true; for it is an invariable rule with travellers to extol to the skies what has not been seen except by themselves, and the very circumstance of knowing there is nothing worth going to see is satisfactory. So we drove to Thun, a good road, which but for the rain would have been beautiful: from thence to Interlaken, along the lake, still more so; but here, the very bad road and rainy weather, combined, destroyed all pleasure. Interlaken is so much increased within a few years, since the English have discovered its beauty, and the pleasure of passing a summer in the mountains, that it is now almost an English village of scattered houses and hotels, which are good and reasonable. An individual may live well for five francs a day, and if he is a good walker may have all the beautiful views for nothing.

As it is now the end of September, there are hardly any visitors here, and the summer has been so wet the wings of the tourist have been clipped almost to the quick. The guides to the Glaciers complain much of their want of employment; as in most other places, they are overdoing it. The prospect of making a fortune at a railway pace is a bubble that pleases the imagination as long as it is rising, and dooms it to despair by bursting. Every thing in nature in this country is upon so large a scale, one is not aware of the magnitude of the Glacier until one is upon it, and looking down into the deep chasms in the ice. Some frightful accidents have happened here; they are too painful to record in a little work like this, but should serve as a caution to the traveller to attend to the advice of the guides, who must know better than himself how far it is safe to go.

Half the reading world have seen this valley of the Grindelwald; to them a description would be useless, if possible; the other half will find it attempted in every guide-book.

Those who live in a rich and fertile plain are surprised to find how their fellow creatures can exist in a country of ice and rock; and yet in this valley there are eight hundred houses, and three thousand inhabitants, living chiefly upon cheese and milk. The little land capable of growing any thing for food is in grass, except a few patches of corn, late in ripening.

Fortunately they have wood, and their houses are generally warm. I remarked one of large dimensions, looking new, and was told it belonged to a rich proprietor, and was three hundred years old, so durable are these wooden constructions.

We arrived so late at the Hotel des Alpes, the domestics were much alarmed, and with reason. We drove the last hour in perfect darkness along the river, sometimes only a few feet between us and the precipices. The bugle was blown loud and long, and this in case of an accident would have been of great use. The only deed of note done in this utter darkness, was to knock down a ladder placed against a house, and encroaching more upon the road than that narrow pass allowed. When arrived in safety at the village, the horn attracted all hearers, and the door of every hotel and pension we passed was crowded with expectant domestics. Those of our hotel expressed real pleasure at a second sight of us; some wagers were laid upon hearing the bugle, whether it was ours or not. Those accustomed to its sound bet high; even the horses are now acquainted with it, and it seems to cheer them on the way.

After three days' perambulation in these inhabited wilds, we set out in a mist, which ended in plentiful showers, to return to Feldeck, where we found the plain had assumed the most warlike appearance in our absence.

Troops marching and countermarching in every direction met our eyes; ready, present, fire, saluted our ears at every turn. The Swiss are a two-handed people—and use them according to circumstances—with one they hold the plough, and with the other wield the sword, which they can do with pretty good effect, whenever occasion requires it; and as they do not take it up except in self-defence, they deserve success.

Every man in Switzerland is a soldier for a time; they are now exercising for their annual training, and although they may not look quite so soldier-like as those of other countries, who do nothing but right about face, march, and wheel, they know enough of the profession to keep their enemies out of their country, and that is sufficient for any nation.

The peasants near Bern speaking no regular language, is very inconvenient, and after studying

German so long, very provoking. When we enquire the way, they nod, and say, what we find is, "How do you do?" or "What o'clock is it?"

The names are curious when translated; we find our baker is Pimpletoes;—and now we have paid him and all other creditors, we are ready to set off on our journey to Rome with the morning light.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

FEW things are more difficult than to obtain correct information upon any subject where either interest, or even the taste of the person giving it, biases him in any way. Having already passed the Alps by Mont Cenis, the Splugen, the Brenner, and the Simplon, I intended to have gone by St. Gothard, but was prevented by hearing the road was quite destroyed by the torrents.

The Simplon and Mont Cenis were then in contemplation, but it was said they also were bad, particularly the former, which was nearly impassable. Further inquiry only tended to puzzle us still more, for every one gave a different opinion; at last a conversation with the Austrian Ambassador decided it; he advised the Splugen as the only good and safe road.

Human nature has a natural leaning to high authorities: we followed this instinct, and found upon experience we were right.

From Bern we proceeded by the Lake of Zurich, where we went out to fish with a silver hook, always the surest, and having sought the young fry, had them dressed with the haste of a gourmand, and ate them with that feeling of pleasure those only know who have earned their dinner by exercise. Like almost all the views in Switzerland, this is beautiful, and our visit to it was more peaceful than the first we paid to this far-famed piece of water.

We then travelled with a large Newfoundland dog, one of the Grand Duke of Weimar's race, which we brought from that agreeable town. This beautiful Neptune was at once the pleasure and torment of our lives,—he was charming and kind to the human race, but with his own, pugnacious beyond the laws of pugnacity, which ought to go no farther than self-defence. Walking out as usual with the children, he espied a dog; to see and to fight was one and the same thing with him, and being very strong, he generally conquered. In this case, unfortunately, the dog opposed to him had an irascible master, who took the attack upon his quadruped in high dudgeon; but instead of attempting to separate the combatants, he attacked the young people, threatened them with all the terrors of Swiss law, and would have followed it up by something like a process. But when he sent to the hotel to make enquiries, and found the dog belonged to an English general, he thought it better to let the matter drop, as he could not prove any damage done, or make out as piteous a case as Racine does in his Plaideurs. The English have little chance of justice,—therefore the less they have to do with the laws of whatever country they pass through the better.

Poor Neptune![*] he gave us many a fright; he was as well known upon the road between Naples and York as the grey horses, and after running with the carriage four thousand miles in one year, upon our arriving at York, thinking his business must be always to run, he followed a carriage to London, mistaking it for ours. It was surprising we ever got him home again. He was remarkable for diving, and had the opportunity of trying the depth of more rivers than generally falls to the lot of the canine race; his great pleasure was to bring up the largest stone he could carry, and parade it up and down before us, with as much pride as any hero ever felt after some grand achievement; his organ of approbation being largely developed. It is a curious peculiarity in the dog, that he is so much more attached to man than to his own species; and it is to be feared, if the truth were known, he is their only disinterested friend.

At Kaltbrunnen, we came in for all the exciting and interesting preparations for a wedding: the tables were laid in every direction to afford as much room as possible,[†] napkins were folded in every form that could be invented by the ingenious performer in that department. The Swiss are famous for their cakes and tarts of an immense size: it would be difficult to find dishes large enough for them in England, unless in the old-fashioned pewter ones, now almost out of use. Of course that sweet portion of the entertainment was in profusion, and the neatly-dressed aspirants for admission into the ranks of matrimony, with smiling faces and floury hands, were busily employed in giving the last finish to the decoration of their favourite dish. They could hardly find time to prepare for the repose of their unexpected customers. We should have been glad to have staid the next day to have "assisted" at this happy ceremony, and have seen whether the bride was arrayed in the trappings of grief, which, however, was not probable, as the parties in this case were not in the higher class of life; but travellers, however little they may have to do, are generally in a hurry, and we hasted (not to, but) from the wedding.

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[*] This beautiful dog died at Melbourne, in November, 1841.

[†] Travellers must have remarked in many places on the

We lose a great deal of pleasure by expecting too much, and we should never forget that we are not in an enchanted world, where fairies will feed us with a succession of new enjoyments; but

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Continent, how much the waiter prides himself upon the variety of ways he can fold a napkin. At Chiavenna we had them of a different form every day.

that we are in a very earthy state, and must earn our pleasures even as many must earn their bread; and those only have real enjoyment, who have laboured for it. Perhaps the pleasure we feel in many things is exactly in proportion to the difficulty of obtaining them, and this is a great happiness in our sublunary state.

CHAPTER XXXV.

FROM Zurich we journeyed happily on to Wesen, where we embarked in the steam-boat, upon the Lake of Wallenstad. Great complaints were made by the passengers of the slowness of this boat, and its want of size, from which we were near being sufferers; for it was so narrow there was hardly room for the horses to stand, and one of them was very near getting both his hind legs between the railing at the side; and the continual fear of this occurring, made the voyage most uncomfortable. Fortunately, it lasted but an hour and a half: the distance is about four leagues.

The slowness of the boat would be an advantage to the lover of such wild scenery as this. The rocky mountains rise in many places perpendicularly from the water's edge, bare and rugged. It is a savage scene, and requires fine weather and a bright sun to soften it. These we had, and arrived safe at Wallenstad; our quartette of little quadrupeds rejoicing to find themselves on firm ground again.

We slept at Ragatz; and here we were charged seventeen francs for hay for one night at the Poste, which we generally find the worst inn in every town; and it is always unfortunate for the traveller when there is no other.

Within a few miles of this, are the baths of Pfeffers; good, it is said, for rheumatism. We did not go to see them. Those who have visited the baths of Germany, feel little curiosity in seeing the watering places in Switzerland, which are in general very inferior as places of amusement or health. The drive to Coire, up the valley, is wild and mountainous, giving the traveller a foretaste of what he is to expect in passing the Alps by the Splugen,—a most splendid and wonderful pass, considering the difficulty of making the road, which was partly destroyed a few years ago by the torrents. A new one has since that time been made, which is now complete.

The hotel at the village of the Splugen is no less surprising than the road; for there the traveller will find every comfort and many of the luxuries of this sublunary world; which, taking its great height into consideration, is very unexpected.

The Via Mala is beautiful beyond description; even the views sold at the hotel give some little idea of it.

We added two strong horses to the carriage, which being so heavy, and the turns in the road so sharp, we were once very near being overturned; and were I to travel again, I should prefer two light carriages, each with a pair of horses, to a heavy one, with four. The large carriage is of little use in a town, and still less in the country, particularly in a mountainous one.

I could not help thinking, as we pursued our tortuous way up these steep ascents, that powerful wheels at certain distances, turned by some of the many streams on the mountain, might be made to draw the carriages straight up, nearly to the top; and in the same way they might be let down again, as on a Montagne Russe. It would be a fine race for those who like running; and those who do not choose such rapid proceedings, might be let down quietly. Some of my readers may think this chimerical, but it is not so much so as it appears; for, in passing this way some years ago in the month of May, when there was eighteen feet of snow upon the mountain, the guides drove our sledges straight down as I describe. There were ten of them, and fourteen guides; and, considering that none of the men were quite sober, it was surprising we all arrived without accident. The carriage, however, which was taken to pieces and put upon three sledges, was twice overturned; but, being so near the ground, it was soon set up again. The only inconvenience we experienced, was the skin of our faces being so much injured by the morning frost and mid-day sun, that it all came off in a few days.

The descent, however, in this way was terrific; and had we known we were to be shot down the mountain in this perpendicular manner, we should have been much more alarmed.

> "Where ignorance is bliss,
> 'Tis folly to be wise."

And the truth of the poet's opinion was never more exemplified than the day of that adventure.

The appearance of a region like this in summer and winter is so different, that it is interesting to have seen it at both seasons. Nature arrays herself in a tremendous dress, when she throws on her cloak of snow, and commands the winds to follow her. A bird's-eye view of this vast scene of solitary grandeur fills the mind with elevated thoughts of the power of the Almighty, who never intended such an inhospitable region should be the habitation of man. But he thinks it good enough for his fellow-creature, and places him there to guard his interests, which, one would think, might be contrived in a more lenient way.

The custom-house officers described the life they led in continual snow, as most melancholy. With nothing to cheer their long winter evenings, drinking is their only resource; and one cannot be surprised at such a mode of spending time in such a country.

The pretty colchicum, Winter-blumen, as the Germans call it, grows in profusion in the fields, and has cheered our sight all along the road. The quantity of wild flowers in the fields, in

Switzerland, is remarkable: how far they injure the farmer is another question. But it is pleasing to have an enamelled carpet spread by bountiful Nature, for her last, and greatest work, mankind; and it is interesting to observe how this carpet varies in different climates. Many a time I have got out of the carriage to cull a flower I had never seen until then; and many a seed I have gathered by the way-side, to bring home and nurse it, as a stranger in a foreign land.

Notwithstanding all the beauty of the via mala, the change of scenery, vegetation, and climate, from the north to the south side of the mountain, is delightful. The chestnut tree is the first distinguishing mark in this change of altitude, and generally forms a cordon at a certain height round the mountains of Switzerland and Italy.

If I recollect it right, I think the descent is rather more rapid on the south side; at least it appeared more difficult for eight horses to pull the carriage up, that memorable journey I have alluded to, than six the last time, and with the same carriage. We soon trotted down the mountain with a pair of horses. The turns in the road are so short, it was thought safer to take off one pair, and we arrived at Chiavenna before it was dark. This is the first town at the foot of the mountain, and the head of the valley that runs along the Lake of Como.

There is a vast deal of land both at the north side from Ragatz, and the south from Chiavenna, that might and ought to be reclaimed, for the sake of the health of the people of the country; particularly at the south side, where the great heat in summer, and the exhalation from such a quantity of marshy land, make it very unhealthy.

We found Conradi still master of the Poste, a good hotel; but he unfortunately had made a mistake, since we were there before, in overcharging an English gentleman, who recorded the circumstance in most of the books on the road, which nearly ruined him. This is the only mode of redress an Englishman can resort to, on the Continent, when he is imposed upon; and most powerful it is. Therefore, humanity would only suggest it in extreme cases.

Having been at Conradi's for several days, and thinking it a good hotel, I mentioned the injury he had done to himself. He said he was aware of it; that he could not answer for the number of persons who went there, that sometimes such a thing might not occur; but that his hotel being expensive was unavoidable, as the season of custom was so very short.

Although I do not mean to make an excuse for extortion, which is so often carried to a great height at the hotels on the Continent, there is a fair reason for some being dearer than others, from their situation.

Asbestos is found here in the rocks above the town, which we might call the living rock; a piece of it was brought to me growing from it. It seems one of the links in the wonderful chain of Nature. They make gloves and even dresses of it for those who wish to " try their hands" at a fire.

Vines are cultivated here in every nook and cranny of the rock, and in some places earth is brought up, to give a footing to this beloved plant; which, once obtained, it takes care to keep in a most pertinacious manner; for of all the plants known, it is the one which has the greatest power to seek its own food; which if not near, its roots will travel to find, and to a greater distance than we are aware of. And this quality in the vine would confirm one in the opinion a physician once gave at Naples, that wine was necessary to the people of Italy, and that every peasant girl drank a bottle a day, to make up for the exhaustion occasioned by the heat of the climate.

But if this is the case, how is the Hindoo supported upon his rice and water? Or, is the lowness of his living one reason why the cholera carries off such immense numbers, when it breaks out?

The road the whole way from Chiavenna to Monza, by Lecco, is the finest, perhaps, in the world; the scenery along the lake most lovely, and the occasional breaks, in passing through the many galleries cut in the rock, heightens the pleasure, by sometimes depriving us of it. For those who understand human nature know that nothing tends so much to lessen even the highest enjoyment, as too long a continuation of it: one reason why the rich and idle are so tired of pleasure, and seek with such avidity any new excitement.

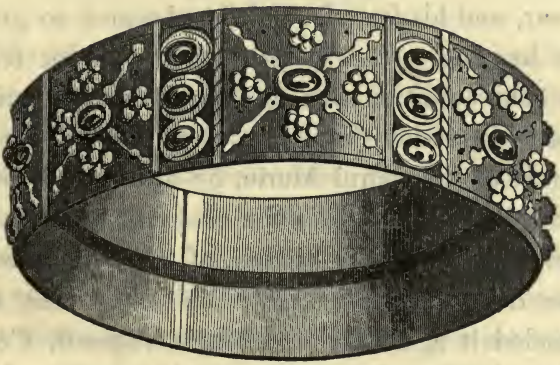
After being shut up for a moment in these dark passages, the light and beauty of the view burst upon us with double pleasure, and an exclamation of delight was the natural consequence of such a transition. Upon this magnificent road, we ran thirty-two miles before breakfast, little aware we had gone so far in so short a time. I look back with pleasure to that lovely morning. If man was as good here as nature is beautiful, this would be a paradise. But those who have lived upon the Lake of Como, say the inhabitants are not good. Education, that first improver of the human race, is sadly wanting in Italy. Alas! poor, beautiful Italy, "when will you rise in the scale of nations?"

We found the Poste at Lecco bad, and the Falcon at Monza excessively dirty and uncomfortable. Here a circumstance occurred, which gave great pain to the maid. When she went to look at the town, she left her basket in her room, in which were all the ornaments she possessed. Some of the nimble-fingered gentry made a subtraction of that portion of its contents, which she did not discover until we arrived at Milan; and here, I would recommend persons in that class of life, to lay out their money in something more useful, and suitable to their station. This loss caused great lamentation to the footman also, for he had entrusted her with the ornamental part of his toilette, so that both were deprived at once of all they possessed in the trinket way. But after the first feeling of regret, both of them had the good sense to believe it was rather a gain than a loss, and to determine never again to spend their money in anything so useless, or that gave them so little satisfaction.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

MONZA is a more interesting town to many, than Milan. The Archduke Regnier, who is Viceroy, and brother to the late Emperor of Austria, passes much of his time here. It is only eight miles from Milan, and there is a railway to it, which carries a great number of persons daily. The plain of Lombardy is a fine country for railways. But the road is so good, and the country so flat, they are less wanting than in the mountains. The change of climate, manners, dress, and language, is so great from the north to the south side of the Alps, that the traveller feels in a new world, and it is still more striking in the autumn. To be in the same day in eternal snow, all nature wrapped in its coldest, most forbidding dress; and then in a few hours basking in the sun, your eyes revelling in all the beauty of the festooned vine, hanging from tree to tree, loaded with its lovely and excellent fruit, and the ground covered with the most luxuriant corn. To those who love "the sweet south," this is exquisite pleasure.

Monza possesses two things remarkable in their way, although very different,—the far-famed iron crown, and the unburied body of Ettore Visconti.



This iron crown, which most people would suppose was a crown of iron, is no such thing, and we were surprised to see only a broad rim of pure gold, richly ornamented with jewels. There is a very narrow rim of iron encircling the inside, said to be formed of the nails of the cross of our Saviour, from which it takes its name. Monza has kept this treasure with the greatest care and jealousy for twelve centuries. It has crowned fifty-five Kings and Emperors, and is kept in the centre of an enormous gold cross, which is locked up in the Basilica of the Church of San Giovanni, and only taken out to exhibit to strangers who can pay well for it.

The other wonder, the body of Ettore Visconti, is a natural curiosity, and regarded now much in the same light as we should an Egyptian mummy.

This nobleman was born in 1357, and was son of Barnabo Visconti, who was a warrior in those days, and he brought up his son to be also a man of war, and his fame for fighting became so great, that he was called "the soldier without fear." His sole ambition was to conquer or die, and it appeared he did the latter; for in defending the fortress of Giovanni Maria, he allowed his horse to drink at the well in the centre of it, when he received a wound in his leg, of which he died in three days. He was Governor of Monza, and defended it against Filipo Maria Visconti, Count of Parma, who, after the death of his brother, took the title of Duke of Milan.

The body of this gentleman was accidentally found in the Castle of Visconti, near the Porta di Milano, in 1698: he died in 1413, and, most extraordinary, it has not the least appearance of decay, except in the leg, where he was wounded,—the flesh in that part is gone; but all the rest is perfect. They keep it now in a niche, where it was placed in the year 1711; and it is only shewn at certain hours. There is a painting of it on the outside of the church. The sword has a curious effect, hanging to the undressed body, looking greatly out of its place, and the whole figure unpleasant.

We were glad to get once more into the open air, and see a prettier sight,—the peasants in their black lace veils, which look very graceful. The furniture at the hotel at Monza (the Falcon, which

I do not recommend) was of a very ancient date and most curious form in some instances: a furniture collector might have got some primitive pieces here.

The drive to Milan was soon accomplished, and we entered this beautiful town for the third time. I looked at the cathedral (that wonderful piece of art) as at an old acquaintance, and saw with pain and great surprise, in such a climate, the extraordinary blackness of part of it: it looks as if it were powdered with soot, and forms a strong contrast to the sparkling white of the delicate spires rising, "fine by degrees and beautifully less," above this black division of it. A greater change has taken place in the appearance of this once snow-white cathedral (from this cause) in twenty years, than in any building I have ever seen, not violently destroyed. The change we see in our friends after a long absence, is often a most distressing part of meeting. We cannot see without pain the living wreck of the human form. Even in architecture 'tis melancholy, most melancholy, and carries the mind back to the darkness of the "olden time." There is hardly a ruin that does not stand a dismal record of the bad feeling and wretched policy of erring man.

What a blessing a fine climate is! Here the wheat in October is as high as it is in England in the month of May. Lombardy is the richest part of Italy. The agriculturist has four crops upon his land: the mulberry, which gives him silk, and the leaves of which also feed his cattle: the vine, which gives him wine: and the corn, whether maize or wheat, which gives him bread: and not least, the elm, which supports the tender branches of the vine, and gives him firing, for it is regularly cut for that purpose, as well as to keep it within bounds, and prevent its injuring the plant it is intended to support.

I observed turnips sown between the rows of maize, and that the swinish multitude were red. The horses here are very large, and mouse-coloured. The Italians understand the great power of the large wheel: theirs is immense,—that of their common carts is six feet or more in diameter, and broad in proportion. The tax upon our large wheel is a cruelty to our little ponies. The plough in Italy is a very poor implement, sometimes with only one handle and no rein. The land must be good, and the climate fine, to bring crops with such cultivation.

This is the country of passports and custom-houses, where the traveller is expected to pay at every one; sometimes it has been demanded in Tuscany. We have never been searched, and even if there was any thing that paid duty, the traveller has only to say he is passing through the country. This a custom-house officer told me, and it is well to know it.

We stayed but a short time at Milan, though long enough to see the great decay taking place in that celebrated picture, the Last Supper, by Leonardo da Vinci; a few years more, and there will be little left of it. I was struck with the very bad expression of countenance the painter has given to all the Apostles, perhaps intended as a contrast to that of our Saviour. The Croix de Malte is a good hotel at Milan, the rooms comfortably arranged to suit the English taste. They must make much more of their hotels in Italy than in England, for, considering the different price of every thing in the two countries, Italy is dearer in proportion. The great difference is in the kind of dinner they serve, and the number of dishes, which are so much more than is necessary. The difference in the size of the beds in Germany and Italy is remarkable; the former so narrow, the latter so wide, with its mattress of maize leaves, sometimes eighteen inches high. In the inns on the road they are generally without curtains, and there is only this enormous mattress, laid upon boards, supported upon two iron trussels; a simple piece of furniture that costs little, and lasts long. They seem to think more of ornamenting their horses and oxen; near Piacenza, we saw little pieces of looking-glass in the harness on the forehead. The poles turn up in front between the oxen, to a great height, and look like an enormous horn; as there can be no use in this, it must be intended for ornament.

The Hotel St. Mark at Piacenza is good and reasonable: it was market day when we passed through it: the quantity and variety of fruit and vegetables were very great, and shewed the riches of a southern climate. We arrived at the Poste at Parma to breakfast, and here the bill (for not so good a one) was double that of Piacenza.

Those who travel with their mind's eye open, find great amusement in the variety of different countries, and their ways of doing business. I went into two apothecaries' shops for some trifling drug; in one there was no cork, and in the other there was no bottle; and the apothecary who possessed the bottle had no idea of putting a label to it, so it would not be difficult to be poisoned accidentally in this sweet land. During the time we were waiting for the cork, the Doctor (who was a loquacious old gentleman) entered into conversation with us, and, to impress his subject more strongly upon my mind, he caught hold of my finger, to the great amusement of the younger parties. He seemed content with his lot in life, and made enough of his drugs and his advice to gain a comfortable livelihood, although he did not put labels to his medicines.

I slept at Reggio under a crown of laurels of green foil; I never saw a bed so ornamented. Between passports and custom-houses, we have been stopped sixteen times since we came into Italy; there are so many small states upon this road. One would think burglary was common in this country, the lower windows of the houses are so strongly defended by iron gratings; it gives a prison-like look to them, not agreeable.

The country is like a garden all the way to the foot of the mountains, and the vines, hanging in festoons from tree to tree, give the idea of a fête day,—all Nature dressed out for the occasion. The oxen in their white counterpanes also appear as if they were to assist at this gala.

The bridges are very fine, and do great credit to the architects; they are in general of great length. Those who travel in this country in summer, would hardly believe the violence and rapidity with which the torrents pour down these wide tributaries of the river Po. The peasants described them as sometimes rising like a wall of water, which had in some cases destroyed carriages that happened to be passing fords of the river, generally looking so dry, that no danger could be apprehended. But whenever we passed them at the dangerous season, I looked with anxiety towards the mountain. We once had an accident in fording a river between Rome and Genoa. The coachman went a little out of the beaten track, and ran against a stone with such violence, that it broke the splinter-bar. Fortunately, we were not far from the bank, and, although in a very solitary situation, (not a house within many miles,) a man was ploughing with his oxen, within sight. With his assistance, we were soon "all right" again, wending our way to our journey's end; laughing at the adventure, each relating their own particular position at the rescue.

I have always found it to be useful, in the education of my children, never to let them dwell upon miseries. I have already remarked, that there is hardly a situation man can be placed in, that might not be worse. He is much more cared for by the Almighty than he is aware of; and, if he will trust to Him, he will never be cast out. But, as He gives to those who have much, and takes from others who have little, He expects that every one will exert themselves to the utmost, and when He sees that, He will assist them.

The bridge at Tarro, near Parma, was broken down; there were a great number of men employed in repairing it, and we got safe to the other side.

Torrents in these countries are as much the subject of conversation among the peasantry, as the volcano in its neighbourhood; whether the ford can be passed, or what the mountain is doing, is naturally looked to with anxiety by those who are likely to suffer from its violence.

But man is an elastic animal; he soon forgets his danger when it is over; and he rebuilds his house just where it was destroyed. The river of lava once cold, he forgets that it can ever flow again.

Use is second nature. We were once staying at La Cava, a beautiful situation in the mountains, about twenty-eight miles from Naples, and during a fortnight of the time we were there, Mount Vesuvius was in full action; a violent eruption had broken out, but not one person mentioned it. The people were beyond the range of its danger, and it was a matter that did not seem to interest them.

The first intelligence we had of what we were so anxious to witness, was the sight of the river of fire rolling down the mountain, on the evening we returned to Naples.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

GENTLE reader! as I am not writing a guide book, you will not expect me to take you, hand in hand, to every town we pass through. But I will set you down at Bologna, and advise you to go to the Campo Santo, where you will see a cemetery unlike all others. It was commenced about twenty-two years ago, and is intended to be continued all the way to Bologna, which will form a colonnade three miles long. The monuments are placed in the walls at the back; the bodies just under them. "Take it for all in all," it is the most pleasing burying ground, perhaps, in existence. It gives no idea of the churchyard and its tottering tombstones, or unpleasing ridge of sod to mark the spot, (sometimes the only mark,) but looks like a long gallery of statuary, where the living can admire the works of art, above ground, without the painful feeling the sight of a churchyard induces, by the contemplation of the decay of that wonderful work of nature—man, going on below.

As the English are beginning to see the mischief to the living, of burying in towns, it might be worth the consideration of those who interest themselves for the benefit of their fellow creatures, whether a cemetery upon the plan of this Campo Santo, might not be feasible in England, and instead of making it a long line as this one is, form it something like a labyrinth. It would take up much less room than the present mode of laying out a cemetery, and the works of native art would be seen to advantage. A little chapel might be erected in the centre, which would be near all parts of it.

Such thoughts naturally occur to travellers who wish to carry in their "mind's eye" all they see in a foreign land, that may be useful or ornamental to their own country. Would that I could be of use to mine in any way! There is no pleasure half so great as to feel—to know—we are of use.

The Pope has laid a tax upon horses and carriages entering his dominions, and I paid twenty-eight pauls for mine. This is new, but whether it is "approved," is another matter. As there are no turnpikes in Italy, and the roads so fine, we ought not to complain.

And now I shall take my friends, (for I hope all my readers will be my friends, as far as assisting me in the work I have in view,) over the Appenines, where we toiled up hill with oxen, and ran down hill without them, until at last we arrived at Florence.

My old friend, Father Neptune, has no subjects in the Appenines; sterility and drought is their character. They grow a little barley and bad wine. In such a climate the country might be greatly improved. But the towns on the Continent are the only places inhabited by the higher classes. The country is little to them, except as a medium of raising money to be spent in the town. Forbid it, good sense and happiness, from ever being the case in Great Britain! *Our* strongest characteristic is our country houses, and the greatest beauty and happiness of the country is the cottage of our labouring class.

We found Florence exactly as we left it. Towns abroad do not increase as those in England; it is rare to see new houses building.

We heard with pleasure of the happiness of the Grand Duke of Tuscany. When we were last here, the Grand Duchess died, after an illness of many months, when she was nursed by her husband with a care and attention very uncommon in man.

It was the Almighty's will to take her away; but He has rewarded the Grand Duke with another affectionate wife, and many sons. It was said by those near her, that her anxiety to bring an heir to the Duchy, and the time spent upon her knees upon the flags in churches, in prayer for one, caused the death of the late Grand Duchess.

One can hardly understand why the Arno is so beautiful; it must be the sky that makes it so, for the river itself is shallow and muddy. The society of strangers here is not considered good. Some places are stamped, upon the Continent, with a brand too deep to be easily eradicated. The character of the few is of more consequence to the many than they are aware of. We have little opportunity of seeing more than the few of any nation, out of their own country, and we naturally judge of it by the sample we see. This makes it of infinite consequence to every nation, that those who travel out of it should be cautious in their conduct, for they not only injure themselves, but the country they belong to, by evil practices, or even the appearance of them.

Those who sold the needles without eyes to the poor uncivilized savage, ruined the character of their countrymen; and there are tribes among the American Indians that murder every white man who ventures to offer them any thing for sale, because they have been so deceived by them.

The air is so clear in Italy that every sound is heard, with a force and vividness unknown in our foggy land; and strangers should be careful how they converse when walking along the Arno, for their dialogue may be heard even across the river.

After a week spent in seeing all we had seen so often before, we set out again upon our journey; the blacks and greys in harmony with each other, and seeming well content to be upon the road again. Horses get more corn when travelling on the Continent than in England, and are in general in higher condition, and stand a continuance of work better. I would never travel with an English horse if I could avoid it. They are more showy but of less use. We have travelled many thousand miles with our own horses, and have always found the German horse the best.

The country from Mangione to Perugia is beautiful, cultivated like a garden, and bounded with hills all the way. The Poste at Foligno is very bad, and here we got damp sheets: the last time we were in this town, a few years ago, was soon after an earthquake, which destroyed a great part of it. The people were living in wooden houses, like cobblers' stalls, hastily put up along the road. The mildness of the climate prevented their suffering in the same degree, under such a misfortune, as if it had been in a northern latitude.

The Poste seemed not to have recovered its shock, for I recognized some of my old acquaintances, the cracks, in the room I occupied. We found the Angelo at Spoleto good for a small family, the Poste bad. The road to Terni, through the mountains, was quite Alpine, and beautifully picturesque; we went along the bed of a torrent. They were lowering the hill near Terni.

There is an excellent hotel at Terni, becoming quite famous along the road, the Hotel de l'Europe. Whenever an innkeeper takes the trouble to be civil, and please the English, by attending to their customs and habits, he is sure to make a fortune. The best are generally kept by those who have been couriers, and married to English women.

We passed a day at the Falls of Terni, which are the most beautiful and interesting that I have seen in Italy, from the situation of them. The best way of seeing them is, to go by the lower, and return by the upper road. Although still most beautiful, I saw a great change since we were here a few years ago; for the wood has been cut down, and it will be some time before it recovers its former state.

Terni is the last place at which the traveller will find a good inn, until he arrives at Rome, unless they are better since we passed that road.

Those who love the arts feel an ecstacy on approaching Rome, unknown to others; and not even the bad roads ever damp their ardour to see it again; and when arrived at the top of the hill where you have the first view of it, you feel as if you had accomplished a work long looked forward to, as a gleam of sunshine on the rugged path of life. Every one I have ever conversed with has said, having once seen it, they wish to go again; and many, that it would give them pain to think they should never revisit it.

There is a fascination about some places, as well as people, it is impossible to explain, or account for. It is not beauty, for that in the human creature is often like friendship, " but a name."

There is, however, one good reason for the English liking Rome, independent of all the associations attached to it. They find the best society out of England there, and, depending entirely upon themselves, they are generally sociable, except when a few great people arrive, who, naturally liking to live together, form a set, which some wish to get into. This often creates little jealousies and heart-burnings, that would be avoided, if each would consider themselves the centre of their own circle, and be happy in it, and not torment themselves and others with this set or that, or which is the highest, or richest.

Character should be the test, not either rank or fortune; they are but adventitious circumstances; and although all right-thinking persons will pay the proper respect due to them, they never can be placed in comparison with good character, if it is wanting in them.

The highest rank ought to be the best: they are far removed from the littleness of life: they have, in general, much leisure to improve their minds; and if descended from a long line of noble ancestors, they ought to have a feeling of proper pride, which would prevent their setting an unworthy example to those more humbly born, and who look up to them as all that is great and good.

The English respect rank, perhaps, more than other nations, because not so common. The best and surest way of continuing such respect is to respect themselves.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

WE found Rome, after six years' absence, as near as possible as we left it, except the ruins. The Monte Pincio, however, was finished; the hotels improved; but the apartments (for there are no houses to let) dearer, and not better, than formerly. I felt at my fifth visit to this interesting city as if I had never left it. All my old haunts were revisited with delight, but some of them I scarcely knew again. Twenty years has made a change in many not for the better.

The Colosseum is ruined by repair; the beauty of it is gone, as a whole. There are patches still the same, but they are only patches. The enormous buttress at each end, to prevent the wall from falling, is wonderful as a piece of brick-work, but very unsightly, associated as it is with its antiquated neighbour. I was looking up at the great height of one of them, and thinking what a wall it was, when the sentinel advanced, and said a criminal had built it to save his life; he was condemned to death, and proposed that if they would pardon him, he would build this buttress with his own hands. And a most wonderful work it is, and shews what man can do when life is at stake. I regretted I did not enquire more after this person; but took the truth of the story for granted, and give it as I heard it.

The Temple of Peace is no longer open, and, instead of wandering about it as we once could do, we were obliged to go through a convent, then up a flight of steps, and found a cultivated piece of ground; better, no doubt, for the proprietor, but uninteresting to the antiquary.

The Palace of the Cæsars is also shut up, and a fee is expected from every one who enters. It is natural they should make money of strangers, but it takes from the pleasure of rambling over scenes such as these, where the mind delights in being alone. It is unpleasant to have a man following you about, with seeming impatience, until you have finished your survey.

Mr. Mills' beautiful garden, over part of the Palatine, is improved by age. The view from it of Rome and the environs is charming. It is open to all persons every Friday, and is a great agrément to the stranger.

We found the artists in the same studios: Gibson at the head of the English, and the others of his nation rising in fame close after him. Macdonald, Wyatt, and Gott, are all doing honour to the taste of their country. Gott has done some of the most perfect dogs; they seem to start alive from their marble bed, and, as an accompaniment to his statues of children, are charming. There is an artist from the Emerald Isle, Hogan, who has some beautiful carved subjects. I cannot remember all their names; but their greatest merit is the perfect harmony that reigns amongst them. Each visits the studio of the other, and that green-eyed monster, jealousy, seems to be banished among them. There are artists from every country, and all their studios are interesting. Sculpture is a work of such time and labour that it must always be expensive; none but the rich can indulge in it.

I missed Thorwaldsen. That colossus of talent was at Copenhagen, putting up his splendid figure of our Saviour in the cathedral there.

The painters have not been quite so stationary; I miss some of them. Desoulavy rises fast in fame; his views of Rome will long outlive him. Vellati's boars and dogs are something extraordinary; every hair stands out distinct, you think you could pluck them from the canvas. He gives you a magnifying glass, and you may examine at your leisure the wonderful power of his pencil. Turlink for his landscape, and his wife for her copies of the ancient masters, are perfect in their way. Copying and portrait painting seem to be the most profitable. Historical painting did not appear to increase or improve, as far as I saw.

There was an amateur artist, Mr. Swinton, a Scotchman, who bids fair to be at the head of the profession, if he decides to make it one, his portraits speak. It is impossible not to be struck with the living expression of them. Severn was going to England, to delight his countrymen with his works.

Canerovi's portraits are most beautiful; that of the lamented Princess Borghese is one of his best.

We arrived at Rome a few days after her funeral, and perhaps there never was such a scene in any country as was witnessed that mournful day in the eternal city. As it was described to me, the whole population, as if by one powerful impulse, rushed into the streets, to pay the last tribute of respect to one they so highly valued and appreciated. The poor followed her, as if she had belonged peculiarly to themselves; and so she did, for her charity knew no bounds.

It would be too much to say that the whole of this mass of people were in tears. But those who were not formed a small portion. It was one general burst of grief. The death of this most amiable lady was so sudden, so unexpected, that all around her seemed paralysed by the shock. All her children, but one, followed her to the grave.

The ways of the Almighty are inscrutable! He often takes those away who seem to us most fitted to remain and do good in the world.

I am glad we were not in Rome at the time, and will not now dwell upon so melancholy a scene, or the grief of her husband, the Prince. It was not surprising that he should almost, under such an affliction, lose his senses. It must be gratifying to the English to know that England was her native land. She was the daughter of the Earl of Shrewsbury.

There is a quietness in the amusements and occupations at Rome, pleasing to rational people. The mornings are spent in visiting the various studios of the artists of the present day, or in seeing some of the numerous palaces, (always open to strangers,) where, they can contemplate the works of those of ancient times.

The number and beauty of the paintings is astonishing, and the jealous care with which the owners keep them, proves their value. A painting is regarded there as we should an estate: it is handed down from generation to generation, with the same feeling of pride, and its history preserved with care, almost equal to our pedigrees. If a picture by a great master happens to have been missing, and is found again, as was the case lately of one discovered to be in America, there is great joy expressed by the lovers of the art.

It has become a sort of fashion for the ladies to model at Rome; when she leads them to so agreeable an employment as this, she does well. There appears a change taking place in her character, and she seems to be upon a more friendly footing with her former enemy, good sense. Many ladies have done some pretty things; and if their husbands have leisure they can assist them much, even without their being artists; and every thing that gives occupation to them in union with each other, tends to make them happy.

The needle, a man, and least of all an Englishman, cannot well employ, therefore they are not interested in the needlework of their wives, though they may admire it when it is done. But if they can assist them, and feel they have a part in the work themselves, their time passes pleasantly; conversation is promoted by the work in hand, and they do not feel that ennui so often complained of by those who have nothing to do. This very circumstance alone has been the ruin of many a rich man.

Rome was very unhealthy last winter, which deterred many from going there early. The small-pox killed one thousand five hundred children: it was said three thousand died. This and the death of the Princess Borghese and the Duchess of Bracciano, threw a gloom over society, and shut up several great houses. But it had the effect of making the strangers more sociable.

There are many more dinners given now there than twenty years ago, when it was all early evening society, and those of the highest rank always came the earliest. This ought to have set an example to others; but they, though high, were not stamped *fashionable.*

The Italians do not enter much into the society of the English; their characters are not suited to each other. They harmonise much more with the Germans. But in general our numbers are so great at Rome, that we form a large circle of ourselves, and certainly the most agreeable of any on the Continent, amongst the English.

It was an uncommon circumstance to have four Queens in the same town at the same time. The Pope must feel much flattered that their Majesties preferred his city to all others. However, it did not appear that his Holiness felt so happy in the number, for it was said he would not consent to the Queen of Spain purchasing a property near Rome. Her mother, the Queen of Naples, came to see her, and staid a month; we had the honour of meeting them at the French Ambassador's, where they walked about without ceremony, seeming to enjoy the scene as much as those untitled.

The Queen of Sardinia resides at Rome, and is a great favourite. Her Majesty is far advanced in life. I remember her at Naples some years ago, when she passed our house every evening in taking her drive. The Queen of Saxony was the fourth. Don Miguel also lives there; so that Rome could boast of more royalty than most places, except Carlsbad.

There are many excellent hotels now at Rome, and from the very high price of apartments, many families live at them. As none remain the summer there, from the heat, the inhabitants must make all the money they can during the winter, which makes it comparatively an expensive place. But there is always an economical way of doing every thing, if persons know how to go about it, and they often have the best at a more reasonable rate. It cost me only eight piastres seven pauls a week for the keep of four horses, and it is much less expensive to travel with your own than post or Vetturino. Germany is the least expensive and most agreeable country to travel in, and if you make your resting time at the proper hour, one o'clock, you are always sure of a good dinner for those who are not epicures. But women in general think so little about eating, (except to live,) their opinion is not to be considered quite decisive upon a point of such magnitude as this is to some people.

The drives about Rome to the different villas are charming, but they are not so often open as they were some years ago.

The Columbarium lately excavated is in the middle of a vineyard, and was discovered by the gardener when making a new plantation, which they do in this way: they cut a shoot, about three feet and a half long, from the vine, and, with an implement like a gimlet, three feet in length, they make a hole in the ground, to the full depth, and then put in the cutting. I have always found that cuttings grew the best that were put deep into the ground. This long gimlet struck against something hard, and, upon digging, they found a most perfect house for the ashes of the dead. You go down a steep flight of steps to it, and then enter a place more like a large oven than any thing I know; in this there are a great number of small openings in the wall, and in every one was a saucer in terra cotta, or earthenware. in which reposed the last calcined remains of earthy man; over each saucer was a cover, much like our covers to a sweetmeat jar, and so the whole of the remains of this company, once of men and women, reposed together in silence and in death.

It is impossible to visit one of those places of death, without reflecting upon the perfect nothingness of all that is physical on earth, the enormous power of mind over matter, and the durability of the one with the mutability of the other. We brought away a piece of marble, with the figure of an angel's wing upon it. I was content with having learnt the best way of planting vines.

The foolery of the Carnival commences, as most of my readers know, a week before Ash Wednesday. Every class, from the highest to the lowest, join in this (to the grave and ascetic) most extraordinary and wicked amusement. Indeed one hardly knows how to take it. If in a merry mood, you *must* laugh; but in a sad one, you are more inclined to cry. The merry mood only sees the surface, which is no harm.

To dress up in the costume of other times, and represent the figure of our ancestors, or take the character of other persons, is no more than to pass a few hours in innocent amusement. To look with interest at the change *fashion* has made in the dress, or to laugh at the absurdity of some silly character, surely cannot be unpleasing to the Almighty, who has taught His creatures to make so many ingenious things for our personal ornament, and in one case by His own express command; for all Christians know His first clergy were highly ornamented.

But in the sad mood we look *beyond* the surface; see the dark shade of evil grounding the bright hue of innocence, and lament that human creatures cannot crowd together as they do at the Carnival without evil, and it is to be feared *great evil.* It has been a question with a few, whether it should not be abolished; but no government would attempt it in the present state of *want* of education in the people: it has altered a little in twenty years since we first saw it. The quantity of plaster comfits thrown is not so great, although the size of them has increased so much that it has become necessary to wear a wire mask, to protect the face from injury, some persons having been severely hurt, by either friend or foe; for, at these times of liberty, it may be done by either: if the former, it is a joke to be laughed at; if the latter, it is slyly done, and the crowd screens them.

It was the fashion seven years ago to throw most beautiful bon-bons, or artificial flowers, disguising sweets, to particular friends. The beauty and cost of them marked the scale of estimation in which these were held. But it became a great expense to young men, who, having received civilities, felt it necessary to return them in some way, and this was the most easy and "*approved.*"

Evils generally remedy themselves, although slowly; and as this was found to be an useless way of spending much money, it was in part given up, and natural flowers substituted for them.

Little bouquets of every flower of the field are now thrown in profusion; large baskets of them are taken in the carriages, and in an hour there has been an exchange of flowers between them perhaps an hundred times. When one happened to be more rare than the rest, or a pretty flower discovered amongst the others, the exclamation of pleasure, and the action suited to it, were delightful. What a pity that so innocent an enjoyment should be the occasion of any evil!

The races are a curious evidence of the absurdity of man's inventions. Formerly, the Jews performed this part of the entertainment by running in sacks; but, as this was disagreeable and most humiliating, they requested to be allowed to do it by proxy, and pay for horses to run the race; and these little creatures (for they are very small) are numbered, and ornamented with large pieces of thin gold foil; but under this gaudy trapping are fastened little balls with spurs, and, as the creatures move, these prick them; so the faster they run the more they are pricked, until at last they arrive at the end of the course, where a large canvas sheet is placed to stop them.

It unfortunately happened, two winters ago, that a few of these horses (I think nine in all) arrived at the goal much before the others, and the crowd, thinking the race was over, closed in. A moment after, the rest of the horses came galloping up, dashed through the people, and eighteen of them were killed!

There is hardly a carnival where some are not killed, particularly children, although everything is done to prevent accidents. Our coachman often whipped the little ones when running past the carriage; and when I remonstrated, he said it was the only way they had to prevent running over them.

The amusement of the last day, Shrove Tuesday, is somewhat changed since we were at Rome. Then it was, to blow out the lighted taper, which every one carries, which required a little exertion and ingenuity; but now, it is done by a handkerchief, either in the hand, or tied to a long cane: this being flapped about by dexterous hands succeeds most completely in its extinguishing work. Formerly, the lights were only carried in the hand in the carriage; but now, all the balconies are illuminated with these little tapers, mounted high upon canes to keep them out of their neighbours' way.

But longer canes and flapping-flags come with merciless violence, and drive their owners to darkness; and when they have accomplished their evil deed, with the characteristic wickedness of human nature, they taunt the sufferers with their want of light. To cry "Senza moccolo" is the great pleasure of those who crowd the streets. But the perfect good humour with which this is done, and the smiling face which accompanies the act, take all the sting out of it, although it is so provoking to have your light put out every time you accomplish its illumination, and often with such difficulty. It is too ridiculous to do anything but laugh.

Those who remain in their balconies are not less active; and it was quite as amusing to see the labours of the inhabitants of every story against the lights of those above and below them.

The Queen of Spain was one of the most active in this play. Her Majesty laboured with all her might against those above her; and when she threw the good bon-bons, if she saw any poor person disappointed in not catching them, she took care the next should go straight to their hands.

We went to see the ceremony of the humiliation of the Jews, and the change that has taken place in this is delightful to humanity, and a strong sign of the times. This was formerly a very degrading scene, and as much so to the Christian as to the Jew. But now, although still unworthy of being acted, it is much alleviated, and to a mere spectator appears only the presentation of a large bouquet, accompanied by a speech, read by the Rabbi who presents it; which, by those not understanding Italian, might be taken for a birth-day congratulation, or any other pleasing compliment, but for the expression of countenance so strongly marked in the Rabbi and the two Jews who attended him. Vexation and humiliation were strongly marked there, although the authorities appointed to receive this homage acted civilly, and shewed no disposition to inflict pain.

The bouquet contained a check for a large sum of money, and the speech was an entreaty to be allowed to continue another year at Rome, promising to behave well and peaceable, and shut themselves up within their own limited quarters every night at nine o'clock. It is a curious fact that the malaria is never felt in these quarters.

We made two attempts to be present at their ceremonies at Easter, but were too late; they were, however, very civil, and shewed us round the synagogue, which was brilliantly lighted. The men were in the centre, the women in tiers of boxes like a theatre, all latticed, and so excessively hot and narrow, they must be very uncomfortable. Service was only just over at seven o'clock, when we arrived, and many were still there. Our appearance among them seemed to cause great merriment. There were three different places of worship in this building, appearing to belong to different grades, by the manner they were fitted up. The staircase to these latticed boxes was very narrow, and exceedingly dirty.

The Jews' quarter is said to be the best place to make purchases for dress, which is generally dear at Rome.

After four months' residence here, and diligently applying ourselves to modelling, with Simnoretti our master, a talented artist who lives Via del otto Cantoni, number twenty-five, I became ill. I sent for a Leech, cunning in his art, who said,—"Get out of Rome as soon as you can."

"What to-day, Doctor?"

"The sooner the better."

In three hours we were on the road to Frescati; our landlord had an apartment there, and kindly lent it to us. We arrived at this lone house at dusk, searched for and found the woman who had the key of it, and in another minute were all mounting a broad stone staircase, with unglazed windows. On the third story we found a large saloon and seven bed chambers; there was little furniture in any of them and no carpets: in short, it was very like a bivouac under cover; but we had air, good air, and I felt the change like magic.

We brought provisions from Rome, and with a little of our own exertions, aided by three English servants, we soon felt at home. When once a fire is made, and you begin to blow it—an occupation all people seem to like, and are ready to assist in—a feeling of possession rises in the mind, comfortable and satisfactory.

When the fire blazed and tea was on the table, we began to think how strange and sudden was our transportation from crowded Rome, to this lone house at Frescati. The idea of danger never entered our minds, and we were congratulating ourselves upon being safe in doors before night, when a violent noise was heard without, loud voices, and every appearance of a siege.

"Thinks I to myself" what is going to happen? In a few minutes the footman entered.

"Please, my lady, there is a carriage at the door, and they want to turn the horses out of the stable."

"By what right do they (whosoever they are) attempt this?"

"I do not know, but they say they will force them out."

"Send the coachman here." He soon mounted the staircase in a great rage, and said "they wanted to turn his horses out, and where were they to go? What was he to do?"

Having heard from the learned profession that possession was nine points of the law, I advised keeping it, particularly as the owner had given it us. He went down armed with this authority, and his own determination to endure martyrdom rather than yield.

Fortunately he met the woman who had opened the door of this disputed stable, and with much good humour she explained it was the master of the house who had unexpectedly arrived, upon a shooting excursion, and that not thinking he would come at this time she had given us his stable, instead of the one which belonged to our landlord. This altered the case, and every proper apology was made to Monsignore, for our attempt to keep him out of his own house, which he received most civilly; and we rejoiced we had the protection of his reverence, who, upon such occasions, threw off the trappings of state, and put on the dress of a peasant, to fire away at the feathered tribe; though we were puzzled to know what his game might be at that season, the 19th of March. But they make great game of little birds in this country; so the lark and the robin must die!

The next morning a company of asses appeared before the door. Such an event as the lone house being inhabited by strangers, could not long be kept from the quick eyes and ears of those interested in arrivals. Various were the sizes of these patient quadrupeds and their drivers, to say nothing of the saddles, bad and good, upon them. We were soon mounted upon the best, and on our way to Tusculum.

The ride is beautiful through lanes planted with laurels for three miles and a half. The ground was covered with flowers, and many a time we dismounted to gather them. Nothing remains of this ancient town that we could see but the theatre, which has been lately excavated by the Queen of Sardinia, who has the villa that once belonged to Lucien Buonaparte, within a short distance of it. We paused to contemplate the present state of this ancient place of amusement, and reflect upon the former, which you know, gentle reader! is very fatiguing, and requires the powerful aid of something "to nourish the clay;" so we sat down upon the stone seats, still perfect, and disposed of certain viands we brought with us, and, having the company of a few friends from Rome, who were kind enough to come to cheer us in our exile, we passed a delightful morning. The site of Hannibal's camp was in view; he pitched it in a pretty country.

The next day we went to Grotto Ferrata; a very deceiving name, for there is no grotto. It is two miles from Frescati, and twelve from Rome;—an uninteresting ride, and when you arrive, there is nothing to see but the chapel of a convent, in which they shew a fresco by Domenichino, where he has introduced his own portrait, and those of

Guido and Guercino, into the suite of some Emperor.

This fresco is intended to record the visit the Emperor paid to St. Milo, who founded this convent. There is a fair held here of cattle and pigs, the 25th of March, to which great numbers come from Rome. On our return, we rode through the grounds of the Queen's villa. When Lucien Buonaparte lived there, he cut a stripe out of the grass, down a steep hill, divided it into fifty-six beds, about ten feet long and four feet wide: these were bordered with dwarf box, and in the centre of each bed he planted box, so as to form the names of fifty-six poets, ancient or modern; this he called Parnassus, and at the top he placed a statue of Apollo.

We could only make out the last name, Marino, the others were so defective. It is badly kept, and will soon be quite illegible. There are several villas here, but all alike,—expensive, comfortless places, that in English hands would soon be beautiful.

There is a large house to be opened next month as an hotel, which is much wanted here by those who, like me, are exhausted for want of fresh air. I had not been at Frescati twenty-four hours before I felt the change, and after four days was quite well again, and returned to Rome in time to hear our beautiful church service, and Mr. Hutchinson, once more. It was remarked by those resident, that the English service, and particularly the sacrament, had never been so well attended as last winter, and the sum subscribed and distributed weekly to the Catholic poor, must have surprised the Romans, coming, as it did, from so small a number,—those only passing strangers, and generally of a different religion from those relieved. This is a true Christian principle, and it is devoutly to be hoped will be followed by all sects, and that his Holiness will consider the great liberality of the government of England to his religion, and allow the Protestants the same freedom at Rome the Catholics enjoy in England, and not expel them to the outside of the town, to perform their service in a granary.

It has been said a Protestant church is now building within the walls, which, if true, will add much to the fame of the Pope. About a week before Easter, we had the honour of being presented to his Holiness, by our friend, the Count I——. We were desired to be in the library at four o'clock. When we arrived there, we were told he was at dinner, and shewn into a small room, next to the statue gallery. This room is filled with portraits of reverend persons, remarkably ill-done. There were two gentlemen in the room. In a little time, three officers arrived, and then a lady and two gentlemen, attached to the Spanish embassy. In half an hour the clergyman in waiting entered, went up to the two gentlemen, and after a short conversation, he sent them both away. He then left the room; in a quarter of an hour he returned, walked up to the three officers, and after a little more discussion than took place with the two first gentlemen, he sent them away also. I began to think we were to share the same fate. But instead of leaving the room this time, he came up to us, when we were presented by the Count. He soon entered into conversation, and we discovered the reason for expelling the visitors. Their names had not been properly entered, and they could not be received that day. At last the door opened, and we were desired to enter the presence chamber. The gentleman in waiting announced us, and we found the Pope alone, standing with his back against a table. He was dressed in white, the order of his convent.

The Count was well acquainted with him, and seemed a favourite. He bent his knee, and bowed his head to the very ground. The Pope raised him kindly, put his hand upon his head, and said he was glad to see him. The Count then presented us in due form. We bent the knee, and bowed the head, but did not touch either hand or foot; and I observed, though he raised the gentlemen, he did not touch the ladies, which I suppose is contrary to his position. And here I will mention his great dislike to receiving ladies in an evening dress, some having been presented with short sleeves and bare necks, which to him is an abomination. The proper dress is black, with long sleeves, and the neck covered up to the throat, according to the taste of the wearer, and a long black veil.

Nothing can be more simple or unaffected than his manners, and there is great playfulness and bonhommie in all he does. It is said he greatly dislikes being carried in that tottering chair, during the ceremonies. If he would change the *fashion*, and walk, it would take nothing from his dignity, and prove his moral courage, by shewing the world that the time for being carried was gone by. When he sits in this chair, he looks a martyr.

There was no one present but our party and the Count; not one attendant upon the Pope. After the presentation, he desired us to draw near him, and then began to say how much pleased he was with the state of the Catholic Church in Ireland; spoke of some nobleman, who had been presented to him and then turned to the Count, and desired him to take care that we should see everything during the Holy week in the best manner.

After talking in this way about twenty minutes, he dismissed us. When the Count and W—— took their leave, he patted them on the head. He is a good-natured man; his great pleasure is dressing the altars, and he makes them most splendid. I have seen him in St. Peter's go up the steps, and examine every thing with his glass. He has made a great improvement in some of the ceremonies, by having them in Saint Peter's. On Palm Sunday they used to be in the Sistine Chapel, where the crowd was so great the effect was quite lost. But now, in St. Peter's, you see on that day the finest procession in the world: the whole scene is unique, there is nothing on earth like it. The Pope raised upon his chair above the crowd, with the enormous fans of peacocks' feathers, which were on the last occasion white, is quite Eastern. The mitred cardinals, the immense number of priests, the guards, and the spectators, form altogether a sight only to be seen in St. Peter's.

The ceremony of the feet-washing is also there, and it is amusing to see the Pope tie on his apron, and begin his work with such perfect simplicity and good nature. Were I to judge of him by what I saw, I should say he was a good-tempered and kind-hearted man.

St. Peter's remains exactly as it was, with the exception of the monument of Pius the Seventh being set up in it; and it is a pity to see that this is inferior in design to many of the old ones: it is too architectural to please many. The vespers, at four o'clock every day, are still attended by strangers; but the seats, except two I think, are taken away, so they must now stand outside, and be content to listen to the music, without seeing much of the ceremony; and this they owe to their own misconduct. We can hardly expect, if we turn our neighbours into ridicule, that they will *invite* us into their houses.

The first thing that strikes the stranger on entering this most splendid building, is the smallness of it; and the last, after he has walked over it, is the size. This appears a contradiction, but the proportions are so perfect, and the quantity of ornament so great, that it takes off from its vastness,—the eye has so many objects to rest upon as it advances up the aisle. The Dove, in the window opposite the entrance, is a beautiful emblem of the peace that reigns within. The quiet stillness, the temperature, which is always agreeable, the feeling *where* you are,—in Rome, and in St. Peter's!—creates a sensation in the mind different from any other in less sacred places. We went to the top of this wonderful building, and here again we found the effects of misconduct in the stranger. There was a book formerly kept there, to record their names; but they wrote so much that was improper, that the book no longer exists.

The great work now going on is the rebuilding of St. Paul's, and it is rising more splendid than ever upon its own ashes. George the Fourth contributed largely to its repair; and most, if not all, the crowned heads in Europe. We were told the Emperor of Russia gave the malachites for all the altars; but the great beauty of this work is the *union* of feeling which exists amongst those employed in it. The architect gives his time, and, as far as it can be so, they work for love. Would that we could do the same, and join heart and hand to our great work, education! We saw this church shortly before it was burnt down; a few months after wandered over its ruins; and, lastly, viewed it rising as it is, a splendid monument of the perseverance and industry of those who love their religion. But although it was impossible not to admire such perseverance and attachment to their beautiful churches, the reflecting mind must lament that the money was not spent in building schools and educating the people; there are churches enough at Rome, but schools are sadly wanting.

The illumination of St. Peter's is as wonderful as ever, and never can be seen (however oft) without surprise and delight. The edifice, and the immense colonnade in front, literally "start into light;" for, while the clock is striking seven, the whole is finished; that is, of the second part of the illumination, for the first is done with candles, thickly studded along every rib of the great dome. I once mounted to the top, the day it was illuminated for the King of Prussia, and saw how it was done.

The houses of the Ambassadors are not so often opened to strangers as formerly; they seem tired of them, the number is so great. The great room at the Venetian palace, the Austrian Ambassador's, was no longer opened. I once saw a supper in that room brought in as if by magic: the dancers left it, the doors at the far end opened, and in a moment appeared a great number of servants, carrying supper-tables, which were soon arranged all down the sides and centre of the room. A candelabrum was placed upon every table, and before the company had time to walk through the adjoining rooms, supper was announced. It was a splendid scene.

When supper was over, the company again made a tour through the rooms. The tables were taken out as quickly as they were brought in; but what followed amused and surprised me. Twelve persons entered, each with a broom, and swept this monstrous room, covered with green baize, from one end to the other. The sweepers were quickly out, the dancers returned, and the ball began again.

The custom of the servants coming the morning after an entertainment to beg for money, is degrading both to master and servant; every time any one passes an evening at an Italian house, he is assailed the next day by the household. The sum given by the master is from three to five pauls, the latter is considered handsome; but they expect double from the English, and generally receive it; so that, in fact, they pay for their entertainment.

The opera was not good at Rome; but as we never went to it, I cannot speak with certainty, opinions are so various. The Philharmonic was crowded every time; all the performers were vocal, and amateurs. I counted thirty-two, which, in so small a space, was a powerful band; to me it was more scientific than pleasing. Harmony in music ought to be considered the first, as it is the most delightful part of it. But *fashion* says, slight of hand, and nimbleness of finger, is everything, and for the voice, if a woman's, the more it is stretched and worked the better. The great exertion made to force the voice to the utmost is painful both to the eye and ear; and, if one could divest oneself of the idea that it was *intended* for music, and did not *see* the performer, the natural inference to draw from such a sound would be, that it proceeded from great pain.

Shortly before the Holy Week, Rome was filled to overflowing, there was hardly a room to be had. The fear of fever prevented so many from coming earlier. Naples was full all the winter, but the society was far inferior to Rome.

It is surprising the English continue to submit to the exorbitant demands for apartments in that town; every one returned from it complaining of the expense; and fodder was so dear, that the Vetturini said they would not stay there. Nevertheless, those who take a house for a term, and live there, will find it less expensive than Rome.

Shortly before we left it, the attention of the English was called to the want of a proper burying ground for Protestants at Civita Vecchia; the sailors who died there, were buried in the fields, and it often happened their bodies were little respected by the natives.

There was an immediate subscription set on foot, and I have no doubt there is now a proper place for them. Mr. Hutchinson, the clergyman, was very active in this, as well as in getting subscriptions for building a church at the baths of Lucca.

After the Holy Week, the rush from Rome was as great as that to it. To procure conveyances of any sort, to take those away who so lately were all anxiety to come, was amusing. Carriages to be sold, of all descriptions, were put in the most conspicuous places to tempt the traveller with the luxury of having one of his own. Many were sold; and every pass of the Alps discussed; and enquiries made in every quarter of how many were likely to set out on the same day, that some hope of accommodation might be expected on the road.

A numerous company went by Civita Vecchia to Marseilles; but some were alarmed at this mode of conveyance, for as there were such numbers, the vessel might go *down!*

Our little nags made us independent of all these embarrassments. They were ready to turn their heads any way we chose, and the more willing as *we* let them *have their heads*; for having observed that the bearing rein was a most *unbearable gag* to them, we dispensed with it, and we reaped the benefit of leaving them to nature, by the ease with which they did their work, particularly up hill, where the bearing rein is the most unscientific invention, and acts in direct opposition to the intention of the owner, which must be, in common humanity, to help the horse in his work.

This must be one reason why horses on the Continent get through their work and perform such long journeys so much better than the English, with their shining coats, and heads erect, as was never intended by nature.

But we are all led away by *appearances*. We think it *looks* better. If the ladies would be so kind as to walk up the hill with their horses, and let down the bearing rein, they would see how happy the poor creatures are to get rid of that bar to their exertions, and seeing how differently they worked without it, they would never allow it be used again. It is astonishing the vast quantity of evil done from ignorance.

I never was aware that ordering glazed visiting tickets was so injurious to the persons who performed that part of the work, until lately; of course now the *polish* is abolished.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

WE left Rome the 15th of April, for the fifth, and, probably, the last time. We were stopped at the Porta del Popolo, and told the horses could not be allowed to leave the town. This was very terrific, and at first we could not understand it.

There is a tax of five pauls a head upon every horse kept at Rome. Our landlord always settled this for us, but he forgot (I suppose) to ask for permission to take them out of the town three days before, which was necessary, and we heard there was a fine of fifty piastres, if this was not complied with.

I sent for the landlord, Mons. Murioli, 56, Via Babuino, whom I always found very obliging, and he soon got over this difficulty. I paid two piastres, and we set off with increased pleasure, that a difficulty had been overcome which threatened the loss of time and money.

The roads through the Roman states are very bad, and the Campagna a most melancholy country; the morals of the people so depraved, that a nobleman who had property there, in a retired part of it, told me he dared not visit it, even to sport over it; they were like so many wild men. This is a melancholy state of things, and in a country where nature has done so much.

But the influx of strangers to Rome is giving a spur to the industry of the people in the neighbourhood, and a good deal of wheat is now grown there. If the Campagna were cultivated and planted, it would be a beautiful country. But to do this, villages must be built and schools established. It would be a splendid work to raise the minds of those poor people, who are industrious when employed. A company of Germans proposed this to the government, to bring three thousand persons and build villages, but it was declined.

The moment the traveller arrives in Tuscany, he sees a change for the better in every thing. He first feels the difference in the roads, then in the inns and bridges: Tuscany is considered the best governed part of Italy. The people look happy, a good test. We returned by Sienna and Radicofani, part of it a very dreary road, but we passed it in the day. The first time we ever toiled up this dreary mountain was in the dusk of the evening, and about two miles before we arrived at the top we met some post horses. The post boys stopped for a moment, and told the coachman we should be robbed before we arrived at the inn. It was then nearly dark, and rather an unpleasant piece of information. We could not conjecture with any degree of accuracy, whether it was meant as a joke or a warning. However, the result induced us to believe it was the former; for although it was natural to fancy a robber behind every stone (for there are no bushes) we arrived safe and without any interruption. For this reason, as well as the wind, for it is a stormy place, it is better to breakfast at Radicofani than sleep there. The language of these people is very barbarous; they make a little money by the petrifactions in the waters of St. Filippo: they once petrified a wig, which had a curious appearance, perpetuated in stone.

We passed an hour in the cathedral at Sienna, and renewed our acquaintance with the mosaic pavement, the Popes' heads, of which there is a large company, and the Three Graces, one of which has lost her head. But why they should be there, in company with the Popes, whether with a head or without one, I have not been able to discover. Patchwork never looks well, and this cathedral being faced with black and white marble alternately, destroys the effect. Beauty always requires harmony, and there is none in such strong contrast.

Many English families pass the summer near Sienna, and like it; the society of the Italians is said to be good and agreeable.

At Poggibonzi, we were assailed by two persons, who each insisted upon our going to the hotel he recommended. We had often met with importunity before, but never with such earnestness as now appeared; and when we had decided, it caused such irritation in the mind of the disappointed one, that a quarrel ensued, and when we went to the window to see what was the matter, we saw them both boxing. If the decision of every traveller was to end in the same way, it would be rather a troublesome service; but it was a great improvement upon the custom of stabbing, so prevalent at Rome. The use of the stiletto there is frightful; one evening during our stay a shopkeeper ran out of his shop, and stabbed a man, near his door in daylight; and although many persons were passing by, not one of them took any notice of the offender. The reason given for this was, that it was dangerous to go near a person killed, for they would be taken for the murderer; so they find it least trouble not to take any notice.

This is a fine productive country, they grow an immense quantity of wheat, some beans, and rye, which was in ear the 18th of April. The flax was in flower, and the vine beginning to twine round the elm, "and make it closely its own."

With all this beauty of nature, the Italian peasant has not the least perception of comfort or beauty in his habitation, which is an eyesore to the country,—the most unaccountably ugly houses in a land of such good taste in architecture for the higher classes.

The farmer has great advantages in such a climate as this. The corn sown, the trees pruned, and the vines dressed, he has little to do until the harvest; and the seasons being so dry, the weeds are easily killed. I observed maize was not planted about here.

At St. Andrea, the mistress of the inn was the most curious person we ever met with: she took a great fancy to the whole party, gave us an excellent dinner, but was so very vehement in all she said and did, we feared she was not in her right mind. During dinner she sat at the table, and took off her necklace, which was of pearls, and cost a hundred scudi, to put it upon C——, then tried it upon E——, and pleased herself with the idea of how well they looked in it. She embraced me. W—— sat upon thorns, lest she should do the same to him. She insisted we should go to see a race, and a balloon that was to go up from a church, about a mile off. We walked a little way towards it, but it was too late to venture into such a crowd. One would think the people must be honest in this country the women wear such a quantity of ornament, which it would be easy to rob them of. They give as a reason for this apparent extravagance, that they lay out their spare money this way; and when they want it again, they dispose of the ornament. Saving-banks would be of great use to them. They seem an industrious people; every woman and child had a distaff, and spun as they walked along.

CHAPTER XL.

LEGHORN is a most disagreeable town, and the country round uninteresting, although very productive. They make most beautiful tables here of a composition upon slate, which is painted with all the innate taste which seems peculiar to the Italians.

There is a handsome English church here, and a cemetery like that of Pere la Chaise.

We arrived here a short time after the apprehension of a very extraordinary set of murderers.

For a long time, persons were found murdered in all directions in town in the streets, in the country on the roads. They were never robbed, and there was a mystery about it, that puzzled every one. The police was doubled and most vigilant, but there seemed no chance of discovering the perpetrators of these horrid deeds. But one day the leader of this gang stabbed a man in the street, and his companions cried out, "Give him another," naming him. The murderer escaped as usual, but the name caught the ear of the people, and every house possessed by a person of that name was searched, and a strict enquiry took place: at last they found him. He was a shoemaker in good business, and with a fair character; but his thirst for blood was such, that he persuaded some of his friends to join him, and for many months they went on stabbing, whenever the spirit moved them. They seemed to have no enmity against those they murdered, but to do it for amusement.

They were all condemned to death; but the Duchess of Tuscany petitioned for their lives to be saved, and they were sent to work in the Maremma, where, it is said, they cannot live two years. The Grand Duke is draining this immense marsh, and he will be well repaid for so great a work, both in the health of his subjects and the additional value of the land.

Every traveller must have remarked the number of wells about Leghorn, and the manner the water is drawn up by a very long lever, weighted at one end by a large stone; two buckets are sometimes in the same well. I have often looked with interest to the way they watered their land, which they did by letting the water run into little ruts in the ground; at certain distances they made a shallow hole, and with a scoop they threw the water on the land much quicker, and in greater quantities than they could have done with a watering pan.

We received the kindest attention from Mr. Gambier, the minister of the English Church, who recommended our ordering a pipe of Marsala from

Mr. Crauford, an English wine merchant there, who had the best from Sicily. He gave us two samples—one new, the other after six months of an Italian summer; the difference was very great, and it occurred to me, that if this wine was kept above ground, in a room were the sun had access, whether it would not ripen much sooner; six months in warmth made so great a difference in this we tasted.

The bells ringing and the clocks striking were a nuisance to those who dislike unnecessary or unharmonious sounds. We were very glad to leave Leghorn, and roll away upon the fine flat road to Pisa, where we bought some straw plat, and a bundle of the straw to learn to make it, and teach it to the children of the school.

This town was very full of English last winter, as many on their way to Rome staid here, from fear of fever in the eternal city. The Leaning Tower and all the other buildings are just as we left them; no change that we could see has taken place in their condition. But the Campo Santo had an addition to its dead, in the body of the unburied Bishop of Turin. The guide told us, the family could not agree, or decide, where he was to be deposited; so there he lay in a sarcophagus, waiting the pleasure of the living to decide upon the spot from which he was to rise again!

Upon leaving Pisa we made a mistake in not going to Lucca, which we imagined would be circuitous; and never was the school-room adage, "the longest way out is the shortest way home," better exemplified than in the short cut we intended to have made "by particular desire" of those who knew nothing about it; for this road took us to the Serchio. We crossed it in a very bad boat, which it was wonderful how we got into, and still more so that we ever came safe out. In doing this we lost much time, and we soon found ourselves benighted in an unfrequented country; no road but a deep track in a sandy forest, not very thickly planted with trees.

We drove eight miles through this; and in all my travels I never felt so much alarmed. For many miles we could only go at a footpace, the road was so bad; and not knowing the country or the people, we expected an attack every mile.

At last we arrived at the frontier of Sardinia, and were greatly relieved by the appearance and manners of the custom-officers, who were so very civil, and seemed to think we had performed such a feat in accomplishing our journey that way, that confidence was quickly restored; and, wishing not to be outdone in civility, I offered them a fee, which, to my great surprise, was decidedly but thankfully refused.

Thinks I to myself, "Is this the case all over Sardinia,"—if so, how different from Tuscany!—or, is it an individual case of failure in the organ of acquisitiveness? Time and experience can only decide such questions. Ignorance in this case was *not* bliss, for had we known the honesty of the people, our drive, although so slow, and in the night, would have been agreeable. The country was so like England, with its (in many places) bye sandy roads, and wooden gates, with an occasional man and boy driving a few cows out of them, in the earlier part of the night; and after we had passed the last man on horseback, who confirmed our fear that the whole road was the same, the solitude of the scene.

When we arrived at Via Reggia, we heard all that country belonged to the Prince Borghese, but no one travelled through it. We reposed that night at the Sun, which, however, had long been set before we arrived; and I have great pleasure in saying, it was a good honest Sun, where we were well treated, and the bill moderate.

We breakfasted at Carrara, and drove over the most impracticable road to the quarries that ever was, (I cannot say made,) for it seemed especially *unmade* (they said) by the torrents.

We are generally disappointed when we find things different from our imagination; and the "mind's eye" will form pictures of everything and everybody it is likely to see; so mine was surprised to be so confined in this quarry, which I had pictured to myself must be much more open, from the quantity that came out of it.

But it appeared the best marble lay the deepest, and like many best things, it was necessary to seek it, and when found, to take much trouble to make it your own. It required some ingenuity to get the large blocks out of these deep holes. Canova came himself to choose the block for the statue of Napoleon, now in the possession of the Duke of Wellington.

There are four hundred quarries. In the best marble are found little crystals, formed like prisms. Having seen the rough material, we went to examine the use that was made of it: and, in the first studio, we found a group of the Creation, by a Swedish artist,—the Almighty represented as an old man, his hair standing on end,—Adam near him, his hands in the position of prayer,—the Father of all supported by angels, his foot resting upon a wing of one of them.

Painters have often taken the liberty of imagining, and embodying that imagination in oil and canvas; but I never saw it in marble until now. The only way to discourage the repetition of such an improper subject, is not to purchase it.

Spezzia's lovely bay, and the road to it, are beautiful beyond expression. The mind's eye cannot imagine it. Such views must be seen to be understood. From Sienna to the mountain, it is one continued garden,—not a weed or a bit of waste land. Would to God I could say the same of all the land in our country! Alas! alas! thousands of acres lying waste!

But science is taking agriculture by the hand. She will raise it in time to the height at which it ought and will arrive. For where can she find a more fit subject for her knowledge, than in raising food for the starving children of our northern land.

The olive flourished in the mountains, where little else would grow; the blueish green hue of this tree harmonises with some scenes, but, in general, gives a sombre shade to the landscape; and those who once try the flavour of their ripe fruit, will hardly attempt it again.

So anxious are the farmers in that country to make the most of every inch of land they possess, that they were making terraces in the steepest part of the mountain, and sowing it with some grain between the olives.

Such is the force of industry and example. If the same example were set, and industry shewn, in the country in which I wish to build my school, instead of being a wild waste as it is, it would be a profitable garden. But the people must be taught, ere it can be made so.

The beauty of the different crops pleases the eye and gladdens the heart as you pass them. The flax in flower, the lucerne, and the lupine; the rye in ear, and the wheat high in stature and in health, all follow in succession, and proclaim this a fertile and a happy land; or at least, if not the latter, it is not the fault of nature.

All this luxuriance, surrounded by the festooned vine, is only to be seen under a southern sky, and all this seems to rise up spontaneously, for one wonders where the people live who till the land.

CHAPTER XLI.

IT would be only a repetition of superlatives, to describe the beauty of the various views the traveller catches, at every turn of the road, from Spezzia to Sestri. From Borghetto, this is a mountain pass of twenty miles, and the descent from it, to Sestri, gives a fine opportunity of seeing the bay in all its loveliness, whether at the rising or the setting sun.

The women, with the little Spezzia straw hat perched almost upon the forehead, no shade, and hardly a covering for the head, and with the constant picturesque distaff, even when they had a load upon their backs, added much to the interest of the scene, and beguiled the travellers on their (sometimes) weary way. The Hotel de l'Europe is good at Sestri. Many families stay part of the summer there, enticed by the beauty of the bay. All over this country the women and girls work a great deal of embroidery upon net; and the children are most industrious upon the roads, with their little basket, broom, and shovel. Whenever we came to a hill, a group of these little creatures followed the carriage, and went about their work in a most business-like manner. They seemed to have a law amongst themselves; for I remarked they never quarrelled, and in many cases did not beg; and although their clothes were patched with every colour, there were no rags. I thought of the poor ragged children of Erin, and sighed. Their little merry faces, and curious looks at the party in the carriage, often amused us, and whenever we spoke to them they were quick in their answers. The light pretty chairs, so much admired in England, are made in this country and at Genoa.

A beautiful ixia grows in profusion here among the wheat. We got out of the carriage to take up some of the roots, but the ground was so strong and hard it was very difficult: they grow three feet high from the root, and are generally very deep in the earth. The little boys were quick in observing what we wanted, and soon dug some up. There are many flowers wild here we prize so much in England.

I once brought the seed of the Phytolana Decandria home from Italy, and found there was but one small plant of it in England, in the greenhouse at Chiswick: it grew well in the open air at Melbourne, and to the height of six or seven feet. When going to seed, it is like a wreath of currants, of a red purple. I heard they used it in France to colour the wine.

To those who love to cull the wild flowers they meet with, by the way side, it is delightful to travel with one's own horses. The very *idea* of posting hurries the traveller, and makes him think he *must* get forward; and the galloping horses, urged on often at their full speed, deprive him of the sight of many an interesting subject, whether of nature or of art. The Italians seem to have very little idea of the beauty of nature, but prefer to lounge up and down a crowded street, either in a carriage or on foot, and pass their nights in the theatre, at billiards, or any where rather than at home and alone. A country house, a farm, or a garden, would have no charms for them; and they do not appear to have much domestic comfort in their families, if what I could learn from the few we were acquainted with is a sample of the whole. Our friend described the power of woman in this country as much greater than in England. Here the lady had every thing her own way: the gentleman was always obliged to submit; tears, or a more vigorous mode of proceeding, invariably got the better.

When I mentioned the great power and exerted prerogative of our English lords and masters, he received the information doubtingly. "He should like to see it, and would go to England to learn how such things were brought about! 'Twas strange! 'twas passing strange! was there then *really* such difference between woman in one country, and woman in the other, or was it in the man, still 'twas strange!" I endeavoured to convince him it was in the education; the better education of both man and woman.

What a country Italy would be if the people were educated! But in some parts of it they are beginning to think, and the result of thinking will be action; and when they do begin their improvement will, in all probability, be rapid.

The first view of Genoa, through the arch on the road, coming down the hill, is never to be forgotten, by those who have taste, feeling, and memory. Although fifteen miles off, it appears quite near, stretching out into the sea, so calm it was, like one vast mirror! The town looking at itself in this splendid 'Psyche;' the boats with their snow-white sails, gliding smoothly over this sparkling plain, gilded by a glowing sun; the hills rising on three sides covered with the olive tree, are a sight, "take it for all in all," rarely to be paralleled. But with all this beauty, the country about Genoa is a poor country. The land of wine and oil is far inferior in riches to that flowing with milk and honey; and milk must be scarce, for there was hardly a cow to be seen. Many hedges of aloes: it is a strong fence—ropes are made of the fibres of the leaves.

The sea is the treasure of the Genoese: it is there they reap their harvest, by traffic with their fellow-men. But if what is said of them be true, "that it takes seven Jews to make a Genoese, it gives but an indifferent picture of the honesty of the people in this beautiful town.

As far as we knew them, we had no fault to find. We staid several days at the Hotel d'Italie, and found it good, and the master exceedingly civil and obliging, which adds most powerfully to one's comfort, and, perhaps, more at an inn than any where,—one is so helpless in them if not well treated. And although it may be true " that the sea is without fish, and the land without trees!" we cannot say the men were " without faith."

There are two things at Genoa worth buying, a velvet dress and a *few* gold and silver ornaments, as specimens of the wonderful ingenuity of man. There are whole streets of jewellers, and palaces in greater number and at a lower rent than in most other towns; and this circumstance induces some English families to reside there.

I cannot speak of the society, as I know it not, but heard that those who lived there liked it. None who have not been in a southern climate can understand or imagine the beauty of a fine moonlight night in Italy; but when the moonbeam falls upon a bay, like that of Genoa or Naples, in the stillness of the latest hour of night, all Nature wrapt in sleep; the grove of masts moving just sufficiently to shew their watery base, all other things motionless as death; the sky without a cloud thickly studded with stars, brighter than we ever see them in England;—all form a picture well worth the trouble of going so far to see.

It is not wonderful the Italians sit up late, and pass so much of the night in the air. They enjoy their climate much more than the English do, who toil all day in a burning sun, and lie down tired to death at night complaining of it.

Thinking in this way I fell asleep, perchance to dream of the lovely scene upon which I had just closed my eyes, when I was suddenly awakened by most sweet music. Recollection of time and place does not dart instantly upon the mind upon awaking, and mine forgot for a moment its earthy habitation, and rose far beyond it. But memory hastened to its seat, and I supposed it was one of those serenades we had often paid for in Germany. It continued, however, much longer, and the performance was much better. In a little time a window opened, and thunders of applause succeeded. We looked out, and saw a hand waving a handkerchief. All this was very mysterious in the middle of night. The musicians were numerous, and the crowd immense. At last the whole mass raised their voices, and at the utmost pitch of them cried, "Long live Cerito Angela Cerito! May she return soon, and never leave us, Angela Cerito, Angela Cerito!" This continued some time; at last the window closed, the music ceased, and the crowd began to disperse, leaving us to conjecture and to sleep: the latter got the better.

In the morning the waiter was questioned as to the mysterious proceedings of the night. His answer proved the enormous power of those who can amuse the public. Cerito was the favourite opera-dancer. She had that night performed the last feat of her "light fantastic toe;" had danced herself *deep* into the hearts of her countrymen and women, and was to leave them the next morning for England. The loss of her they considered a positive misfortune; but the money she was to gain in that rich country reconciled them to her temporary absence. We saw her depart the next day, in a handsome carriage, accompanied by her family, and heard she was a most respectable woman as well as dancer, and performed that figure in mathematics, (so difficult for the human frame,) two sides of a square, with wonderful quickness and precision; though one might exclaim, with Dr. Johnson, "Would it were impossible!" Her fame has since become European.

We went to see the Marquis de Negri's beautiful villa, the entrance of which is just out of the public walk. The variety and beauty of the views from so small a space is extraordinary. I had known a nobleman from Genoa of that name in my younger days, and as we walked up the covered way towards the house, I was thinking, can he be alive? and is it the person I once was acquainted with? We met a servant, and I enquired. He answered in the affirmative; and two minutes after the Marquis himself advanced, cap in hand, and, after many obeisances and explanations, he offered me his arm, saying, in very goop English, it would give him great pleasure to take us round his house and garden. As the evening was far advanced, we first walked round the garden. There were different views from every point, all perfect in their way. The terraces, arbours, bowers, banquetting-house, all told us how enjoyable this little paradise must be to the owner: it is not space that gives happiness. He described how beautiful this garden was when illuminated. He gave a ball every summer, and once had two thousand persons at it, on some particular fête-day he mentioned, which I forgot. The Rosa Banksia, both white and yellow, flowered most splendidly, and formed quite a feature in this lovely spot. I stopped to admire it. He said he would give me a plant, and called the gardener, but upon searching for it none were rooted.

He then took us all over his house, even into his bed-chamber, and shewed us that, from his little bed with cradle top, he could see the bay at one side and the country at the other. There was a harp in this room, which he touched with a practised hand. His library, boudoir, every thing around him, spoke comfort and home. The kitchen was in a grotto close to the house, and the gardener's room was fitted up, as if for the Padrone himself, with prints, books, and a crucifix as large as life, in wood, well executed, but always too painful to look at. At last he took us into the drawing-room, where a party of friends had just arrived. He presented us to his daughter, the Marquise de Balbi, a very pretty, and, much better, a very pleasing-looking lady.

He shewed us several fine prints, and an ancient Greek tomb, much prized, he said, by Canova and Thorwaldsen. I remarked, he must be a happy man. He answered, "I can say what few can, I *am* happy. I live in the midst of my family; although they do not sleep in the house, they come every day to me."

I asked him, did he remember England, and mentioned some of my family he had spent much time with. He said, "Perfectly; he loved it, and was always happy to see the English."

After passing more than an hour in this delightful abode, the Marquis walked with us to the entrance, and with many obliging speeches foreigners know so well how to express, he wished us good night, hoping to see us again the next day. I observed, all the ladies were *en demie toilette,* a fashion well worthy of being imitated by English ladies in summer. We once were at an evening party in Switzerland, where they wore ball dresses, which looked very much out of character, sitting under the vine, or walking along the side of the lake "by the pale moonlight."

The sedan chair is much used at Genoa, and the white muslin scarfs worn over the head by the women give them rather an elegant appearance.

CHAPTER XLII.

WE bade adieu to Genoa and all its beauties, and set out once more upon our journey, to meet the oxen with their white counterpanes, and be again serenaded by the frogs, so abundant in numbers, and vociferous in their croaking in this country.

In passing a convent, near Novi, we remarked a priest and a nun, looking out of the same window. There was no harm in it: they might be brother and sister, and yet it appeared odd, and we looked again. They did not seem to like the second glance, and we thought, made a sign of displeasure; we were quickly out of sight, never to trouble them again, if it really were the case that they were angry. This passed quicker than I can write it, but it amused us, and life is made up of trifles. Customs differing from our own, we naturally remark.

We were surprised to see the apples kept in tubs of water; it is the fruit of a northern climate, and perhaps this was too dry for them; and the rolls we bought were weighed, as indeed were also the apples.

I cannot imagine how the proprietors know their own land on the Continent. We have travelled many hundred miles without a fence, or landmark of any kind; kingdoms, provinces, principalities, estates, farms, all seem in common. We have driven for miles along a headland of rye, as far as we could see, it was one immense field, cultivated like a garden,—no houses to break the unity of the vast sheet of waving corn. The great length of the carts, in some parts of the Continent is surprising. I measured one eighteen feet, without either sides or back; it would have puzzled an Englishman to have loaded it.

In Germany they used long light waggons with four small wheels; in Italy carts with two very large ones. But this is on the plain.

After we passed Alessandria, we came to a different country, though still uninclosed. We left the olive, and the few we saw were trained low upon poles, placed like a *chevaux de frise*, and formed an apparent fence for a little way along the road. We felt the difference of climate as soon as we came into the hay country. From Sienna to Genoa, we hardly saw a cow, except the few kept for the towns. The inhabitants eat little animal food, and in many parts of Italy, kid is the principal meat of the peasants.

The roads from Genoa are exceedingly bad; the great loads of cotton cut them up, and yet, though they were so bad, we paid three francs for them at Aminetta. It is almost an invariable rule, whenever one pays most, there is the worst article.

All the women wear white lace veils at Asti, which they work themselves. We saw one on the road without shoes or stockings, but with a large lace veil. The net comes from England, and is stamped like printing by men; it is then sold to the women to work. We had an opportunity of seeing the manners of the people there, as it was the fair, the town was crowded. Seeing a number of persons entering an enclosure we followed, and were told that rope-dancing and other amusements were going on; we paid two sous each, and shortly after, a French postilion came in with a large cart-wheel, and a horse tied to it; then a gentleman and lady, intended for English, who bargained with him to take them to Paris. After much argument the matter was arranged, and the lady was placed upon the wheel, the gentleman balanced her on the other side; when both were settled upon this very extraordinary carriage, the postilion cracked his whip and off they went, to the great amusement of the company. How they managed to keep on that whirling twirling thing shewed great ingenuity; however, at last it was their business to fall off, which they did with the same skill that they held on. The lady fell into hysterics, the gentleman into a rage; the hysterics were succeeded by fainting, and a bucket of water was thrown over her head, which ended the first part of the entertainment, and appeared to give general satisfaction. Gymnastics followed, and the feats which were performed, showed at least, if not agreeably, the great power man is capable of, when his muscles are exercised.

Few things shew the character of a people more than their amusements; and those who like the study of mankind will seek them in their hours of recreation.

I delight so much in seeing a peasantry innocently amused, that I entered with great pleasure into this scene of apparent happiness, and could not help thinking it would not be difficult, to guide their minds to something higher and more lasting, by moulding instruction into an agreeable form.

In the Grande Place, there were many sets dancing; the music was very pretty, and the dance different from any we had seen. They stood in a circle, first walked round, then set to their partners and went round again. This was an interminable dance, like a Scotch reel, and the step they danced was much the same. Most of the women had fans, and all white veils.

As we were English, and the time, the fair, a moment of harvest to all innkeepers, the one at Asti thought he had better make the most of us, and charged twenty francs for a very bad breakfast; but upon a proper remonstrance addressed to the proper *organs*, he was pleased to take nine francs and a half. As a proof of the cheapness of this country, to swell the bill to this amount, he charged for *seven* servants.

There were many soldiers in the town on duty, to keep order, and round every set of dancers they were placed at certain distances. The English would have thought that a great infringement upon their liberty.

But " I'm thinking" if we had some sort of authority at our fairs, wives would not be sold with halters round their necks. If this were done in any country on the Continent, what should *we* say of it?

The road from Genoa to Turin is uninteresting, and very bad. I was wishing the King would pass that way, and be jolted as much as we were, when lo! I heard he had passed the night before, on his way to Sardinia. His Majesty seldom goes to Genoa. It is to be hoped this trip of his will mend the roads.

It used to be said in London, the surest way of getting the pavement repaired was, an accident to happen to an alderman. When those in authority suffer, the community benefit.

The biscuits in this country are made in the form of maccaroni, long, thin, and hollow. It might be a question worthy the investigation of modern philosophers, whether the ancient name of "maccaroni" was derived from their being hollow.

The peasants speak a mongrel French as we approach Turin, are healthy-looking, stout, and plain, especially the fair sex, whose dress varies as much as the wine. We seldom got the same in two places, never in three. Every district, even every hill, produces a different sort.

Turin is a beautiful town, and the views of the Alps from it splendid. It is said to be a reasonable place to live in. The shops are good; and, as far as we could judge, the best place for ladies' dress between Paris and Rome. I bought a very pretty morning cap, trimmed with riband, for two francs and a half; three were asked; but that bad system of asking more than the price intended to be taken, induced me to offer less, which was accepted with thanks.

We did not see the woman we remembered the last time we visited Turin, who gained a livelihood by threading a needle: every day at twelve o'clock, she spread a carpet in the Grande Place, and while she spun round like a teetotum, all the time repeating a sort of incantation, she put the thread into the needle's eye.

Scripture tells us, "It is easier for a camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of God." This seemed such a far-fetched simile, that it has been explained by turning camel into cable.

There is another explanation of this, agreeing more with our Saviour's mode of speaking, which was always in accordance with the times and the manners of the Jews. That there was a gate at Jerusalem called the Needle's Eye, so narrow, that loaded camels could not pass through. Therefore, it was necessary to unload them, and, as it is said there was a tax to be paid upon all goods entering the city, they were then examined.

If there really was a gate of that name at Jerusalem, the parable is explained at once. It would be interesting if travellers who go there, would enquire into this. I cannot give the name of the work I allude to, having forgotten it; but it was found among some very old books many years ago, in Canada.

We arrived at Susa late in the evening, having found the distance much greater than we expected, as the guide books varied very much upon that point, and we heard every number of miles from seventeen to forty. As far as we could make it out it was thirty-five.

We were glad to find supper ready at the table d'hôte, and there we met only one person, a young officer who was quartered there. In every pass of the Alps, the mountain and its state, whether of danger or not, is a subject of conversation, and this young man commenced his by telling us there was a great deal of snow upon Mount Cenis; he had been there the last week, and had rescued an English family from great danger. They had been overturned. There were several young ladies, and he seemed to think it quite an event in his life. May is one of the worst months to pass the Alps, from the snow melting; but Mount Cenis is always passable.

The character of this pass is so different, and appears so tame, after the Splugen and the Simplon, one scarcely looks at the scenery, although it is fine. The first tree we met with was the chestnut, and the last, the larch, near the top, where they were only a few feet high. But there was too much snow on the ground to see, this time, how Flora can dress the mountain side, and make it vie even with the flowery mead below. I once passed over this mountain when the ground was enamelled with the brightest flowers. The gentian grows in profusion. I dug up a sod of it and brought it as far as Paris; but there it died the death of heat.

There was so much snow on the north side of the mountain, that it was thought unsafe to descend it without two guides; and if we had listened to the stories they told us of the terrible state of the mountain, as we crept up the south side of it, we should have carried every guide away with us.

These poor people must lead melancholy lives; towards the top they must be wretched. There are many little hamlets on the south side, and I was thinking how completely one might be buried in one of them, never be heard of more, and yet within sight of many an acquaintance, perhaps friend, passing by.

Guides always talk a great deal,—it is part of their business; and these two, as they ran along at each side of the carriage, beguiled the way, by telling us of the Roche Moulon; Nôtre Dame de la Neige,—a small chapel cut out of the rock, dedicated to the Virgin, where hundreds go every year, at the risk of their lives; for some either die of the dreadful cold and fatigue, or are killed in the descent from the rock, which is most dangerous. Mass is performed once a year, the 5th of August. One of the guides said he intended to go next time, for he had recovered from an illness, and must go to return thanks. He said as many as five hundred persons in a year ascended to this chapel, which is on the highest point of the mountain. There cannot be a stronger proof of how easy it is for strong minds to lead weak ones.

The next subject was the mountain and the two awful avalanches that had thundered down the side of it four days previous. Half an hour before this happened a carriage was overturned, and in trying to assist a soldier was killed. If the snow had fallen at the moment of its passing, nothing could have saved the lives of those within it. Another carriage was detained thirty-six hours, while the guides were clearing the road. There are station-houses at short distances on the north side, or many a traveller would be lost. The guides said there had never been seen such a quantity of snow fall at once: it carried all before it. The trees were broken off, and lying in all directions far down the mountain. What a country to dwell in! and this pass is considered the safest, and always open.

If the project of a tunnel under this mountain (so much talked of just now) ever takes place, it will be a great blessing to future travellers. The heart of the mountain will be better known than the summit, and such scenes as I have described will be told as nursery tales to wondering little ones. The road was so narrow, the guides were obliged to run upon the snow, which raised them sometimes above it; once, in making a false step, one of them came down upon the window, and broke it with a crash. For a moment we thought another avalanche was coming, and as the shades of evening were fast approaching, we became more anxious to leave this wild terrific country.

At last we arrived at Lansebourg, most thankful to have escaped once more the peril of the Alps, and left it next day at three o'clock for Geneva. In passing Chambery we stopped to buy some carnation seed, for which that town is famous. We found Switzerland very cold after Italy, and a blue hue over the landscape that chilled the eye. Geneva is much improved in hotels, and the general appearance of it, since we were here some years ago. The Rhone was mightier than ever, and twelve feet higher than usual, so that La Perte du Rhone was no longer to be seen. I had been advised at Rome, if I became ill again, to consult a famous physician who lived at Geneva.

As the climate soon began to affect me, I sought this cunning leech, and found him at Mornex, about five miles from Geneva. We drove there in the evening, and heard he was dining with a friend in the village, but would soon return. However, it was very probable he would not see us, as he often sent patients away. I gave in my name, and during the time we were waiting, my informant began to describe him, and ended by saying he had a long beard. Tired of waiting for this wizard of the mountain, we set out to walk towards the village, hoping to meet him. We had not proceeded far, before we met two gentlemen and a lady. I guessed one must be the party, but as *both* the gentlemen had beards, it was a little difficult to discover, at the first glance, which was the Doctor. The second, however, decided it. I first depended upon the *length* of the beard, which was of Jewish dimensions; then the countenance, which was full of thought. We advanced, and I addressed him. I "was quite correct, he was Dr. C. H——." He "was just coming to answer my summons," and requested I would allow him to assist me up the hill. His manners and look were most gentlemanly, and though the beard was as long as that of an anchorite, he was not thirty.

We returned to the house, and he took me into a pavilion in the garden, where he *looked* at his visitors, for that was enough. He tells *them* what is the matter, and though *they* may *think* the malady is in the foot, he will prove to them it is in the head, to such extreme points does he go, in differing with preconceived opinions.

The result of the consultation was, that he could do nothing unless I came to dwell in the house, as all his other patients had done. "He feared every room was occupied, but he would get accommodation for us." I quickly decided to place myself under his care, and in two days we were inhabitants of Madame Songey's pension, which is a large new house and in the best situation at Mornex, with a splendid view of the country.

I soon found cold water was to be the mode of cure, although much modified from that starving system in other places. But neither tea, coffee, wine, nor any warm food was allowed, nothing exciting or strong, not even beef, roasted or boiled. Chicken or veal were allowed, and fruit. The breakfast was cold milk, bread and butter, with sweetmeats, if the patient liked them. No medicine of any kind ; but he made a tisane, which he sent in large quanties. But his chief reliance was upon drinking a quantity of cold spring water. He ordered me fifteen glasses a day, but I never took more than ten, or twelve. He had a great number of patients, all placing implicit confidence in him. The surprising improvement in the health of many, who were considered incurable, was the daily conversation, and spread his fame both far and near. Nothing was too difficult for him to undertake. He had one gentleman, who was quite stiff; he could not move a limb, and was like a piece of wood when he first took him under his care. We saw him every day in the garden, sitting, or rather half stretched out, under a tree. But in a little time, he began to walk, supported by the hands of his servant, like a child making its first steps. It was melancholy to see one, only half-way through the natural course of existence, in such a state. His wife, a most amiable person, sat by him anxiously watching every movement he made, and word he spoke. There was another patient, who excited great interest at Geneva, because given over by all the medical men there. This was a young lady, whose nerves were shaken to an extraordinary degree. He ordered her into the cold bath, the first day, for one hour; the second, for two; and so on increasing an hour a day. He told me she had staid in one day, four hours, and the next he should keep her in five! All the time she was shivering with cold, and her teeth chattering. When she came out he placed her upon a donkey, and she trotted up and down hill. I believe he in general rode with her. But what seems most surprising, she was recovering under this severe treatment. Of course, I cannot (even to please my kindest readers) enter into the various maladies, or their cures. It is enough to say, he caused the greatest sensation in and about Geneva, where he could not practise, as he would not submit to an examination by the medical board. He treated them all with the greatest contempt, when they proposed to enquire into his knowledge of medicine, and how far he might be trusted with the cure of human bodies.

He looked at them, and said, "Shall *I* submit to an examination of *my* powers, where I am master of you all?" "*You* have such a disorder." "*You*," (pointing to another) "have so and so." To a third, "Your complaint is such and such a thing;" and so he went on, giving every one a disease, and, most extraordinary, he was right in every case.

I learnt this from one high in authority at Geneva, and who was present at this uncommon scene. He heard I was under his care, and asked my opinion of him. I had been too short a time to decide, and could only listen with surprise to all I heard.

Almost every house at Mornex was filled with his patients, and many came from a great distance, several of whom he sent away without advice. This caused great irritation in their minds, and laid the foundation of a strong party against him, which, united to the dislike of the medical men, was near being fatal to him, before we left that country. His own caprice, however, added not a little to this. There were constant complaints of his want of attention; day after day his patients waited for him, without avail. He was always coming, but seldom came; he passed their door many times, but entered not. For the first fortnight, he was very attentive to us, and came twice daily. But caprice, which seemed to be his greatest enemy, attacked him at the end of that time, and his visits were less frequent, though he still came often. My own opinion was, that he soon discovered the malady, and vigorously attacked it. But if it did not yield quickly, he gave it up. In some cases his power appeared almost miraculous. He was called in to see a woman said to be dead. He said "there is life in her yet." In a short time, she was *quite well*. In cases of paralysis, his power was great. But in these, his personal exertions were indefatigable: many a poor man was astonished to find when he rose, that he could walk. One asked him, "What are you?" "Who are you?"

He gave some of his patients what he called consultations, which was a written statement of their case; in some instances, this covered six sheets of paper. He promised me one, but never gave it. His generosity was so great, that all the poor loved him. He set no value upon money, and gave it as fast as he made it.

A French Marquis and his family were coming from the South of France to be under his care, and he was establishing himself in another house, when we left Mornex, which we did after a stay of three weeks. I was much better, but not cured. There was a plot to get him sent out of Savoy; but he had cured some of the high authorities, who were expected to do this deed, and so had friends amongst them; we never heard how it ended.

Many English families have passed the summer at Mornex, the air is so good and the country beautiful. There was only one family in our house; they were from Marseilles. We had no society, and our lives became too monotonous to be agreeable.

The governments of Savoy and Geneva did not live very happily together, at the time we were there; like most near neighbours they quarrelled about a trifle. The Genevese refused to allow the King of Sardinia to purchase a house for his consul: his Majesty returned the compliment, and would not allow a Genevese to purchase land in Savoy, Dr. Goss being the only exception.

CHAPTER XLIII.

ALTHOUGH it was much too early in the season to make a tour to Chamounix, we thought it would be unwise to leave Mont Blanc and its wonders unseen by the younger party, and having hired a light carriage, though not a *char a banc*, we set out upon a cross road, (and one of the roughest wheels ever passed over), to this wonder of the world, which is too well known to the English to make a description of it necessary. Every eye sees something new in it according to their taste and habits.

To many it is a terrific country: we had got far up the mountain, night coming on, when at a turn of the road we saw a carriage a little before us. Darkness in a strange land is always fearful; but especially, when yawning gulfs and perpendicular precipices threaten to send you into another world at a moment when you think you are most enjoying this; and, beginning to feel in this fearful mood, I rejoiced to see we were likely to have the protection of those within that vehicle.

We were just then near a precipice, and saw with anxiety this carriage going close to the edge of it. W—— cried out, "It will be over;" and in another moment it disappeared. We stopped; he ran to the spot, while we got out to hold the horses, and send the servant on to assist. The carriage had rolled twice over, and thrown the driver under the horse, and so completely that he could not move. His wife and child were thrown out, and, although greatly frightened, were not severely hurt; the child was cut in the face, and bleeding.

To release the man was the difficulty; and to prevent the horse from struggling to rise, which might have killed him, the servant was desired to sit upon the horse's neck and stay quiet there, which he did, while W—— took off the man's immense boots, then his trousers, and when he had done this, he went to the other side and drew him out. They then released the horse; the carriage was broken to pieces; the man was hurt in the head, but no bones broken. I went to the woman and child, but he begged I would walk on to the village a little way off, and send a carriage for him. All this time it poured heavily with rain, and I never had so slippery a walk.

This accident and the rain prevented our going farther than Servoz that night. The next morning we proceeded to Chamounix; the early morning was fine, and great expectations were formed of a brilliant day for the Montanvert.

The guide all ready, the three younger ones set off, leaving me to think upon past events, and calculate the future. Shortly after it began to snow, and continued during the day, which effectually spoilt the pleasure of the excursion, and prevented the possibility of seeing the Mer de Glace to any advantage. But, happy in themselves, the party returned in high glee, covered with snow and loaded with chamois horns, walking sticks, and every other ingenious trifle that could be purchased at the little shop upon the mountain, all of which a woman carried up a short time before, in the hope they would be purchased by the few persons who went there that day.

Anxious to get out of this snowy region, we set off after dinner to take a look at the Glacier des Bossons, which had retreated many yards since we were there twenty years ago. I remarked this to the guides, who said it was so, and shewed the line where it formerly came. We stopped at a chalet to take a little warm milk, which the woman who brought it, boasted would warm much more than spirits. She asked if we were Americans, and seemed to know much of that country. I found several had emigrated from Chamounix to that promised land, and she was preparing to go herself in the spring.

The guides talked much of two females who had been to the top of Mont Blanc; one, a French demoiselle; the other, a peasant in the neighbourhood. It is very doubtful whether it ever repaid a man for the fatigue, danger, and expense of ascending this giant of mountains, and still less a woman; independent of the anxiety and pain it must have given to the men who attended her.

It must have been more frightful still to see the French lady mount the cross on the top of St. Peter's as it is said one did, "*avec une grace inconcevable.*"

The guides here are a very respectable set of men, and often very entertaining, they relate so many anecdotes of the visitors. As they are answerable for the safety of them, they are often greatly distressed by the hardihood of young Englishmen upon the Glaciers. They earn a good deal of money, as they get seven francs a day for the Montanvert, ten for the Jardin, or any excursion beyond Chamounix and fifty for an ascent of Mont Blanc, which considering the danger and fatigue, must pay them worse than the smaller sums.

We bade them adieu late in the day, and descended this terrific road, rendered more so by the accident we had seen. The pretty crimson Rhododendron, which they call the Rose of the Alps, accompanied us all the way. But it looked very different from its English giant brother, nursed in an aristocratic garden. This ancestor of the rose was a tiny little thing, peeping its rosy head through a profusion of small green leaves.

We intended to have visited the caves at Cluse, but found they had become private property, were fitted up with a *café champetre* at the entrance, and no longer the natural interesting caves they once were; and, to crown all, that three francs a head were demanded for a view of them. We looked at the cave, walled and whitewashed as it was; thought of the twelve francs it would cost, and the two hours at least of time; and, with great magnanimity, desired to proceed without seeing them, to the great disappointment of the guide. I ventured to recommend a smaller sum being asked, and thought it would bring in more money.

It is a matter of surprise how the people live in this valley, perched as they are half way up the precipice. I remarked one abode higher than the others, upon a little green spot, the chalet peeping out of the trees, and was thinking, can this be inhabited? when I saw a child come out of it, and stand at the edge of the abyss. It was frightful; but use is second nature.

We passed a blacksmith's shop, with these words written over the door, which I give as one of the most sensible rules I have met with, and wish I could induce our commercial friends in our dear land to take the hint. Here they are:

> " Pour conserver mes amis
> Point de credit."

Upon our return to Mornex, we found the Doctor settled there in his new abode, with a number of his patients round him. He sent word he was very ill and could not come out, but sent many kind messages, and gave the servant ten francs to drink his health on the road. Of all the doctors I have ever seen, this was "take him for all in all" the strangest.

Before I go any farther, I ought to mention that his *water method* was not that of Dr. Priessnitz at Graëfenberg, which is said to be curing every one.

We intended to have passed a few days at Lausanne, but found the place unlike itself, and we heard it was not so agreeable as formerly. But the face of nature is the same, and here most beautiful. There is a new and handsome English church built on the road to Ouchy, and a new hotel at Lausanne, where we only staid to dine, and then continued our route to Basle, where we found the Wild Man as civil as ever, and his hotel embellished, which he seemed proud to shew us, and to "recommend himself" to the English.

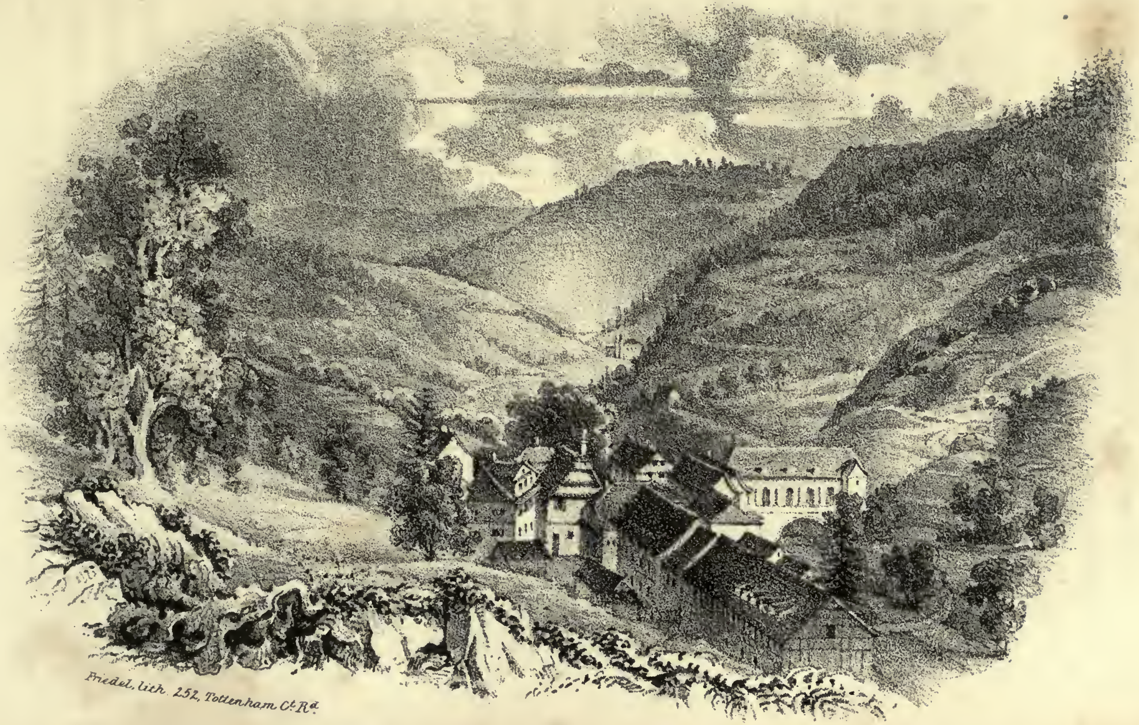
We passed by Ballstall and the lady of the castle; looked up at it, though we could not see her, or ascertain if her garden-wall was finished. Found the thrashing was over, and hoped the women were asleep as it was growing late; and not finding the White Horse so tame and civil as he used to be, we mounted the long and winding hill, and slept upon the top. The next day we soon ran down into the fine plain of Freyburg, and greeted with pleasure our peasant friends, in their varnished hats. Once more in Germany we all felt at home, and upon calculating the cost of our journey to Rome, by the Splugen, and from it by Mount Cenis, we found the latter far less expensive. Having seen enough of Freyburg the first time, we passed quickly through it, and made the best of our way to the long wished-for Rippoldsau; again passed the twenty-three bridges along the beautiful valley of the Wolf, and were soon settled in a charming apartment in the hotel, after having travelled one thousand and nine miles with our own horses, and without the slightest accident. I sold one pair of them at Geneva, and came here with the other. We went a little slower, but they performed their work "excellent well." And here we parted with our admirable charioteer; he was obliged to return to England.

CHAPTER XLIV.

RIPPOLDSAU is situated in the bailiwick of Wolfach, Grand Duchy of Baden. It forms part of the northern branch of the valley of the Hintzig, chiefly of Fürstenberg.

The mineral springs take their source from the south-west of the Knebis, one of the highest mountains in the Black Forest, one thousand six hundred and seventy-four feet above the Mediterranean.

The late Doctor Rehman speaks highly of the beauty and salubrity of this smiling valley, which is a continuation of the Valley of Schapbach, one of the most magnificent and varied in the Black Forest. Two roads, kept in high order, lead to Rippoldsau; one runs through the valley of the Kintzig and Wolfach, and the other passes by the valley of the Rench, (Renchthal,) by the villages of Pethersthal and Griesbach. This crosses the heights of the Knebis, and has been made since the year 1822 by the government, who in general take great care of the roads to the baths. Two other roads cross the top of the Knebis, and join the first; one comes from Oppenau, and the other from Freudenstad. The first is preferred to the



Friedel, lith. 252, Tottenham Ct. Rd.

VIEW OF RIPPOLDSAU FROM KNIEBIS.

road from Griesbach, as it is shorter; the second by those who come from the kingdom of Wurtemberg. It is five leagues from Rippoldsau to Wolfach, four to Freudenstad, and four to Oppenau, by the Knebis. A good walker can go to Griesbach by beautiful paths in two hours; it is longer by the carriage road.

The mountains about Rippoldsau are of a moderate height, rather steep, and in some places there are great masses of rock. The most curious of these are near Burgbach: they look like immense ruins, and both surprise and please the traveller.

The river Wolf takes its source from the foot of the Knebis. It is navigable, and there is good fishing in it. The valley is so narrow, and winds so much, there are, as I have noticed, twenty-three bridges across this little river, between Rippoldsau and Wolfach. Numbers of small streams flow in every direction from the mountains into the Wolf, which itself flows into the Rhine, near Kehl. After a heavy fall of rain, or the melting of the snow, this river becomes a furious torrent, and overflows the valley, but soon subsides. The houses are all of wood, and constructed much in the style of Switzerland, with stairs outside, projecting roofs, and windows in the gable end, which are so picturesque, and give so much more light to the rooms. In general, the windows continue the whole length, with very narrow spaces between. There are twenty buildings constructed for the use of the waters.

The ancient cloister of St. Nicholas is about a quarter of a league from them, and adds much to the beauty and interest of the walks, which about here are beautiful.

The geologist will find the principal foundation of the mountains in the Black Forest is freestone and granite; in some places they crop out, bare and unadorned; in others, are covered with luxurious vegetation. Several veins of different ores run through the mountains: and mines of copper, lead, bismuth, and silver, have all been tried, and nearly all abandoned; the richest, however are still worked.

The mineralogist comes here to find fine specimens of carbonate of copper, both blue and green, stalactites of grey copper, and also the finest fragments of phosphate of green lead, and even crystals of sulphur of silvery lead, and various other ores.

Notwithstanding the situation of Rippoldsau at the foot of high mountains, covered in winter with snow several feet deep, the climate is not so severe as might be expected. Their being so richly wooded to the very summit, tends to keep the valley warm, and defends it from the east and west winds.

A storm is awful in this country, and to those unaccustomed to it, absolutely terrific. But though the thunder roars and rattles among the mountains, echoing the sound back again and again, and the lightning darts with incessant rapidity into that vast ocean of pines, it seldom does much mischief.

The inhabitants of this valley are very healthy and robust, the best proof of the salubrity of the climate; they attain a great age, eighty, and even ninety, is not uncommon. They live frugally in general; drink nothing but of the mineral spring: although the common water is excellent, it is only used for cooking, and the animals. All four-footed creatures dislike mineral waters. Except eruptive fevers amongst the children, there are seldom any epidemic complaints; common fevers, or nervous complaints, are scarcely known here. The fine lady, and overworked gentleman, would do well to come to Rippoldsau, pass a few weeks amidst all the beauty of nature, and gain strength and health to support the *severe labours* of their artificial and unnatural life, which tends to destroy the body and injure the soul. The chief complaints of the peasants arise from hard labour and the many accidents that happen while working in the forest. They have generally large families, from eight to twelve children are not uncommon. It is remarkable, that worms are not known amongst them, perhaps from the small quantity of vegetables grown here, and very little fruit. The cherry tree, so abundant at Wildbad, was thinly scattered here, and we were told no garden seeds ripened, the summers are so short, although in general very hot.

The manners of the people are very agreeable, frank, and civil to strangers. There is a look of comfort and happiness about them, indicating fair wages and constant employment.

The exact time of these springs being discovered, is wholly unknown; but it is supposed the Benedictine monks, who lived in the convent of St. George, in the neighbourhood, and which was founded in 1140, were acquainted with them. But it is believed the first establishment of this bath was by the monks of the chapel of St. Nicholas, which was annexed to the convent of St. George, and for several centuries the monks hired it under the name of Vielle Maison. They were protected by the Lords of Wolwa, who were proprietors of Rippoldsau in that day.

Frederick the First, of Furstenberg, married the last heiress of that family, and thus became the possessor of the country.

It was only in the beginning of the 16th century, that the mineral waters of Rippoldsau became famous. Before that time, they were only known to the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. The Count Albert de Furstenberg is said to be the first who occupied himself with a fatherly care of the establishment.

In May 1579, he declared it to be a free bath; at which time, it belonged to the heirs of George Schmidt, who sold it in 1587 (with the consent of Count Albert) to Martin Berg, administrator of the property of the Abbey of Witlichen. Dr. John Theodore de Bergzabern, called *Tabernamonta-*

nus, and Ulrich Geiger, physician at Strasbourg, were the first to make them known, about the 16th century, by topographical notices, and a satisfactory medical account of Rippoldsau. There still exists a manuscript in the archives of the principality of Donauschingen, written in 1577, and another in 1589, containing chemical researches into the waters.

Tabernamontanus examined at the same time the waters of Rippoldsau, Griesbach, and Autogast, and in his work on the mineral waters, (Frankfort on the Maine, in 1584,) he calls the sources of Rippoldsau excellent and celebrated.

By the account of those authors, there existed in those days two buildings, used as inns; one source was conducted into the yard by means of a wooden conductor, and used for drinking; another, and a richer one, was employed only for bathing. Rippoldsau was then much known; more than a hundred persons found room to lodge there, when the neighbouring springs of Griesbach and Petersthal were scarcely known.

The principal ingredients of these sources consisted, according to Geiger, in the spirit which issues from alum, iron extract, and sulphur. Tabernamontanus says the same, but adds saltpetre and bitumen.

In 1590, the Count Albert embellished the establishment, which made it more frequented, especially by the Bourgeois—persons of distinction going to Griesbach. Through the malice of several physicians, as it is said, in the night of the 8th of August, 1592, the buildings of Rippoldsau became a prey to the flames. The proprietor, Martin Berg, finding himself unable to repair the injury, was assisted by Count Albert and the monks of St. George. New buildings, more convenient, were erected.

About twenty years after, the number of bathers was so great, that the government of the valley of the Kintzig were obliged to make a regulation on the police, and fix a tax for their food and lodging, 1630.

The Swedish army, during the war of thirty years, destroyed, in 1643, all that was done at so great an expense scarcely fifty years before; and it was only after the treaty of Westphalia, that the Count Frederic Rudolphe de Furstenberg had the sources looked for under the ruins, surrounded them with high stones, and restored the buildings, which were better arranged than before.

At this time, Doctor Sèbitz's work (in the year 1655) appeared, on "The Abuses of Mineral Waters." According to him, the properties, both chemical, and medical, were the same at Griesbach and at Rippoldsau.

In 1670, Maximilian Francois, son and successor of Frederick Rudolphe de Furstenberg, sold the establishment to the Pere Roman, Abbot of the convent of Gengenbach, who made great improvements, and built the great hotel which still exists, and made the road from Wolfach more practicable, by blasting the stones that interrupted the passage. The Abbé Placide, his successor, sold it to the house of Furstenberg for the sum of ten thousand florins.

The same year the family of Furstenberg ceded Rippoldsau to Wolfgang Startzer de Greifenberg, commandant of the fortress of Philippsbourg, and his wife Eve Gluck.

At this time the number of bathers was so great, that they were obliged to lodge the strangers in the surrounding farm-houses, some of which were two leagues off, although the establishment was capable of containing several hundred persons.

In 1715, Rippoldsau was in danger of losing for ever its beneficial waters. Count Prosper Ferdinand de Furstenberg having opened a mine of copper in the valley of Kintzig, opened at the same time one of the channels of the source, which, losing itself in a well of the mine behind the kitchen, dried up the upper spring.

This misfortune obliged the house of Furstenberg to take back Rippoldsau, which had now lost almost all its value. After many ineffectual attempts, a miner, of the name of Koller, discovered, in 1714, two new springs, which they encased the following years. One they called, the Source de Joseph; the other, Source de Louis.

The fear of the water again escaping, made them interdict all working of mines in the environs of Rippoldsau.

In 1717, Doctors Léonard Hurter de Schaffhouse, and Jean Psöckler Professor of Strasburg, undertook, by the invitation of the authorities, to examine the three sources, comparing them with those of Griesbach and Petersthal, and found them equally strong and salutary.

By the advice of these two physicians, new improvements were made for the accommodation of the bathers, and the establishment was confided to Francis Loll of Friburg, at the same time that the surveilliance was recommended to the Bailli of Wolfach.

The waters were soon much sought after by strangers, especially the Swiss, but perhaps not so much as before. In 1750, it was found that the mineral waters had lost much of their virtue by their mixing with common water. And two years afterwards, the two upper and lower springs disappeared completely without any known cause. But in 1753, the chief of the mines, Mayer, discovered some very abundant sources close to the old ones, lost by the opening of the mine. The water of this new source was examined by several distinguished physicians, among whom was Edel, who, in a description of Rippoldsau, gives an account of the analyzation which was then made, and which was so satisfactory, that the Prince

William Ernest had the buildings repaired and enlarged ; and desired his name to be given to the richest and strongest spring, and that of his son, the Hereditary Prince, to the second ; which names of Joseph and Wenzel, they retain to this day. In 1756, Jean Martin Meyer, Physician to the Cardinal Roth, Bishop of Constance ; Joseph Lambert Baader, of the University of Fribourg ; Jean Michael Bohn, and Samuel Frederick Konig, of the Faculty of Medecin of Strasbourg, met at Rippoldsau on the invitation of the Prince, to try the qualities, physical and medical, of the mineral waters. They found they contained a fixed air very agreeable and penetrating ; carbonic acid, a large proportion of saline matter, like Glauber salts, and a great deal of iron, and that, consequently, they must possess many healing virtues. The source de Wenzel appeared to contain the same, but in smaller proportion than that of Joseph, and should be recommended to feeble and delicate persons. The opinion of the doctors occasioned new improvements in the establishment. At this time, 1758, a work came out at Fribourg in Brisgau, by Leonard Edel of Wolfach, in which he makes a pompous eulogy of these mineral waters. Four years after, a treatise appeared on the same subject at Strasbourg, patronized by Jean Bocklerunder, the Presidency of J. Spielman. In this dissertation, which is one of the best writings that can be consulted, the author remarks that several mineral sources escape in the neighbourhood of Rippoldsau, and they differ little from the principal fountain, as it is seen at present. It is also a fact, that the water deposits a red substance, which must be frequently cleaned out of the basin; that animals do not drink this water, and that fish cannot live in it. Thanks to the continual solicitude of the house of Furstenberg, which was never deterred from making any sacrifice to this end, the baths of Rippoldsau have ever since continued in great estimation, and increased every year.

Xavier Goeringer of Bühl, father of Balthazar Goeringer, the present proprietor of the baths, made great improvements during the forty years, from 1778 to 1818, he had the establishment.

In 1782, so much water was used that the two springs were not enough for the demand, and they were obliged to enlarge the basins, and make some changes in the canal that runs from the basin to the bath. During these operations, undertaken under the orders of Prince Joseph Wenzel, a spring was discovered, which was immediately carefully encased in stone, and, by the chemical analysis of Kirsner, apothecary at Donauschingen, was found to be richer than the others, which induces one to think that one lost in 1705, might have been the same found again. This is now called Joseph's Spring.

The old and feeble one of Wenzel was entirely neglected, and transferred its name to that one which was before called Joseph's Spring. The water is now used for drinking as well as bathing. The quantity of water which furnished this was increased by the aid of a machine, which brought it from the well situated behind the kitchen. A new analysis on the spot by the Doctor Wegbecker, of Wolfach, and by Charles Francis Kirsner, apothecary at Donauschingen, showed the riches of the water in carbonic acid, neutral salts, earths, &c.

Doctor Joseph Rehmann, appointed Physician to the Prince of Furstenberg in 1787, made a special study of the Rippoldsau waters, and was assured, by long experience and by multiplied observations, of the efficacy of them in many chronic maladies, which had resisted ordinary medicines. This work contributed not a little to the celebrity of Rippoldsau.

He made, in concert with the apothecary F. C. Kirsner, another analysis, published in 1791 : they also undertook the fabrication of sulphate of soda, by the distillation of the waters of Rippoldsau, the success of which lasted till the war with France.

Prince Charles Egon, of Furstenberg, interested himself much in these baths, and spared nothing to make them useful and agreeable to suffering humanity. In 1820 he made great improvements in the Joseph's Spring, so that it could be drunk immediately as it rose from the earth. Since that time Rippoldsau has ranked high among the baths, and the number of visitors has been so great, that the hotel could not accommodate them. Many were obliged to lodge in the convent of St. Nicholas.

The late Grand Duke Louis, of Baden, went often to Rippoldsau, and he ordered the new road to be made up to the hotel, which greatly surprises the traveller ignorant of the existence of such a place, when he suddenly arrives at such a handsome entrance. This road passes under the Knebis to Griesbach, and unites the valley of the Rench, and the baths there, with those of Schapbach and Rippoldsau.

The Prince spent so much upon this place, that he thought it wise to sell it at a great sacrifice to Mons. Balthazar Goeringer, the youngest son of his old tenant, upon condition that he followed up the plan of improvements commenced, and continued to merit the esteem of the public; and certainly, as far as I could see and hear, he has fulfilled his engagement most strictly. He has made great improvements, built a beautiful salle for the company to dine in, and said he intended building a salon for strangers, so as to divide the company better than it could be done when we were there; indeed this was the only thing wanting to complete the establishment.

In 1830 the bathers observed a quantity of gas which escaped, and a deposit of oxyde of iron, in one of the many springs that rise all along the Wolf. They shewed it to Mons. Goeringer, who immediately opened the earth, and found an abundant source, which is called The Leopold Spring, in compliment to the present Grand Duke of Baden. It is said this was known to the miner Koller, who was directed to search for new sources for the house of Furstenberg; eight were then found, the most abundant of which was the Leopold. The Leopold is so abundant that it fills a basin, containing one hundred and thirty-seven litres, in an hour.

To remedy the inconvenience that might occur from the escape of the carbonic acid gas, under the form of large bubbles, on the water, the place where they rise has been covered with a tin bell, pierced with very small holes, by which means the gas is so divided that it has not force to escape to the surface. The taste of the water is always the same; but, when it is bottled, the bottles often burst, from the great quantity of gas. It is quite clear, with an agreeable acid taste, slightly astringent; if you rub your hands with it, they smell of iron.

As these waters are so little known in England, it may be useful to add here the latest chemical analysis.

The temperature is eight degrees of Reaumur; specific weight 1005 : 1000. The acidity of the water is in general twenty-eight degrees: it is greater in fine clear weather, and particularly in the early part of the day.

Upon analyzing the waters of Joseph's well the following proportions have been found in a pound of sixteen ounces.

		Bicarbonate.
Carbonate of lime	9·48	13·60
Carbonate of protoxyde of iron	0·76	1·05
Carbonate of protoxyde of manganese	0·57	0·78
Carbonate of magnesia	0·16	0·18
Sulphate of crystallized soda	15·60	15·60
Sulphate of lime	0·48	0·48
Phosphate of soda	0·24	0·24
Phosphate of alumine of magnesia	0·18	0·18
Silicate of alumine	1·09	1·09
Muriate of soda	0·12	0·12
Muriate of potash	traces	
Muriate of magnesia	0·24	0·24
Extracts of bituminous matter and traces of a solution of lime	0·12	0·12
Total	29·04	33·68

The salts have been estimated as found in the state of crystallization.

Carbonic acid gas 32·40 cubic inches;
Carbonic acid 25·58 do.

The Wenzel source is as clear as that of Joseph, but does not smell so strong of iron. Its temperature is eight degrees of Reaumur, and specific gravity 1025 : 1000; and its acidity twenty degrees: it contains

		Bicarbonate.
Carbonate of lime	5·30	7·60
Carbonate of protoxyde of iron	0·43	0·59
Carbonate of protoxyde of manganese	0·32	0·43
Carbonate of magnesia	0·09	1·00
Sulphate of crystallized soda	8·87	8·87
Sulphate of lime	0·26	0·26
Phosphate of soda	0·14	0·14
Phosphate of alumine and of magnesia	0·21	0·21
Silicate of alumine	0·67	0·67
Muriate of soda	0·08	0·08
Muriate of potash	traces	
Muriate of magnesia	0·14	0·14
Extracts of bituminous matter and traces of a solution of lime	0·09	0·09
Total	16·60	20·08

Carbonic acid gas 23·60. Carbonic acid 20·20.

The Leopold source is that which gives the gas for the baths. It has an agreeable taste, is slightly acid, astringent, and a little sulphuric.

The temperature is nine degrees of Reaumur; and its specific weight 1003 : 1000, and twenty-four degrees of acidity, it contains:

		Bicarbonate.
Carbonate of lime	6·15	8·82
Carbonate of protoxyde of iron	0·62	0·35
Carbonate of protoxyde of manganese	0·40	0·55
Carbonate of magnesia	0·20	0·22
Sulphate of crystallized soda	12·20	12·20
Sulphate of lime	0·30	0·30
Silicate of alumine	0·33	0·33
Muriate of soda	0·16	0·16

		Bicarbonate.
Muriate of magnesia	0·34	0·34
Sulphate of potash	0·51	0·51
Asphalte of sulfurifere	0·20	0·20
Total	21·41	24·48

Carbonic acid gas, 28·50; Carbonic acid, 24.

The Natrione is artificial; it is prepared for the use of those invalids who cannot bear the mineral spring in its natural state. Soda is mixed with it. There are two kinds of Natrione here. One that is prepared with the waters of the source of Joseph, and much resembles the Kreuzbrunnen at Marienbad. The other being a mixture of soda with the water of the Leopold source, approaches nearer the alkaline and saline water of Weilbach, in the Grand Duchy of Nassau.

In a pound of sixteen ounces, this contains:

Bicarbonate of soda	20·10
Bicarbonate of lime	4·10
Bicarbonate of protoxyde of iron	0·30
Bicarbonate of protoxyde of manganese	0·10
Bicarbonate of magnesia	0·18
Sulphate of soda	15·60
Muriate of soda	0·12
Muriate of potash	traces.
Phosphate of soda	0·30
Bituminous extract	0·12
Total	40·92

Fifteen cubic inches.

The waters of Rippoldsau are ferruginous, acidulated, and calcareous. They act as a stimulant, and increase the circulation. Those who take many glasses feel a species of intoxication, and they affect the head with some constitutions, if not taken with caution. They are particularly good for a languid circulation, weakness of the stomach, and for all hypochondriacal people, who come here moping and melancholy, but leave it lively and gay. They are also good for gout and rheumatism; and those who have been accustomed to take hot baths, will find the waters here useful to strengthen them. But they must always be taken with precaution, and under the advice of the physician.

A month is in general long enough to drink them, although in some cases a longer course is ordered. It is very necessary to repose a fortnight, or at least a week after them. A long fatiguing journey will often destroy all the good effects, and perhaps that is the reason the English do not reap the same advantage from the baths of Germany, and that so many return without feeling much better. To keep the mind perfectly calm, is absolutely necessary to all those who bathe, or drink the waters; and it is better to ride or drive, than walk much, and take care the feet are not wet. Tea and raw fruit are forbidden. But I will not enter into the list of forbidden or unforbidden things, or into all the various maladies these waters cure, or are said to cure, although I have Doctor Sauerbeck's work before me, from which I have already taken many extracts. He is the physician residing in the hotel.

CHAPTER XLV.

THE situation of this hotel is in a narrow part of the valley, bounded on the east by the Sommerberg, and on the west by the Winterberg. But there is space large enough to admit of ten houses, united together without order or plan, but appearing to have been added according to the want of them. In the centre of these, runs the rapid torrent of the Wolf.

As the establishment is very large, there are different works always going on. The carpenter's shop is never empty, and there is a large sawmill constantly at work cutting up the trees felled in the forest, which bring in a large revenue to Mons. Goeringer, as well as the mineral waters, which he sends to most parts of the world, even to America: from six to eight hundred thousand bottles are exported annually. Great care is taken in the bottling, which can only be done in fine weather. They generally go on with it all night when the weather suits.

It is found that by introducing a portion of gas into the water at the time of bottling, it keeps any length of time, without encrusting the bottle with iron. They have a very ingenious machine for introducing the gas as they cork the bottles, which is done also by a machine: a boy of fifteen can cork four hundred in an hour, and much better than by hand. They hardly ever break a bottle with it.

The three springs, Joseph, Wenzel, and Leopold, are placed under cover at one end of a long room in the hotel, in which there are little shops; and at the other, a bazaar, which amuses the water drinker very much. There are a great variety of things to be sold, and if he sees anything he likes, but thinks too dear, or that his purse cannot afford, he can take a walk to the end of the room, return and take a second look at it, and so on as many as he pleases, without being thought troublesome. This gives time to calculate, subtract, and divide. I have generally remarked that the result of these cogitations was, the article was purchased, and that the parties receded from the counter with a quicker step and a self-satisfied air, that something on the mind was got rid of.

From the 1st of July a band plays in the morning on the promenade, as at Wildbad, where the bathers and drinkers walk to time, and "time their walk."

Mankind are very like canary birds. The more noise they hear, the more they make. So, as soon as the music begins, the tongue commences. I do not believe we are ever so much inclined to talk, as just at the moment we are desired not.

How very provoking it often is to a performer, to find his hearers would rather perform too, though not upon the same instrument!

As we arrived here on the 17th of June, which was very early for these baths, there were only twenty-five persons; this appeared a very small number in this great room, which holds two hundred. It is beautifully painted in fresco.

It is a great pity this style of decorating rooms is not adopted in England. The houses are all built of wood, but you would never guess it from their appearance inside. There are seventeen rooms in this, handsomely furnished for families. The price varies from three florins a day down to twelve kreutzers.

The number of the middling class and peasants who go to Rippoldsau, is very great; therefore there must be proper accommodation for them at a suitable price. The dinner at the table d'hôte is the same price to all,—one florin without wine. A second table, in another part of the hotel, is served at thirty kreutzers; and a third, for the poor, from eighteen down to twelve. Children pay only half.

If you dine in your room, which none but the sick ever do, (or, perchance, some proud Englishman, if he happens to be there,) the price is one florin thirty kreutzers. The wine generally drunk costs twelve kreutzers. You sup à la carte, as you like, and at whatever hour you please.

As there are some dishes not allowed to be eaten by those who drink the waters, the forbidden viands are placed in dishes with dark brown edges, which prevents any mistake. As those are often the best, the great joke during dinner seemed to be to offer the forbidden fruit, and when (without thought) it was nearly accepted, to snatch it away and cry out "Verboten."

Just as at Rome, Senza Moccolo! Man is ever the same. But playfulness is always delightful, and, as far as I can judge, they play more on the Continent than in England. Our philosophy carries us to a high degree of gravity. It may be a question whether it would not shew more philosophy to be less grave, occasionally, and not think so much of our *dignity* when we meet in private society, but give the host and hostess credit for having so composed their company, that one may venture to remark (to their neighbour for the time being) it is a fine day! or a wet one! without being thought impertinent or *pushing*. Those who have travelled much are coming to this pass of familiarity, but it requires the certificate of some thousands of miles in a foreign land to allow of it. Then the introductions! You may dine time after time together without knowing the names of the persons with whom you have eaten so much salt. I remember a friend remarking the inconvenience of this want of utterance, in a story he told of his dining with an acquaintance. Just before he entered the house, he heard of the death of a nobleman in the country. He was upon the point of mentioning this, when the host called out to ask the very nobleman said to be dead to take a glass of wine! But even this accidental way of discovering the names of the persons near you is done away with, by the wine being handed round.

The price of the baths varies from twelve to eighteen and twenty-four kreutzers, vapour bath forty-eight, and douche from forty-eight to a florin. The persons who attend are remunerated according to the zeal they shew, and the generosity of the bather—a much more expensive mode for the English than the fixed sum. A physician is attached to the establishment, who walks up and down in the mornings, and gives advice to his patients. A louis is considered his fee, unless his attendance is much required. The numbers of bathers, and there being only one physician, make it up to him. He has a little shop for his medicines at his own disposal, in the same room with the bazaar; but there is little medicine wanted so near the hygean spring.

The post is close to the house, comes in every morning at five o'clock, and goes out at eight. The postmaster is a very respectable person, who dines at the table d'hôte.

Every thing in the whole establishment is carried on with the greatest precision and order; and I particularly observed every one slept as near his work as possible. The servants were not placed in a quarter to themselves, either at the top or lower part of the house. This saved them great fatigue and running about; and I must here remark, for the honour of Germany, in all the time I have been there, I never heard a loud or quarrelsome word amongst the domestics, or saw the least confusion, although there are often from three to four hundred persons in this hotel.

Mons. Goeringer is always ready to converse with the guests, although he has so much to attend to. Madame Goeringer superintends the whole household herself, and does not dine at the table. Sixty servants and workmen sit down every day belonging to the establishment. There was a very clever head waiter, a Swiss, who spoke English perfectly, when we were there.

The manner of living here is very regular, which is so conducive to health. As at all the baths every one rises early, and drinks the waters before eight, very few glasses are ordered here, it is so full of gas as to be almost intoxicating; I only took four.

The warm baths are in the hotel, and the bath-master regulates every thing respecting them and the waters. To prevent confusion by the change of glasses when drinking them, there are a number of little closets, just the size of the glass; the name of the person is written upon each, and when they have quaffed this sparkling cup, they place it in its little closet. It is considered better to wait an hour after drinking the waters before you breakfast, which is served as you please, and where you please. In fine weather the open air is preferred.

The dinner hour is one o'clock, and always punctual: it is very well served. The activity and expertness of the waiters is quite extraordinary, and the number of dishes they carry at a time would astonish any knight of the napkin in England. I have seen ten little desert dishes carried in the hands, or supported upon the arm of one person, and all placed upon the table quick as lightning.

The carving is another branch of attendance which is done here with the same expedition. Mr. Goeringer and his son perform this part, after which he takes his place at the table. The visitors rise by seniority — an excellent example for higher places than places at the festive board.

In case there happened to be a number of English, a second table d'hôte would be served at four o'clock; at eight most persons return to the salle to supper, which is charged according to what you order, and is very reasonable. After it they go into a large saloon adjoining, where there is a piano, and if there are young people enough they dance or have music. I have sometimes seen a rubber of whist: at ten all disperse to their own apartments.

CHAPTER XLVI.

THE general walk during the time the band plays, is under a row of fine old lime trees. This continues over the bridge, by the new road to Klosterlé, a quarter of a league from the hotel. There is a pretty flower garden and green-house up the hill, and a great number of walks in every direction through the forest.

Not far from Schapbach there is a pretty cascade, sixty feet high, which is broken into dust by the number of rocks over which it falls, and forms a beautiful iris when the sun shines. This is a favourite excursion. In every little valley there are cafés or inns, where the pedestrian may repose for the hour, or rest for the night. One of these is called Schlangenhof, (Cour des Serpents,) from the number of snakes that have infested it for some years.

At the opening of the little valley of Seebach, watered by a small torrent which takes its rise from the Lake of Wildsee, in the Glaswald, there is another little inn. In this valley there is a manufactory of oxalate of potash, and near it a copper mine, called St. George; an hour's walk from this will take you to Wildsee. The reader is already acquainted with this dismal lake, which is halfway between Griesbach and Petersthal, and two leagues from Rippoldsau.

Among the curious phenomena of nature in this neighbourhood, is the Kasselstein, or Kasselfels, an isolated rock in the middle of the forest on the Sommerberg, half a league from the baths: it is a mass of granite in the form of a goblet. There are four distinct layers: the first, from thirty to thirty-five feet long, from four to five feet high, and ten to fifteen wide; the second under this, is twenty feet long, four high, and from eight to ten feet wide; the third is longer than the second, from twenty-five to thirty feet long, three feet high, and twelve wide; the fourth is from sixteen to twenty feet long, four high, and from six to nine wide. This last layer is seated upon a point of the mountain, quite bare, and forming the base of the rock, being in all twenty-eight feet high. This excursion is fatiguing, and ladies should make it on donkeys; and, as the air is keen, they should take precautions against cold.

The drive of the Knebis is charming, and though constantly mounting, is not very fatiguing. If you turn to the right, you arrive in the Holzwaelderthal, which is very picturesque, with many little cascades. Continue your route for half an hour longer, and you come to the top of the mountain, called Holzwaelderhohe. Here the view is more extended; mountains in crowds and valleys in numbers lie at your feet; amongst which you see the valley of the Rench. Although twelve hundred and eighty-nine feet above Griesbach, it appears under your feet.

The view on one side is bounded by the Rhine, behind which rise the ramparts of Strasburg and its superb cathedral. In the blue plains of Alsace, towns and villages rise in the distance, and the whole scene is closed in by the festooned line of the Vosges.

Every week excursions are made to Griesbach, Petersthal, Freiersbach, and Autogast. It is better to pass the night at one of these baths. It would occupy many pages to describe all the beauty of this forest, and the innumerable valleys in it, every one of them inhabited.

Freudenstadt belongs to the King of Wurtemberg, and contains three thousand inhabitants. The streets are regular, and the square is surrounded with arcades. The church is so constructed, that the males and females cannot see each other during the service, though they all can see the preacher.

This town was built by the Duke Frederic in 1599, chiefly for the workmen employed in the mines, who were in general Protestants, refugees from Austria. Its primitive name was Friedrichstadt, Frederick's Town, which was converted into Freudenstadt, or the Town of Joy.

This town suffered much in the thirty years' war. In 1667 it was fortified by the Duke Eberhard, but there is scarcely a vestige of the fortifications remaining. Formerly they worked a silver mine here.

Wolfach is a pretty little town situated at the meeting of the waters of the Wolf and the Kinzig, between two pointed mountains in the Black Forest. It contains about sixteen hundred inhabitants. This is a drive of three hours by the valley of Schapbach. A great trade in wood is carried on here, even as far as Holland. Fire has not spared this town any more than others in the forest. In 1663 it suffered from the Swedes, who occupied it, and in 1703 it was taken by the French. The mineralogist will find many mines in this neighbourhood.

Two leagues and a half from Wolfach is the town of Schiltach, with the ruins of an old castle. They count one thousand four hundred and fifty inhabitants: in the sixteenth century it also suffered from fire.

A league further on in the valley is Schenkenzell, a large village, and the remains of the old Castle of Schenkenzell, which belonged to the Lords of Geroldseck; they had also the Castle of Romberg. Both these castles were destroyed by the Count William of Furstenberg. Half a league from this place there is a manufacture of cobalt.

At Witlichen, which lies between three mountains not far from Schenkenzell, there was a convent, in which the old nuns are still supported by the house of Furstenberg. This convent was erected in 1290 by St. Luitgarde, who was a native of the valley of Kinzig. The inhabitants dispersed over the Rosenberg and Kaltbrunn have made the chapel a parish church.

Very near the convent there are mines rich in silver, cobalt, nickel, bismuth, and other minerals, several of which are still worked.

Half a league from Schenkenzell is Alspirbach, with one thousand five hundred inhabitants. This town is in the kingdom of Wurtemberg. There was formerly a Benedictine convent here, founded in 1095. It was suppressed at the Reformation; there are several families living in it.

Housach, half a league from Wolfach, with its one thousand and forty inhabitants, is situated upon the banks of the Kinzig: it is very picturesque. Upon a rock which hangs over this little town are the ruins of the old Castle of Housach, which was destroyed by the French in 1643. At the same time they burnt part of the town. There is a foundry here belonging to the Prince.

Upon mounting the valley of Gutach, you soon arrive at Hornberg, a little town shut up in the high mountains, with one thousand and fifty-five inhabitants, by a rock upon which the former Lords of Hornberg dwelt. From the top of this rock the view is so fine it is well worth the trouble of mounting it.

From Hornberg you arrive in an hour's time at Triberg, by a new road made within the last few years, through one of the wildest valleys in the Black Forest. They make a great quantity of kirschwasser here.

Triberg is surrounded by three high mountains, from whence its name. This place is a favourite resort of strangers. There are three torrents falling from high rocks, and the whole scene is wild and picturesque. The climate here is very severe, resembling that of the Alps. Fruit does not ripen in this high country, which must be most miserable to dwell in. The finest cascade in the Black Forest is in this valley. It falls from an immense rock between two woods of spruce fir, and is broken seven times against the blocks of granite it meets with on its way.

The government, which attends to everything in these countries, has cleared away the trees that hid this beautiful cascade, and there is a good road up to it.

Fire, that bane of the Black Forest, burnt the little town in 1826; since then Triberg has only eight hundred inhabitants. They make watches, so celebrated all over the forest, and many pretty little works in wood and straw, and are a very industrious people. There is a hospital well managed here, and very good inns.

Two leagues from Triberg is St. George's, where the Benedictines founded a monastery in 1084.

These monks did much to civilize the country. Nothing remains of it but the ruins of the church.

Every excursion the tourist makes in the Black Forest reminds him of times gone by, and how futile the works of man upon *material* substances. But when he labours upon the *mind*, that immaterial part of our nature, *there* his works remain: if good, time and age improve them.

CHAPTER XLVII.

AFTER a few days of repose, which is necessary before you step into the bath, or swallow the waters, I was ordered to begin; but mine was neither a water nor a vapour bath. Gas was the element in which I reposed, from one hour to one and a quarter every day. It came directly from Leopold's Well, which is about five minutes walk from the hotel, and rushes through a small pipe into the bath.

To a common observer it seems strange to sit up to your neck hermetically sealed in a tin tub, without any apparent reason, quite dressed and having nothing to do. At Wildbad one might feel one's self a gentleman or lady at large, but here you are a prisoner in the pillory.

There are three divisions in the cover, and when all are closely shut, a sheet is placed round the aperture, consequently round your neck, and there you are! There are not any looking-glasses in the room, so one cannot see exactly what appearance one makes, but it may be guessed.

I commenced with staying in fifteen minutes. It sometimes affects the head, if continued too long at a time. The weather has a great effect upon this bath—if wet it is of little use; July is the best month to take it. Dr. Sauerbeck considers it good for the eyes, and for deafness.

Very few took an entire bath as I did, and during the last week I took it twice a day, which not many could have borne.

We were very unfortunate in the weather; but that summer was wet in most places. A few fine days made a great difference in our numbers at table. They were all Germans, and spoke little else; so my ears were of little use. But the eye has wonderful power in making up for the loss of the ear.

A few days ago we were at dinner, all very grave, doing the eating; when suddenly every eye brightened, the corners of every mouth turned up, and the head of every body turned round. I saw something of a pleasurable kind had happened, and soon heard the band had arrived.

> "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast."

And as this music had been for some days most anxiously expected, it was hailed with double pleasure.

What creatures we are, that sound should have such an effect upon us! It is surprising how differently the dinner "goes off" now. The band begins to play when the roast comes in, and it is curiously punctual. We are eating our way to the top of the table; but I observe, like those who arrive at great places, the highest point of their ambition, they enjoy it but a short time. We have seen three heads disappear already.

The last day of the third president was marked by an enormous bouquet being placed before him at dinner. It appears he is a great favourite, and from his habits of extraordinary regularity, we should say in England, a character. He has come here every year for thirty seasons. He eats twenty-one breakfasts, twenty-one dinners, twenty one suppers, and takes twenty-one baths; when those numbers are accomplished he departs.

To shew his gratitude for their kindness he went into the saloon after supper, and played several waltzes on the piano, and we left the company preparing to dance.

My neighbour at dinner is a merchant, a very civil and sensible-looking man; but he does not speak French, and the dumb show between us is often very amusing. He offers me everything at table within his reach, and if the waiters are not quick enough in bringing round a dish, he makes a sign, although that is seldom necessary, for they are the most attentive waiters we have ever met.

There is always something going on to amuse those whose "hilarious cogitation" is (like mine) largely developed. One day a slight confusion took place at the farther end of the table, (which grew rapidly in length within a few days,) and upon enquiry, I heard "it was only a gentleman whose wig fell off." "Which?" "The one with the green hair;" and it was something between green and yellow.

The inspector of the forest, son-in-law to Mons. Goerenger, has been here some days, and sits opposite to us. He is clever and very entertaining. He mentioned a circumstance yesterday, difficult to believe though one saw it. A man in the forest, the day before, was badly cut in the hand, and the remedy applied to the wound was to dry up the blood as much as possible with a piece of rag, and then bury it so deep that the air should not have access to it. The knife, or whatever instrument caused the wound, is to be kept warm, if possible, in the pocket. The pain ceases the moment the rag is buried, the bleeding stops directly, and the wound soon heals. If the rag were taken up, the blood would flow again. He told us a person had lately been shot; the ball went in at the breast and came out at the back near his heart. A cloth was instantly steeped in the blood and buried, when the bleeding stopped, the pain ceased, and the man was soon well. Some say, "Seeing is believing, but feeling has no fellow." Those who *feel* the advantage of this method must believe it. At all events it is easy to try.

The only acquaintance we have yet made is with a Polish lady, married to a German Count. She is young and appears amiable; her husband has left her to attend his dying father. She does not speak French; but as C— and E— speak German, she entertains them with many a story from her native land. She knows about as much French as I do German, and we make most amusing misunderstandings. She has that dangerous talent of caricaturing, and I expect some day to flourish behind her pocket handkerchief, in some shape or other. She says, not, but I doubt. The simplicity and force with which she describes any thing are quite her own. We drank tea with her one evening, and she gave us an account of the great danger of travelling at night in Poland. It makes one tremble for the poor Poles in winter. The happy English can circulate their bodies night and day, without fear of being eaten up by hungry wolves, or hugged to death by rugged bears. She told us she was returning home one night in winter with the Count, who was driving, when he espied six wolves gallopping up to them. They first attacked the horses, and then attempted to get into the carriage, which alarmed her to such a degree that she fainted. Upon recovering, she found they had been saved by some persons coming up at the moment, who lit a fire and drove them away. Some friends of hers were near falling a sacrifice in a singular manner, if they had not been saved by a noble-minded Cossack, their servant. The gentleman saw a number of wolves running furiously to meet them, and was consulting his servant how they should defend themselves, at the same time drawing out his long knife, observing, the horses would be their first object. The servant said, "Sir, it is impossible to save us all; better that I should fall, and save you and your family; take care of my wife and children, and I shall die happy." The master as generously declared he should not, but the wolves gave them no time for argument; they rushed upon them. The man jumped from the box, and began stabbing right and left with his knife. The horses started off at full gallop, and they arrived at the next village in safety. A party of people were sent instantly to the spot, but only found the bones of the poor Cossack. The wife and children were taken care of.

There are two ladies here from the land of the Gauls,—one all white, the other all black; neither of them shew any hair. One day I was eating a very well-made custard, when I perceived a great commotion at their end of the table. The white lady suddenly rose, and the one opposite did the same: all were anxious to know the cause, and during their absence it was discussed. It appeared the ladies differed upon the taste of the custard. One said there was coffee in it; the other, that there was none: a bet was laid, and as the cook was the only person who could decide it, they both ran into the kitchen. When they returned, "Coffee or no coffee?"—that was the question. Coffee gained it.

The white lady was defeated. She presented a five-franc piece to the winner, with a smiling countenance; and upon resuming her seat, she grasped the dish of the disputed custard, and, as if to remunerate herself, she took a large spoon, and "gobbled" it up! to the great amusement of those near her. The waiter, soon after, in going his round, by way of wit, (for they all enter into the joke here,) handed her the empty dish.

The variety of ranks sitting down together would not be liked by the English. But in this country the countess and the peasant sit side by side. There is a rich one of the latter class from Bavaria; she looks like a queen of the South Sea Islands, with her hair drawn up to the top of her head *à la chinoise,* and upon that a gold cap put on like a diadem, and the long black ribbon streamers hanging down behind. But an ugly dark-printed cotton gown spoils the effect, and reduces her majesty to the level of her own tribe.

There is another younger, in the dress of the neighbourhood of Freyburg, with the black bows on the top of the head, resembling a crow in full flight. She is a person of good fortune and some consideration, and by the way she is treated in the society, seems much liked, They continue to wear the peasants' dress in this country for generations, and have no idea of being ashamed of it.

Every one who rises from the table makes a bow to their neighbour. This in England would be considered making an acquaintance. But on the

Continent none ever come within a given distance without an obeisance. If a French gentleman met a lady on the stairs, he would take off his hat. It used to be so in the olden time in England; but as women rise in knowledge, they seem to fall in the respect shewn to them, else why in the country where women are best educated, do they receive the least outward appearance of attention?

My civil neighbour became ill, and was replaced by a young man who had been badly wounded in a duel. He has indeed suffered from that most unchristian and unconvincing mode of deciding a quarrel. One eye is almost gone, and his hand and neck are grievously marked. Fighting with swords appears to be much worse than with pistols. Few are shot in a duel; and in general one shot decides it, and satisfies the *honour* of the parties. But the sword is an aggravating instrument,—a wound irritates, produces a worse one from the antagonist, and, though they do not often fight to the death, they are dreadfully disfigured, and bear about them the marks of either a pugnacious disposition, or of having been sacrificed to a false code of laws to save their honour, or both.

A great amusement during the dessert, is to make fighting men of the claws of the cray fish, and it is a most admirable caricature. Perhaps this ridicule had the effect of preventing a duel which was in contemplation between two gentlemen who sat near us; one of them, fortunately, fought shy, and left the hotel. The subject of dispute was most trifling,—a melancholy proof of the frequency of this most baneful custom!

We heard a loud murmuring noise one morning, and upon looking out of the window saw a procession of peasants walking very fast towards the house, repeating some words altogether, we did not understand.

A boy walked first carrying a large bouquet of artificial flowers, mixed with gold and silver, fastened to a long pole. Next came a woman with a box about two feet and a half long, painted yellow, with four branches of flowers placed at the corners; she carried this upon her head; and after her a crowd of peasants, of all ages and sexes, followed. We looked after them as long as the murmuring voices could be heard, trying to conjecture what it could be.

At breakfast we were told it was the funeral of an infant from the Knebis, and that they had walked all that way since the sun rose; it was then only seven o'clock. They were on their way to Klosterlé. We saw five of these extraordinary funerals during our stay, all infants; but not one of a grown person.

The safety of the roads in the Black Forest for women is highly to the credit of the population. We sent for a dressmaker from Freudenstad, and at two o'clock a fine young woman, most fashionably dressed, appeared; she had walked four leagues, and when the order was given, she surprised me by saying she was to return that night. " Quite alone ?" " Oh, yes !" " Are you not afraid —it will be dark ?" She seemed astonished at the question, and yet her walk lay over a solitary mountain, and she had many ornaments on. Long may they retain such honest simplicity !

Those large showy bouquets are used upon all occasions. Returning from our walk at eight o'clock one morning, we saw a peasant in full costume, with his cocked hat, and an enormous bouquet in his button-hole, standing in the court, in front of the hotel ; Monsieur Goeringer and several persons listening to what appeared a long and measured speech. When it was over, we were told it was an invitation to a wedding which was to take place the following week ; and the whole company in the hotel were invited. I regretted it was so far, eight leagues, or we should have accepted it.

CHAPTER XLVIII.

SHORTLY after we came here I was looking out of the window of a salle, when I remarked an erection close to the house, covered with straw. I could make nothing of it, never having seen any thing like it.

I was told it was the icehouse. "What! close to the kitchen?" "Oui, Madame." Anxious to see such a phenomenon, we quickly descended, and the cook, with great civility, did the honours of his department. He shewed us that, with double doors and a short passage between the kitchen and the icehouse, it might be made a most perfect larder, although not to be opened upon every occasion. There were shelves all round it,—wine, butter, poultry, and deer, in short, everything in it.

I inquired the manner of making this most valuable addition to all country houses, and now, my kind reader! I give it to you.

Mark out a space of any given size most convenient to your situation, and near the house; wall it with wood five inches thick,—I should think the thinnings of larch or Scotch fir would do; leave a space three inches thick, and make another wall the same breadth; fill this space with charcoal dust, well beaten down; cover the top with boards, and then a layer of charcoal dust, and another cover of boards; make a very low roof, and cover it with boards, or shingle, and thatch it with straw two feet thick.

The top is finished with a cover of lead, of any form most convenient. The floor is laid upon piles of wood two feet long, upon an inclined plane; to let the water off there is a little hole at the lower side. Upon these piles place boards, and you have a complete icehouse.

The walls outside are covered with thatch three feet thick, and in the inside there is a deep fringe of straw placed round them. The place for the ice is a square, walled round in the centre, like a melon pit. It is put in in large blocks, and the spaces filled up with broken ice well rammed in. The whole is covered with a fringe of straw, and the doors are fringed. There should be double doors to both ends, and one never opened until the other is shut. This should be attended to, or the ice will melt, and then it will be said it is the fault of the construction, instead of the persons who enter it.

I have been greatly interested in an experiment I have seen here tried upon the living tree, to make the wood much harder and darker in colour. It is Dr. Bucherie's plan.

The tree, Scotch fir, or any other species intended to be acted upon, has two large cuts made near the ground, opposite to each other, as if the tree was to be cut down; a hole is then bored about an inch or more in diameter entirely through; after this a piece of birch bark is nailed with a strip of leather round the tree, a little below the cut; form this like a bucket and nail it together up the sides; it should be a foot and a half high; into this pour as much pyroligneous acid, saturated with old iron, as it will hold. This liquid will enter into every pore of the tree to the highest branch of it, and darken the colour. The liquid should be renewed until the leaves on the tree grow red; it is then fit for cutting down.

Wood subject to this process smells as if it were charred, and is very much harder and stronger than any other. Experiments have been tried which prove it, and it is said it will not flame. I brought home a section of this tree to Melbourne.

Dr. Boucherie was in the Department of the Var, trying experiments upon a larger scale there, when we were at Rippoldsau. He visited that bath, and taught Mr. Goeringer to try it, who was good enough to let me see it. I saw the tree cut down, but there was not enough of the liquid to fill the pores, consequently it was not completely done.

This place will always be interesting to me, as well from the beauty of the country and the variety of works going on there, as from the circumstance of its being the spot where I first began to make the model of my implements for digging and pulverising arable land.

I had been long wishing that such an implement might be invented, knowing how much it would benefit the crop, and reduce the continual slow-going labour of the plough, as well as acting, in some degree, as a drain, by opening the sub-soil.

I had often remarked in Italy, how very well they broke up the soil in their vineyards, with their long bent forks eighteen inches in length, like a drag, which they threw into the ground with all their force, and thought if an implement could be invented to perform this, it would be a great desideratum to the agriculturist. After much thinking, I made my first model at Rippoldsau. They work beautifully in wood there, and when the carpenter had finished the part I gave him to do, he was very anxious to know the use of it. The wood was very hard, and in putting it together I blistered my hands, but rejoiced in the idea I had accomplished my purpose. However, many alterations were necessary, but with the assistance of a clever engineer, I hope I have now an efficient implement, that will dig and pulverize six acres at least of land a day, with two horses, at most three, for clay land, *ten inches deep*, and in a much better manner than any plough could perform it, independent of the great difference in time and expense. As the implement will be unavoidably an expensive one, and as it would not suit a farmer unless he had a large farm, to purchase one for himself, the most advantageous way for the general good would be to have one in every parish to be let out. The small farmer would soon see the great advantage in having his field ready for the seed in one day, when the weather suited.

The saving of time might and would, be in many cases, the saving of his crop, independent of the great difference of the way the work was performed.

The plough leaves a hard sole or pan within a few inches of the surface, ruinous to the roots of the plant. My implement will leave it open and broken up, so that the rain can sink in. In dry weather it will remain moist much longer, and in wet will act in some measure as a drain; for early in the season, the roots will not have gone so deep as to get into the wet soil.

This implement will be exhibited at the Agricultural Meeting at Bristol in July; and if found useful and is approved of by the agriculturists, I shall indeed feel happy, and shall think little of all the trouble and expense it has cost me.

It is most pitiable to think that in this great country, food—the lowest description of food—is not to be had by many a poor creature willing to work for it.

It has been said by those who understand the subject much better than I can, that if the same time, attention, talent, and *instruction*, were given to agriculture there has been to manufactures, we should become an *exporting* instead of an *importing* country, and every human being would be fed.

If the machinery for raising food were more efficient and less expensive, the land would be better cultivated, and the spare time of the labourer might be spent in the improvement of his own little bit of land, in his cottage, or in raising his mind to something higher than the low pleasure of the alehouse.

After bathing a month in the gas, and drinking the waters for the same time, we left Rippoldsau, the carriage decorated with a gigantic wreath of the most beautiful flowers the garden and greenhouse produced,—a tribute from the gardener.

We went to Strasburg, and passed the customhouse, one of the most strict in France, without a question being asked. This I thought we owed to the wreath, for with that, and our horses, we looked so like those who were passing from one bath to the other, they took no notice of us. However, upon entering Belgium, or rather going out of France, we were stopped, and enquiries were made about the horses, as there is a small duty upon them, which is returned when they leave the country. When the officers found this had not been paid or asked for, their consternation was great. Such an oversight was strange. We must have been gifted with some unnatural power. How could it be? But I attributed it to the magic power of the wreath.

After waiting some time, a paper was brought which said, ten francs were to be paid for these miraculous beasts, which had passed through the Douane at Strasburgh without being seen. However, as this sum was to be returned upon their export, we settled the matter by not paying anything.

We passed through Luxembourg to Brussels, which being a cross road was most disagreeable and inconvenient, the inns were so bad.

It was a time of year when Brussels was deserted, and it appeared the more so to me, as I had seen it under very different circumstances;—the first time, the winter before the ever-memorable battle of Waterloo, when the Stadtholder was made King; the second, during the fêtes of the three days after the Revolution.

We went to visit once more the field of the great battle, to read over the names and think of the friends who fell that day to save the liberty of their country, and their homes from rapine and plunder. Happy England! to be able to carry the war abroad! But, reflecting England! think, and think with effect, of the miseries of the countries in which you carry death and destruction; and before you wage war against women and children, stop to consider whether the excuse is a *just* one.

The little chapel at Hougoumont was not forgotten, and the wreath, then faded, like those who defended it, was placed in the window—a memorial of our having been there. The proprietor was repairing the buildings, and perhaps ere this they are once more inhabited.

The Lion stands as it did. Would it were the *last* memorial that ever may be made, of an inveterate war between two countries that ought to be friends with each other!

From Brussels we travelled by the railway to Ostend, from whence we embarked for England, and arrived there the first week in August, 1841.

I have now brought my readers safe home, without accident or misfortune; and if during the perusal of this little book they have been amused, I trust they have kept in mind the object for which it was written, and the poor, untaught children, who are anxiously waiting the result of its publication.

Whether the school, now a vision in the air, ever touches the ground, depends upon them; and in the hands of the British public—the most generous on earth—I leave their cause, only entreating them not to allow the faults of the work to injure it.

But supposing it should succeed to the utmost of my wishes, it will be twelve months before any money can be received from the Publisher; and to prevent a longer delay I have hastened to finish it, which unavoidably causes it to be more imperfect, than under favourable circumstances it might have been.

FINIS.

C. Whittingham, Tooks Court, Chancery Lane.

ERRATA.

Page 103, line 30, *for* 'all service' *read* 'au service'
124, ... 13, *for* 'Dr. Avend' *read* 'Arend'
133, ... 28, *for* 'Dr. Tollati' *read* 'Fallati'
145, ... 30, *for* 'Dr. Schwikel' *read* 'Schweikle'
154, ... 2, *for* 'thinner' *read* 'thicker'
157, ... 18, *for* 'Mons. Dechingen' *read* 'Deckinger'
29, *for* 'come' *read* 'came'
170, ... 8, *for* 'Hirsan' *read* 'Hirsau'
185, ... 27, *for* 'twenty-four dollars' *read* 'twenty-four pounds'
195, ... 23, *for* 'Dukes' *read* 'Duke'
212, ... 30, *for* 'Housa' *read* 'Housach'
234, ... 28, *for* 'great' *read* 'Goat'
237, ... 6, *for* 'liquors' *read* 'liqueurs'
302, ... 22, *for* 'sought' *read* 'caught'
317, ... 2, *for* 'Ettore' *read* 'Estore'
337, ... 6, *for* 'Canerovi' *read* 'Canovari'
353, ... 20, *for* 'Count I——' *read* 'Count S——'
377, ... 21, *for* 'Phytolana' *read* 'Phytolacca'
386, ... 17, *for* 'olive' *read* 'vine'
429, ... 8, *for* 'Verboten,' *read* 'Verboden.'

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